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THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH VIGNETTES

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY JOHN THOMPSON

FROM DRAWINGS BY STOTHARD

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IN TEN VOLUMES

VOL. X.

OTHELLO THE MOOR OF VENICE

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

CYMBELINE



THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE TEXT CAREFULLY REVISED

WITH NOTES

BY SAMUEL WELLER SINGER F.S.A.

THE LIFE OF THE POET AND CRITICAL

ESSAYS ON THE PLAYS

BY WILLIAM WATKISS LLOYD M.R.S.L.

ETC. ETC.



Antony and Cleopatra Act v. Sc. ii.

LONDON  
BELL AND DALDY FLEET STREET

1856

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## OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

### PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

**T**HE story of Othello is taken from the collection of Novels, by Gio Giraldi Cinthio, entitled *Hecatommithi*, being the seventh novel of the third decade. No English translation of so early a date as the age of Shakespeare has hitherto been discovered: but the work was translated into French by Gabriel Chappuys, Paris, 1584. The version is not a faithful one; and Dr. Farmer suspects that through this medium the novel came into English.

The name of Othello may have been suggested by some tale which has escaped our researches, as it occurs in Reynolds's *God's Revenge against Adultery*, standing in one of his arguments as follows:—"She marries Othello, an old German soldier." This history (the eighth) is professed to be an Italian one; and here also the name of Iago occurs. It is likewise found in *The History of the famous Euordanus, Prince of Denmark*; with the strange Adventures of *Iago, Prince of Saxonie*, 4to. 1605. It may indeed be urged, that these names were adopted from the tragedy before us: but every reader who is conversant with the peculiar style and method in which the work of honest John Reynolds is composed, will acquit him of the slightest familiarity with the scenes of Shakespeare.—STEEVENS.

The time of this play may be ascertained from the following circumstances:—Selymus the Second formed his design against Cyprus in 1569, and took it in 1571. This was the only attempt the Turks ever made upon that island after it came into the hands of the Venetians (which was in 1473), wherefore the time must fall in with some part of that interval. We learn from the play, that there was a junction of the Turkish fleet at Rhodes, in order for the invasion of Cyprus; that it first came sailing towards Cyprus; then went to Rhodes, there met another squadron, and then resumed its way to Cyprus. These are real historical facts, which happened when Mustapha, Selymus's general, attacked Cyprus, in May, 1570; which is therefore the true period of this performance.—See Kuolles's *History of the Turks*, p. 838, 846, 867.—REED.

The first edition of this play, of which we have any certain knowledge, was printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkley, to whom it was entered on the Stationers' Books, October 6, 1621. The most material variations of this copy from the first folio are pointed out in the notes. The minute differences are so numerous, that to have specified them all would only have fatigued the reader. Walkley's Preface will follow these Preliminary Remarks.

Malone first placed the date of the composition of this play in 1611, upon the ground of the allusion, supposed by Warburton, to the creation of the order of baronets. [See Act iii. Sc. 4, note 4.] On the same ground Chalmers attributed it to 1614; and Dr. Drake assigned the middle period of 1612. But this allusion being controverted, Malone subsequently affixed to it the date of 1604, because, as he asserts, "we know it was acted in that year." He has not stated the evidence for this decisive fact; and Boswell was unable to discover it among his papers; but gives full credit to it, on the ground that "Mr. Malone never expressed himself at random." The allusion to Pliny, translated by Philemon Holland, in 1601, in the simile of the Pontick Sea; and the supposed imitation of a passage in Cornwallis's Essays, of the same date, referred to in the note cited above, seem to have influenced Malone in settling the date of this play. In the "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," edited by Mr. Cunningham for the Shakespeare Society, there is an entry for the year beginning November 1, 1604, and ending October 31, 1605, by which it appears that the King's Players performed the play of *The Moor of Venice*, at the Banqueting house at Whitehall on the 1st of November (being All Hallows Day) 1604, which confirms Malone's conjecture.

Mr. Collier found among the Egerton papers an account of disbursements made by Sir Arthur Mainwaring during the Queen's visit to the Lord Keeper at Harefield, in 1602, in which the following appears:—"6 August, 1602. Rewardes to the vaulters players and dauncers. Of this x<sup>li</sup> [*to Burbidge's players for Othello*] lxiiij<sup>li</sup>. xvij<sup>s</sup>. x<sup>d</sup>. Rewarde to Mr. Lillyes man which brought the lotterye boxe to Harefield, per Mr. And<sup>r</sup>. Leigh x<sup>s</sup>." But, as Mr. Collier tells us that "The part of the memorandum which relates to Othello is interlined, as if added afterwards;" and as there seems to be good reason to suspect that the Shakespearian papers in that collection are modern forgeries, this interlineation, being in the same category, avails us nothing. What is more certain is, that Othello was played before King James at court, in 1613; which circumstance is gathered from the MSS. of Vertue the Engraver.

"If," says Schlegel, "Romeo and Juliet shines with the colours of the dawn of morning, but a dawn whose purple clouds already announce the thunder of a sultry day, Othello is, on the other hand, a strongly shaded picture; we might call it a tragical Rembrandt."

Should these parallels between pictorial representation and dramatic poetry be admitted,—for I have my doubts of their propriety,—this is a far more judicious ascription than that of Steevens, who, in a concluding note to this play, would compare it to a picture from the school of Raphael. Poetry is certainly the pabulum of art; and this drama, as every other of our immortal bard, offers a series of pictures to the imagination of such varied hues, that artists of every school might from hence be furnished with subjects. What Schlegel means to say appears to be, that it abounds in strongly contrasted scenes, but that gloom predominates.

Much has been written on the subject of this drama; and there has been some difference of opinion in regard to the rank in which it deserves to be placed. For my own part I should not hesitate to place it in the first. Perhaps this preference may arise from the circumstance of the domestic nature of its action, which lays a stronger hold upon our sympathy; for overpowering as is the pathos of Lear, or the interest excited by Macbeth, they come less near to the ordinary business of life.

In strong contrast of character, in delineation of the workings of passion in the human breast, in manifestations of profound knowledge of the inmost recesses of the heart, this drama exceeds all that has ever issued from mortal pen. It is indeed true that “no eloquence is capable of painting the overwhelming catastrophe in Othello,—the pressure of feelings which measure out in a moment the abysses of eternity.”

## WALKLEY'S PREFACE TO OTHELLO,

ED. 1622, 4TO.

### THE STATIONER TO THE READER.

To set forth a booke without an Epistle, were like to the old English proverbe, “*A blew coat without a badge* ;” and the author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of worke upon me: To commend it, I will not; for that which is good, I hope every man will commend without intreaty: and I am the bolder, because the Author's name is sufficient to vent his worke. Thus leaving every one to the liberty of judgment, I have ventured to print this play, and leave it to the generall censure. Yours,

THOMAS WALKLEY.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE of VENICE.

BRABANTIO, *a Senator.*

*Two other Senators.*

GRATIANO, *Brother to Brabantio.*

LODOVICO, *Kinsman to Brabantio.*

OTHELLO, *the Moor :*

CASSIO, *his Lieutenant ;*

IAGO, *his Ancient.*

RODERIGO, *a Venetian Gentleman.*

MONTANO, *Othello's Predecessor in the Government of  
Cyprus.*

Clown, *Servant to Othello.*

Herald.

DESDEMONA, *Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.*

EMILIA, *Wife to Iago.*

BIANCA, *a Courtesan, Mistress to Cassio.*

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors,  
Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *for the first Act, in Venice ; during the rest of  
the Play, at a Seaport in Cyprus.*



OTHELLO,  
THE MOOR OF VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.*

*Roderigo.*

**N**EVER tell me, I take it much unkindly,  
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,  
As if the strings were thine,—should'st  
know of this.

*Iago.* But you'll not hear me. If ever I did dream  
Of such a matter, abhor me.

*Rod.* Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy  
hate.

*Iago.* Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones  
of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,  
Oft capp'd to him<sup>1</sup>;—and, by the faith of man,  
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:

<sup>1</sup> The folios read, "*Off-capp'd to him.*" To *cap* is to *salute* by taking off the cap. It is still in use at the Universities. Torriano thus illustrates it in his "*Proverbial Phrases*," 1666. "*Meritar che gli sia fatto di beretta.*" To deserve the vaying of the

But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,  
 Evades them ; with a bombast circumstance<sup>2</sup>,  
 Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war,  
 Nonsuits my mediators. "For, certes," says he,  
 "I have already chose my officer<sup>3</sup>."  
 And what was he?  
 Forsooth a great arithmetician<sup>4</sup>,  
 One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,  
 A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife<sup>5</sup>;  
 That never set a squadron in the field,  
 Nor the division of a battle knows  
 More than a spinster ; unless the bookish theorick<sup>6</sup>,

bonnet, viz. to deserve to be *capt.*" *Bonnetted* was used in the same manner. See *Coriolanus*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

<sup>2</sup> *Circumstance* signifies *circumlocution*.

"And therefore without *circumstance*, to the point,  
 Instruct me what I am."

*The Picture, by Massinger.*

<sup>3</sup> Thus the folio. The quarto, which has been generally followed, has:—

"Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war ;  
 And in conclusion, nonsuits  
 My mediators ; for, certes, says he,  
 I have already chose my officer."

<sup>4</sup> Iago merely means to represent Cassio as a man conversant only with military evolutions from books on tactics, in which the movements requisite to change from line to column, &c. are worked out numerically on the base of a tactical unit. See the *Military Treatises*. He afterwards calls him "this *counter-caster*."

<sup>5</sup> The folio reads, *dumbd.* This passage has given rise to much discussion. It has been said by Steevens to mean, according to Iago's licentious manner of expressing himself, a man "very near being married." This seems to have been the case in respect to Cassio. Act iv. Sc. 1, Iago, speaking to him of Bianca, says, "Why, the cry goes that you shall marry her." Cassio acknowledges that such a report had been raised, and adds—"This is the monkey's own giving out : she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her love and self-flattery, not out of my promise." Iago then, having heard this report before, very naturally alludes to it in his present conversation with Roderigo. Mr. Boswell suspected that there might be some corruption in the text.

<sup>6</sup> *Theorick*, i. e. *theory*. See *King Henry V.* Act i. Sc. 1, note 8, p. 321.

Wherein the toged consuls<sup>7</sup> can propose  
 As masterly as he : mere prattle, without practice,  
 Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election :  
 And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,  
 At Rhodes, at Cyprus ; and on other grounds  
 Christian<sup>8</sup> and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and caln'd  
 By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster<sup>9</sup> ;  
 He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,  
 And I (God bless the mark !) his Moorship's ancient.

*Rod.* By heaven, I rather would have been his hang-  
 man.

*Iago.* But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of ser-  
 vice ;

Preferment goes by letter<sup>10</sup> and affection,  
 And not by old gradation, where each second  
 Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself  
 Whether I in any just term am affin'd<sup>11</sup>  
 To love the Moor.

*Rod.* I would not follow him then.

*Iago.* O, sir, content you ;  
 I follow him to serve my turn upon him :

<sup>7</sup> i. e. *the rulers of the state, or civil governors*. The word is used in the same sense in Tamburlaine :—

“Both we will reign the *consuls* of the earth.”

By *toged* is meant *peaceable*, in opposition to *warlike* qualifications, of which he had been speaking. The word may be formed in allusion to the adage, “*Cedant arma togæ*.” The folio reads, “*tongued consuls*.” In Coriolanus, Act ii. Sc. 3, *toge* has also been misprinted *tongue*.

<sup>8</sup> Thus the quarto. The folio has, *christen'd*.

<sup>9</sup> It was anciently the practice to reckon up sums with counters. To this the poet alludes in Cymbeline, Act v.—“It sums up thousands in a trice : you have no true debtor and creditor, but it ; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge. Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters.”

<sup>10</sup> i. e. *by recommendation*.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. “Do I stand *within* any such terms of propinquity to the Moor, as that I am bound to love him.” The first quarto has, *assign'd*. The word *affin'd* occurs in Troilus and Cressida, Act i. Sc. 3, and in this play, Act ii. Sc. 3.

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters  
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark  
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,  
 That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,  
 Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,  
 For nought but provender ; and, when he's old,  
     cashier'd ;

Whip me such honest knaves<sup>12</sup> : Others there are,  
 Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,  
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves ;  
 And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,  
 Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd  
     their coats,

Do themselves homage : these fellows have some soul ;  
 And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,  
 Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago :  
 In following him, I follow but myself :  
 Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,  
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end :  
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate  
 The native act and figure of my heart  
 In complement extern<sup>13</sup>, 'tis not long after  
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
 For daws<sup>14</sup> to peck at : I am not what I am.

*Rod.* What a full fortune<sup>15</sup> does the thick-lips owe,  
 If he can carry't thus !

<sup>12</sup> *Knave* is here used for *servant*, but with a sly mixture of contempt.

<sup>13</sup> *In complement extern*, i. e. *In outward completeness*.

<sup>14</sup> This is the reading of the folio. The first quarto reads *doves*.

<sup>15</sup> The folio misprints *fall* for *full*. *Full fortune* is *complete good fortune* : to *owe* is to *possess*. So in *Antony and Cleopatra* :—

“Not the imperious show  
 Of the *full-fortun'd* Cæsar.”

And in *Cymbeline* :—

“Our pleasure his *full fortune* doth confine.”



*Iago.* Call up her father,  
Rouse him : make after him, poison his delight,  
Proclaim him in the streets ; incense her kinsmen,  
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,  
Plague him with flies : though that his joy be joy,  
Yet throw such changes<sup>16</sup> of vexation on't,  
As it may lose some colour.

*Rod.* Here is her father's house ; I'll call aloud.

*Iago.* Do ; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,  
As when (by<sup>17</sup> night and negligence) the fire  
Is spied in populous cities.

*Rod.* What ho ! Brabantio ! signior Brabantio, ho !

*Iago.* Awake ! what ho ! Brabantio ! thieves !  
thieves ! thieves !

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags !  
Thieves ! thieves !

BRABANTIO, *above, at a Window.*

*Bra.* What is the reason of this terrible summons ?  
What is the matter there ?

*Rod.* Signior, is all your family within ?

*Iago.* Are your doors lock'd ?

*Bra.* Why ? wherefore ask you this ?

*Iago.* 'Zounds, sir, y'are robb'd ; for shame<sup>18</sup>, put on  
your gown :

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul ;  
Even now, very now, an old black ram  
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise ;  
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,  
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you :  
Arise, I say.

*Bra.* What, have you lost your wits ?

<sup>16</sup> The folio has *chances*.

<sup>17</sup> *By night and negligence* means in the time of night and negligence. Nothing is more common than this mode of expression : we should not hesitate at "By night and day." *Timorous* is of course used in the active sense of *fearful*.

<sup>18</sup> i. e. *for decency put on your gown*.

*Rod.* Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

*Bra.* Not I; What are you?

*Rod.* My name is—Roderigo.

*Bra.* The worser welcome:

I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,

My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,

Being full of supper, and distemp'ring draughts,

Upon malicious bravery<sup>19</sup>, dost thou come

To start my quiet.

*Rod.* Sir, sir, sir,——

*Bra.* But thou must needs be sure,

My spirit, and my place, have in them power

To make this bitter to thee.

*Rod.* Patience, good sir.

*Bra.* What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is  
Venice;

My house is not a grange<sup>20</sup>.

*Rod.* Most grave Brabantio,

In simple and pure soul I come to you.

*Iago.* 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those, that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, you think we are ruffians: You'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews<sup>21</sup> neigh to you: you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for Germans<sup>22</sup>.

*Bra.* What profane<sup>23</sup> wretch art thou?

<sup>19</sup> The folio has *knavery*.

<sup>20</sup> That is, "we are in a populous city, mine is not a *lone house*, where a robbery might easily be committed." *Grange* is, strictly, the farm of a monastery; *grangia*, Lat. from *granum*: but, provincially, any lone house or solitary farm is called a *grange*.

<sup>21</sup> *Nephews* here mean *grandchildren*. See King Henry VI. Part I. p. 51.

<sup>22</sup> i. e. horses for relations. A *gennet* is a Spanish or Barbary horse.

<sup>23</sup> A *profane wretch* is one free spoken, coarse, or shameless in speech. Compare the Latin *profano*.

*Iago.* I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

*Bra.* Thou art a villain.

*Iago.* You are—a senator.

*Bra.* This thou shalt answer : I know thee, Roderigo.

*Rod.* Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,

If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,  
(As partly, I find, it is), that your fair daughter,  
At this odd-even<sup>24</sup> and dull watch o' the night,  
Transported—with no worse nor better guard,  
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,—  
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—  
If this be known to you, and your allowance,  
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs ;  
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,  
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,  
That, from<sup>25</sup> the sense of all civility,  
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence :  
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—  
I say again, hath made a gross revolt ;  
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,  
In an extravagant<sup>26</sup> and wheeling stranger,

<sup>24</sup> This *odd-even* appears to mean the interval between *twelve* at night and *one* in the morning. So in *Macbeth* :—

“What is the night?”

*Lady M.* Almost at *odds* with morning, which is which.”  
A word is wanting to complete the sentence. Capell proposed to read :—“*Be transported.*”

<sup>25</sup> That is, *in opposition to* or *departing from the sense of all civility.* So in *Twelfth Night* :—

“But this is *from* my commission.”

And in *The Mayor of Queenborough*, by Middleton, 1661 :—

“But this is *from* my business.”

<sup>26</sup> *Extravagant* is here again used in its Latin sense, for *wandering.* Thus in *Hamlet* :—“The *extravagant* and erring spirit.”  
Sir Henry Wootton thus uses it :—“These two accidents, pre-

Of here and every where : Straight satisfy yourself<sup>27</sup> :  
 If she be in her chamber, or your house,  
 Let loose on me the justice of the state  
 For thus deluding you.

*Bra.* Strike on the tinder, ho !

Give me a taper ;—call up all my people :—  
 This accident is not unlike my dream,  
 Belief of it oppresses me already :—  
 Light, I say ! light ! [*Exit, from above.*]

*Iago.* Farewell ; for I must leave you :  
 It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place<sup>28</sup>,  
 To be produc'd<sup>29</sup> (as, if I stay, I shall),  
 Against the Moor : For, I do know, the state,—  
 However this may gall him with some check,—  
 Cannot with safety cast him ; for he's embark'd  
 With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars  
 (Which even now stand in act), that, for their souls,  
 Another of his fathom they have not,  
 To lead their business : in which regard,  
 Though I do hate him as I do hells pains<sup>30</sup>,  
 Yet, for necessity of present life,  
 I must show out a flag and sign of love,  
 Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find  
 him,

Lead to the Sagittary<sup>31</sup> the raised search ;  
 And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit.*]

cisely true, and known to few, I have reported as not altogether  
*extravagant* from my purpose."—*Parallel, &c. between Buckingham*  
*and Essex.*—*In* is here used for *on*, a common substitution in  
 ancient phraseology. Pope and others, not aware of this, altered  
 it, and read, "*To an extravagant,*" &c.

<sup>27</sup> The preceding seventeen lines are not in the quarto.

<sup>28</sup> The quarto, 1622, *pate*.

<sup>29</sup> The folio has, *produced*.

<sup>30</sup> The first folio jumbles *paines* into *apines*, and the printer of  
 the second, not comprehending it, omits the word altogether.

<sup>31</sup> It is said the figure of an archer is still to be seen over the  
 gates of the arsenal at Venice. Yet Cassio's inquiry, "Ancient  
 what makes he here," seems to imply that to Shakespeare the

*Enter below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with  
Torches.*

*Bra.* It is too true an evil : gone she is :  
And what's to come of my despised time<sup>32</sup>,  
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,  
Where didst thou see her ?—O, unhappy girl !—  
With the Moor, say'st thou ?—Who would be a  
father ?—

How didst thou know 'twas she ? O, she deceives me<sup>33</sup>  
Past thought !—What said she to you ?—Get more  
tapers ;

Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you ?

*Rod.* Truly, I think, they are.

*Bra.* O heaven !—How got she out ?—O treason of  
the blood !—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds  
By what you see them act.—Is there not charms<sup>34</sup>,  
By which the property of youth and maidhood  
May be abus'd<sup>35</sup> ? Have you not read, Roderigo,  
Of some such thing ?

*Rod.* Yes, sir ; I have indeed.

sign whencesoever he derived it, was that of a private house or inn, and that was a representation of the centaur of the zodiac, or of the Tale of Troy, and not a mere bowman.

<sup>32</sup> *Despised time is time of no value : time in which*

“ The wine of life is drawn, and the mere dregs  
Are left.”

So in Romeo and Juliet :—

“ Expire the term

Of a *despised* life clos'd in my breast.”

<sup>33</sup> This is the reading of the folio and the quartos, in my mind better than that adopted by Malone, “ *O thou deceiv'st me.*”

<sup>34</sup> *Is there not charms, &c.* mean, “ Is there not such a thing as charms ?” The second folio reads, “ *Are there not,*” &c.

<sup>35</sup> *Abused, i. e. may be illuded or deceived.*

“ Wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleeper.” *Macbeth.*

*Bra.* Call up my brother<sup>36</sup>.—O, would that you had had her!—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

*Rod.* I think I can discover him; if you please To get good guard, and go along with me.

*Bra.* 'Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call; I may command at most;—Get weapons, ho! And raise some special officers of night<sup>37</sup>.— On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Street.*

*Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants.*

*Iago.* Though in the trade of war I have slain men, Yet do I hold it very stuff<sup>1</sup> o' the conscience, To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity Sometimes, to do me service: Nine or ten time I had thought to have yer'k'd him here under the ribs.

*Oth.* 'Tis better as it is.

*Iago.* Nay, but he prated<sup>2</sup>, And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms Against your honour, That, with the little godliness I have, I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,

<sup>36</sup> Gratiano was in the poet's mind, though he is not wanted or called upon the stage till the fifth act.

<sup>37</sup> The folio has, "officers of *might*." Malone has shown from Lewkenor's Commonwealth of Venice, that "officers of *night*," the reading of the first quarto, is correct.

<sup>1</sup> This expression to common readers appears harsh. *Stuff of the conscience* is *matter of the conscience*; the *very substance* or *essence of it*. Shakespeare uses the word in the same sense, and in a manner yet more harsh in Macbeth:—

"Cleanse the *stuff'd* bosom of that perilous *stuff*."

<sup>2</sup> "Of whom is this said?—Of Roderigo."—*Stevens.*

Are you fast married? for, be sure of this<sup>3</sup>,—  
 That the magnifico<sup>4</sup> is much beloved;  
 And hath, in his effect, a voice potential<sup>5</sup>  
 As double as the duke's; he will divorce you;  
 Or put upon you what restraint or grievance  
 The law (with all his might, to enforce it on,)  
 Will give him cable.

*Oth.* Let him do his spite:

My services, which I have done the signiory,  
 Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,  
 (Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,  
 I shall promulgate), I fetch my life and being  
 From men of royal siege<sup>6</sup>; and my demerits<sup>7</sup>  
 May speak, unbonneted<sup>8</sup>, to as proud a fortune  
 As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago,  
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
 I would not my unhoused<sup>9</sup> free condition

<sup>3</sup> The folio reads:— "But I pray you, sir,  
 Are you fast married? Be assured of this."

<sup>4</sup> The chief men of Venice are by a peculiar name called *magnifici*, i. e. *magnificoes*. See Ben Jonson's *Volpone*.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. as mighty, as powerful: as double means as strong, as forcible, as double in effect as that of the doge, whose voice of course carried great sway with it, and who is said to have had extraordinary privileges, influencing every court and council of the state.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. *Men who have sat upon royal thrones*. So in Grafton's *Chronicle*, p. 443:—"Incontinent, after that he was placed in the royal siege," &c.

<sup>7</sup> *Demerits* has the same meaning in Shakespeare as *merits*. *Mereo* and *demereo* had the same meaning in the Roman language. "*Demerit*," says Bullokar, "a desert; also (on the contrary, and as it is most commonly used at this day) *ill-deserving*." See *Coriolanus*, p. 343, note 25.

<sup>8</sup> Mr. Fuseli explained this passage as follows:—"I am his equal or superior in rank; and were it not so, such are my *merits*, that *unbonneted*, without the addition of patrician or senatorial dignity, they may speak to as proud a fortune," &c. At Venice the *bonnet*, as well as the *toge*, was a badge of aristocratic honours.

<sup>9</sup> i. e. *unmarried*; the Italians use *casare* and *casato* for being married. Othello would not resign the freedom of his *bachelor-estate*. See Florio in v. *Casare*. The poet was evidently familiar with Florio and his writings.

Put into circumscription and confine  
 For the sea's worth<sup>10</sup>. But, look ! what lights come  
 yonder ?

*Enter CASSIO, at a Distance, and certain Officers with  
 Torches.*

*Iago.* These are the raised father, and his friends :  
 You were best go in.

*Oth.* Not I : I must be found ;  
 My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,  
 Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they ?

*Iago.* By Janus, I think no.

*Oth.* The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.  
 The goodness of the night upon you, friends<sup>11</sup> !  
 What is the news ?

*Cas.* The duke does greet you, general ;  
 And he requires your haste, post-haste<sup>12</sup> appearance,  
 Even on the instant.

*Oth.* What is the matter, think you ?

*Cas.* Something from Cyprus, as I may divine ;  
 It is a business of some heat : the galleys  
 Have sent a dozen sequent messengers  
 This very night at one another's heels ;  
 And many of the consuls<sup>13</sup>, rais'd, and met,

<sup>10</sup> Pliny, the naturalist, has a chapter on *the riches of the sea*.  
 The expression seems to have been proverbial. Thus in Dave-  
 nant's *Cruel Brother*, 1630 :—

“ He would not lose that privilege

*For the sea's worth.*”

So in *King Henry V.* Act i.—

“ As rich with praise,

As is the ooze and bottom of the sea

With sunken wreck and sunless treasures.”

<sup>11</sup> So in *Measure for Measure* :—

“ The best and wholesomest spirits of the night  
 Envelop you, good provost !”

<sup>12</sup> These words were ordinarily written on the covers of letters  
 or packets requiring the most prompt and speedy conveyance.  
 Often reduplicated thus :—*Haste, haste, haste, post-haste !*

<sup>13</sup> See note 7, on Sc. 1, p. 7.



Are at the duke's already : You have been hotly  
call'd for ;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,  
The senate hath sent about three several quests<sup>14</sup>,  
To search you out.

*Oth.* 'Tis well I am found by you.  
I will but spend a word here in the house,  
And go with you. [Exit.

*Cas.* Ancient, what makes he here ?

*Iago.* 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land car-  
rack<sup>15</sup> ;

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

*Cas.* I do not understand.

*Iago.* He's married.

*Cas.* To who<sup>16</sup> ?

*Re-enter OTHELLO.*

*Iago.* Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go ?

*Oth.* Have with you.

*Cas.* Here comes another troop to seek for you.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers of Night,  
with Torches and Weapons.*

*Iago.* It is Brabantio :—general, be advis'd<sup>17</sup> ;  
He comes to bad intent.

<sup>14</sup> *Quests* are here put for *messengers* ; properly it signified *searchers*. Vide Cotgrave, in *questeur*. Mr. Collier mistakes the meaning of *quests*, and prints *above* from the quarto instead of *about*, the reading of the folio.

<sup>15</sup> A *carrack*, or *carrick*, was a ship of great burthen, a Spanish galeon ; so named from *carico*, a lading, or freight.

<sup>16</sup> In the third scene of the third act Iago says :—

“ Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,  
Know of your love ?

*Oth.* From first to last.”

Cassio's seeming ignorance might therefore only be affected in order to keep his friend's secret till it became publicly known. But it was probably a mere oversight of the poet, as was also perhaps the reference to his wife.

<sup>17</sup> i. e. *be cautious, be discreet.*

*Oth.* Holla! stand there!

*Rod.* Signior, it is the Moor.

*Bra.* Down with him, thief!

[*They draw on both sides.*]

*Iago.* You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

*Oth.* Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years,  
Than with your weapons.

*Bra.* O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

If she in chains of magick were not bound<sup>18</sup>,

Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy;

So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd

The wealthy curled<sup>19</sup> darlings of our nation,

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight<sup>20</sup>.

<sup>18</sup> This line is wanting in the quartos.

<sup>19</sup> Sir W. Davenant uses the same expression in his *Just Italian*, 1630:—

“The *curl'd* and silken nobles of the town.”

Again:—

“Such as the *curled* youth of Italy.”

It was the fashion of the poet's time for lusty gallants to wear “a *curled* bush of frizzled hair.” See Hall's *Satires*, ed. 1824, book iii. sat. 5. Shakespeare has in other places alluded to the custom of curling the hair among persons of rank and fashion. Speaking of Tarquin, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, he says:—

“Let him have time to tear his *curled* hair.”

And Edgar, in *Lear*, when he was “proud in heart and mind,” *curled his hair*. Turnus, in the twelfth *Æneid*, speaking of *Æneas*, says:—

“*Fœdare in pulvere crines*

*Vibratos calido ferro.*”

The folio has *dearling*.

<sup>20</sup> i. e. *Of such a thing as thou: a thing to fear (i. e. terrify), not to delight.* So in the next scene:—

“To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on.”

[Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense<sup>21</sup>,  
 That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms ;  
 Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,  
 That waken motion<sup>22</sup> :—I'll have it disputed on ;  
 'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.  
 I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,]  
 For an abuser of the world, a practiser  
 Of arts inhibited and out of warrant :—  
 Lay hold upon him ; if he do resist,  
 Subdue him at his peril.

*Oth.* Hold your hands,  
 Both you of my inclining, and the rest :  
 Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it  
 Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go  
 To answer this your charge ?

*Bra.* To prison : till fit time  
 Of law, and course of direct session,  
 Call thee to answer.

*Oth.* What if I do obey ?  
 How may the duke be therewith satisfied ;  
 Whose messengers are here about my side,  
 Upon some present business of the state,  
 To bring me to him<sup>23</sup> ?

*Off.* 'Tis true, most worthy signior,  
 The duke's in council ; and your noble self,  
 I am sure, is sent for.

<sup>21</sup> The lines in crotchets are not in the first edition, 4to. 1622.

<sup>22</sup> The old copy reads, "That *weakens* motion." The emendation is Hamner's. *Motion* is elsewhere used by our poet precisely in the sense required here. So in *Measure for Measure* :—

"One who never feels

The wanton stings and *motions* of the sense"  
 And in a subsequent scene of this play :—"But we have reason  
 to cool our raging *motions*, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts."  
 Brabantio afterwards asserts :—

"That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood  
 He wrought upon her."

<sup>23</sup> The quartos read, "To *bear* me to him."

*Bra.* How! the duke in council!  
 In this time of the night!—Bring him away:  
 Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,  
 Or any of my brothers of the state,  
 Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:  
 For if such actions may have passage free,  
 Bond-slaves, and pagans<sup>24</sup>, shall our statesmen be.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Council Chamber.*

*The Duke, and Senators, sitting at a Table; Officers attending.*

*Duke.* There is no composition<sup>1</sup> in these news,  
 That gives them credit.

*1 Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd;  
 My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

*Duke.* And mine, a hundred and forty.

*2 Sen.* And mine, two hundred:  
 But though they jump not on a just account,  
 (As in these cases, where they aim<sup>2</sup> reports,

<sup>24</sup> This passage seems to me to have been misunderstood. *Pagan* was a word of contempt; and the reason will appear from its etymology:—" *Paganus*, villanus vel incultus. Et derivatur a pagus quod est villa. Et quicumque habitat in villa est paganus. Præterea quicumque est extra civitatem Dei, i. e. ecclesiam, dicitur paganus. Anglice, a *paynim*."—*Ortus Vocabulorum*, 1528. I know not whether *pagan* was ever used to designate a clown or rustic; but *paganical* and *paganalian*, in a kindred sense, were familiar to our elder language. The sense, however, may be, "If he is suffered to escape with impunity, we may expect to see all offices of state filled up by the *pagans* and bond-slaves of Africa."

<sup>1</sup> *Composition* for consistency. It has been before observed that *news* was most frequently considered of the plural number by our ancestors.

<sup>2</sup> *Aim* is guess, conjecture. The folio reads, "*the aim reports*." The meaning is obviously, "where reports are made from guessing or conjecture." See also vol. i. p. 148, note 2.

'Tis oft with difference), yet do they all confirm  
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

*Duke.* Nay, it is possible enough to judgement ;  
I do not so secure me in the error,  
But the main article I do approve  
In fearful sense.

*Sailor.* [*Within.*] What ho ! what ho ! what ho !

*Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.*

*Off.* A messenger from the galleys.

*Duke.* Now ? the business ?

*Sailor.* The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes ;  
So was I bid report here to the state,  
By signior Angelo.

*Duke.* How say you by this change ?

1 *Sen.* This cannot be,

By no assay of reason<sup>3</sup> ; 'tis a pageant,  
To keep us in false gaze : When we consider  
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk ;  
And let ourselves again but understand,  
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,  
So may he with more facile question<sup>4</sup> bear it,  
[For that it stands not in such warlike brace<sup>5</sup>,  
But altogether lacks the abilities  
That Rhodes is dress'd in : —if we make thought of  
this,

We must not think, the Turk is so unskilful,  
To leave that latest which concerns him first ;  
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* "Bring it to the *test*, examine it by reason, it will be found counterfeit."

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* "That he may carry it with *less dispute*, with diminished opposition."

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* *in such state of defence.* To arm was to *brace on* the armour. The seven following lines were added since the first edition in quarto, 1622.

To wake, and wage<sup>6</sup>, a danger profitless.]

*Duke.* Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

*Off.* Here is more news.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,  
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,  
Have there enjoined them with an after fleet.

1 *Sen.* Ay, so I thought : — How many, as you  
guess?

*Mess.* Of thirty sail : and now they do restem  
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance  
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,  
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,  
With his free duty recommends you thus,  
And prays you to relieve him<sup>7</sup>.

*Duke.* 'Tis certain then for Cyprus, —  
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

1 *Sen.* He's now in Florence.

*Duke.* Write from us ; wish<sup>8</sup> him post-post-haste :  
despatch.

1 *Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant  
Moor.

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO,  
and Officers.*

*Duke.* Valiant Othello, we must straight employ  
you

<sup>6</sup> To *wage* is to *undertake*. "To *wage* law (in the common acceptance) seems to be to *follow*, to *urge*, drive on, or prosecute the law or law-suits ; as to *wage* war is *praliari*, *bellare*, to drive on the war, to fight in battels as warriors do." — *Blount's Glossography*. See *King Lear*, p. 358, note 31.

<sup>7</sup> The folios have, "And prays you to *believe* him." We should read, "And prays you to *relieve* him." Montano would hardly ask the senate to credit his information.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. *desire him to make all possible haste*. The folio reads : —  
: "Write from us to *him*, post, post-haste, dispatch."

Against the general enemy Ottoman<sup>9</sup>.

I did not see you ; welcome, gentle signior ;

[To BRABANTIO.

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

*Bra.* So did I yours : Good your grace, pardon me ;  
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,  
Hath rais'd me from my bed ; nor doth the general  
care<sup>10</sup>

Take hold on me ; for my particular grief  
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,  
That it engults and swallows other sorrows,  
And it is still itself.

*Duke.* Why, what's the matter ?

*Bra.* My daughter ! O, my daughter !

*Sen.* Dead ?

*Bra.* Ay, to me ;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted  
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks<sup>11</sup> :  
For nature so preposterously to err,  
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense<sup>12</sup>,  
Sans witchcraft could not——

*Duke.* Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,

<sup>9</sup> It was part of the policy of the Venetian state to employ strangers, and even Moors, in their wars. " By lande they are served of straungers, both for generals, for capitaines, and for all other men of warre, because theyr lawe permitteth not any Venetian to be capitaine over an armie by lande ; fearing, I thinke, Cæsar's example."—*Thomas's History of Italye*, p. 82. See also Contarini's Republic of Venice, by Lewkenor, 1599 ; and Howell's Letters, sect. i. let. xxviii.

<sup>10</sup> " Juvenumque prodis

*Publica cura.*"

*Hor.*

<sup>11</sup> By the Venetian law the giving love-potions was highly criminal, as appears in the Code Della Promission del Malefico, cap. xvii. *Dei Malefici et Herbarie*. Shakespeare may not have known this ; but he was well acquainted with the edicts of James I. against—

" Practisers

Of arts inhibited, and out of warrant."

<sup>12</sup> This line is not in the first quarto.

Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,  
 And you of her, the bloody book of law  
 You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,  
 After your own sense ; yea, though our proper son  
 Stood in your action<sup>13</sup>.

*Bra.* Humbly I thank your grace.  
 Here is the man, this Moor ; whom now, it seems,  
 Your special mandate, for the state affairs,  
 Hath hither brought.

*Duke & Sen.* We are very sorry for it.

*Duke.* What, in your own part, can you say to this?  
 [To OTHELLO.

*Bra.* Nothing, but this is so.

*Oth.* Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
 My very noble and approved good masters,  
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
 It is most true ; true, I have married her ;  
 The very head and front of my offending<sup>14</sup>.  
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,  
 And little bless'd with the soft<sup>15</sup> phrase of peace ;  
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd  
 Their dearest action<sup>16</sup> in the tented field ;  
 And little of this great world can I speak,  
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;

<sup>13</sup> *i. e.* " though our own son were the man exposed to your charge or accusation."

<sup>14</sup> *i. e.* *The main, the whole unextenuated.* "*Frons causæ non satis honesta est*" is a phrase used by Quintilian. A similar expression is found in Tamburlaine, 1590 :—

" The man that in the forehead of his fortunes  
 Beares figures of renown and miracle."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :—

" So rich advantage of a promis'd glory  
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action."

<sup>15</sup> The quarto reads, " set phrase of peace."

<sup>16</sup> *Their dearest action* ; that is, as we should say in modern language, their *best exertion*. For the force of the word *dearest* the reader may refer to vol. iii. p. 463, note 4.



And therefore little shall I grace my cause,  
In speaking for myself : Yet, by your gracious patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver  
Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,  
What conjuration, and what mighty magick  
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)  
I won his daughter with<sup>17</sup>.

*Bra.* A maiden never bold ;  
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
Blush'd at herself<sup>18</sup> ; And she,—in spite of nature,  
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—  
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on !  
It is a judgement maim'd, and most imperfect,  
That will confess, perfection so could err  
Against all rules of nature ; and must be driven  
To find out practices of cunning hell,  
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,  
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,  
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,  
He wrought upon her.

*Duke.* To vouch this, is no proof ;  
Without more certain and more overt test<sup>19</sup>,  
These are thin habits<sup>20</sup>, and poor likelihoods  
Of modern seeming<sup>21</sup>, you prefer against him.

<sup>17</sup> The word *with*, supplied in the second folio, is wanting in the older copies. Malone contends that it is merely an elliptical form of expression, and that the early copies are right.

<sup>18</sup> Shakespeare, like other writers of his age, frequently uses the *personal* instead of the *neutral* pronoun.

<sup>19</sup> The folio has, "Without more *wider* and more *over*-test." This speech is there made, erroneously, a continuation of that of Brabantio.

<sup>20</sup> *Thin habits* may be a metaphor from dress, but it may also be a Latinism from *habita*, things considered, reckoned, as in the phrase *habit* and *repute*, i. e. held and esteemed. The folio has "Than these thin habits."

<sup>21</sup> *Modern* is frequently used for *trifling*, *slight*, or *trivial*, by Shakespeare. The folio reads, "*do* prefer."

1 *Sen.* But, Othello, speak.—  
 Did you by indirect and forced courses  
 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?  
 Or came it by request, and such fair question  
 As soul to soul affordeth?

*Oth.* I do beseech you,  
 Send for the lady to the Sagittary,  
 And let her speak of me before her father:  
 If you do find me foul in her report,  
 The trust, the office, I do hold of you<sup>22</sup>,  
 Not only take away, but let your sentence  
 Even fall upon my life.

*Duke.* Fetch Desdemona hither.

*Oth.* Ancient, conduct them; you best know the  
 place.— [*Exeunt IAGO and Attendants.*]  
 And, till she come, as truly<sup>23</sup> as to heaven  
 I do confess the vices of my blood,  
 So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
 How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
 And she in mine.

*Duke.* Say it, Othello.

*Oth.* Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;  
 Still question'd me the story of my life,  
 From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
 That I have pass'd.  
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it.  
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,  
 Of moving accidents, by flood, and field:  
 Of hair-breadth scapes i'th' imminent deadly breach;  
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
 And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,  
 And portance<sup>24</sup> in my traveller's history:

<sup>22</sup> This line is wanting in the first quarto.

<sup>23</sup> The first quarto reads, as *faithful*: the next line is omitted in that copy.

<sup>24</sup> Thus the folio. The first quarto reads:—

Wherein of antres<sup>25</sup> vast, and deserts idle<sup>26</sup>,  
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch  
     heaven,  
 It was my hint to speak, such was the process ;  
 And of the cannibals that each other eat,  
 The anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
 Do grow beneath their shoulders<sup>27</sup>. These things to  
     hear,  
 Would Desdemona seriously incline :  
 But still the house-affairs would draw her thence ;

“ And *with it all my travel's history.*”

The quarto, 1630, reads :—

“ And *portance* in my *travel's history.*”

The meaning is, *my carriage or behaviour* in my travels, as described in my narration of them. *Portance* is a word used in *Coriolanus* :

“ Took from you

The apprehension of his present *portance*,

Which gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion,” &c.

Spenser likewise uses it, *Faerie Queene*, b. ii. c. 3 :—

“ But for in court gay *portaunce* he perceiv'd.”

<sup>25</sup> *Antres*, i. e. *caverns* ; from *antrum*, Lat.

<sup>26</sup> The quarto and first folio read, “ *desarts idle* ;” the second folio reads, “ *desarts wilde* ;” and this reading was adopted by Pope ; at which Dr. Johnson expresses his surprise.

Gifford (*Notes on Sejanus*, Ben Jonson's Works, vol. iii. p. 14) contends for the reading of the second folio, which was adopted by Pope ; but the epithet *idle*, *inanis*, strongly expresses the characteristics of a desert, and was in frequent use by our early writers. Wicliffe has, “ The erthe was *idel* and voide.”

<sup>27</sup> Nothing excited more universal attention than the accounts brought by Sir Walter Raleigh, on his return from his celebrated voyage to Guiana in 1595, of the cannibals, amazons, and especially of the nation—

“ Whose heads

Do grow beneath their shoulders.”

See his Narrative in Hackluyt's *Voyages*, vol. iii. ed. 1600, fol. p. 652, et seq. and p. 677, &c. A short extract of the more wonderful passages was also published in Latin and in several other languages, in 1599, adorned with copper-plates, representing these cannibals, amazons, and headless people, &c. A copy of one of the plates is given in the variorum editions of Shakespeare. These extraordinary reports were universally credited ; and Othello therefore assumes no other character but what was very common among the celebrated commanders of the poet's time.

Which ever as she could with haste despatch,  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse : Which I observing,  
Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
But not intently<sup>28</sup> : I did consent ;  
And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,  
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs<sup>29</sup> :  
She swore<sup>30</sup>,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing  
                  strange ;  
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :  
She wish'd, she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd  
That heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd  
                  me ;  
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake :  
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd ;  
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.—  
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

*Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* I think, this tale would win my daughter  
                  too.—

<sup>28</sup> *Intention* and *attention* were once synonymous. "*Intentive*, which listeneth well and is earnestly bent to a thing," says Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, 1616. The folio, 1623, has *instinctively* : that of 1632, *distinctively*.

<sup>29</sup> The folios strangely read *kisses*, instead of *sighs*, which is the reading of the quartos 1622 and 1630.

<sup>30</sup> To *aver upon faith* or *honour* was considered swearing, equally with a solemn appeal to God. See Whitaker's *Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots*, vol. ii. p. 487.

Good Brabantio,  
Take up this mangled matter at the best :  
Men do their broken weapons rather use,  
Than their bare hands.

*Bra.* I pray you, hear her speak ;  
If she confess, that she was half the wooer,  
Destruction on my head,<sup>31</sup> if my bad blame  
Light on the man !—Come hither, gentle mistress ;  
Do you perceive in all this noble company,  
Where most you owe obedience ?

*Des.* My noble father,  
I do perceive here a divided duty :  
To you, I am bound for life, and education ;  
My life, and education, both do learn me  
How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty,  
I am hitherto your daughter : But here's my hus-  
band ;

And so much duty as my mother show'd  
To you, preferring you before her father,  
So much I challenge that I may profess  
Due to the Moor, my lord.

*Bra.* God b' wi' you !—I have done :—  
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs ;  
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—  
Come hither, Moor :

I here do give thee that with all my heart,  
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart  
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,  
I am glad at soul I have no other child ;  
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

*Duke.* Let me speak like yourself<sup>32</sup> ; and lay a  
sentence,

<sup>31</sup> The quartos read, " Destruction light on me."

<sup>32</sup> i. e. " Let me speak as yourself would speak, were you not too much heated with passion."

Which, as a grise<sup>33</sup>, or step, may help these lovers  
Into your favour<sup>34</sup>.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended<sup>35</sup>,  
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,  
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.  
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,  
Patience her injury a mockery makes.  
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the  
thief;

He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

*Bra.* So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;  
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.  
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears  
But the free comfort which from thence he hears:  
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,  
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.  
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,  
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:  
But words are words; I never yet did hear,  
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear<sup>36</sup>.  
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

<sup>33</sup> *Grise* or *greese* is a *step*; from *grés*, French. The word occurs again in *Timon of Athens*:—

“For every *grise* of fortune  
Is smooth'd by that below.”

Ben Jonson, in his *Sejanus*, has *degrees* in the same sense:—

“Whom when we saw lie spread on the *degrees*.”

<sup>34</sup> “Into your favour” is omitted in the folio.

<sup>35</sup> This is expressed in a common proverbial form in *Love's Labour's Lost*:—

“Past cure is still past care.”

<sup>36</sup> *i. e.* “That the wounds of sorrow were ever cured by the words of consolation.” *Pierced* is here used for *penetrated*. Spenser has employed the word in the same figurative sense, *Faerie Queene*, b. vi. c. 9:—

“Whose senseful words *empierst* his hart so neare  
That he was rapt with double ravishment.”

So in his fourth book, c. viii.—

*Duke.* The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you: And though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you; you must therefore be content to slubber<sup>37</sup> the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

*Oth.* The tyrant custom, most grave senators,  
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war  
My thrice-driven bed of down<sup>38</sup>: I do agnize<sup>39</sup>  
A natural and prompt alacrity,  
I find in hardness; and do undertake  
This present war against the Ottomites.  
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,  
I crave fit disposition for my wife;  
Due reference of place, and exhibition;  
With such accommodation, and besort,  
As levels with her breeding.

*Duke.* If you please,  
Be't at her father's<sup>40</sup>.

"Her words——

Which passing *through the eares*, would *pierce the hart*."

<sup>37</sup> To *slubber* here means to *obscure*. So in Jeronimo, 1605, first part:—

"The evening too begins to *slubber* the day."

The latter part of this metaphor has already occurred in Macbeth:—

"Golden opinions,

Which should be worn now in their *newest gloss*."

<sup>38</sup> A *driven* bed is a bed for which the feathers have been selected by *driving* with a fan, which separates the light from the heavy.

<sup>39</sup> To *agnize* is to acknowledge, confess, or avow. Thus in a Summarie Report, &c. of the Speaker relative to Mary Queen of Scots, 4to. 1586:—"A repentant convert *agnizing* her Majesty's great mercie," &c. It sometimes signified "to know by some token, to admit, or allow."

<sup>40</sup> The folio has, "Why at her father's?" and below Desdemona says, "Nor would I there reside."

*Bra.* I'll not have it so.

*Oth.* Nor I.

*Des.* Nor I ; I would not there reside,  
To put my father in impatient thoughts,  
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,  
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear<sup>41</sup> ;  
And let me find a charter in your voice<sup>42</sup>,  
T'assist my simpleness.

*Duke.* What would you, Desdemona ?

*Des.* That I did love the Moor to live with him,  
My downright violence and storm<sup>43</sup> of fortunes  
May trumpet to the world ; my heart's subdued  
Even to the very quality<sup>44</sup> of my lord :  
I saw Othello's visage in his mind ;  
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.  
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,  
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,  
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,  
And I a heavy interim shall support  
By his dear absence : Let me go with him.

*Oth.* Your voices, lords ; 'beseech you, let her will  
Have a free way.  
Vouch with me, heaven ; I therefore beg it not,  
To please the palate of my appetite ;  
Nor to comply with heat (the young affects

<sup>41</sup> *Prosperous*, i. e. *propitious* ear. Thus the folio, to avoid the repetition of *gracious*, which is the reading of the quarto.

<sup>42</sup> That is, "let your favour *privilege* me."

<sup>43</sup> Thus the folio. The quarto has *scorn*. Mr. Dyce has shown that *storm* is misprinted for *scorn* in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Honest Man's Fortune*, Act iv. Sc. 1. But the converse is most probably the case here, where *storm* seems to be used intensively of violence, "the stormy violence I have used against my fortunes."

<sup>44</sup> *Quality* here, as in other passages of Shakespeare, means *profession*. "My heart is so entirely devoted to Othello, that I will even encounter the dangers of his military profession with him." The quarto reads, "My heart's subdued even to the *utmost pleasure* of my lord."



In me defunct) and proper satisfaction;<sup>45</sup>  
 But to be free and bounteous to her mind:  
 And heaven defend your good souls, that you think  
 I will your serious and great business scant,  
 For she is with me: No, when light-wing'd toys  
 Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness  
 My speculative and offic'd instrument<sup>47</sup>,  
 That my disports corrupt and taint my business,  
 Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,  
 And all indign and base adversities  
 Make head against my estimation<sup>48</sup>!

*Duke.* Be it as you shall privately determine  
 Either for her stay, or going: th' affair cries, haste,

<sup>45</sup> The quarto, 1622, reads:—

“Nor to comply with heat, the young affects  
 In my defunct, and proper satisfaction.”

The first folio omits the comma after heat. The second folio for *affects* has *effects*. For the various conjectures as to the reading of this passage, I must refer to the Variorum Shakespeare. I adopt Upton's alteration of a single letter, and read *me* for *my*, placing “the young affects in *me* defunct,” in a parenthesis. This reading Gifford supported by a passage in Massinger, evidently copied from it:—

“Let me wear  
 Your colours, lady, and though the *youthful heats*,  
 That look no further than your outward form,  
 Are long since *buried in me*: while I live  
 I am a constant lover of your mind.”

*The Bondman*, Act i. Sc. 3.

“I ask it not,” says Othello, “to please my appetite, nor to comply with the *vehemence of youthful passions*, which are in me quiescent, but to be liberal and compliant to her wish.” *Affects* occurs incessantly in the sense of *affections*, *passions*.

<sup>47</sup> Thus the folio. The quarto reads,

“No, when light-wing'd toys,  
 And feather'd Cupid *foils* with wanton dulness  
 My speculative and *active* instruments.”

*Speculative and offic'd instrument*, in Shakespeare's figurative language, is the *eyes*, for the *whole man*. To *seel* is to *close up*. The meaning of the passage appears to be, “When the pleasures and idle toys of love, by dulling my speculative and active powers, unfit me for the duties of my office.”

<sup>48</sup> The quarto reads, *reputation*.

And speed must answer it.

*Sen.* You must away to-night<sup>49</sup>.

*Oth.* With all my heart.

*Duke.* At nine i'the morning here we'll meet again.  
Othello, leave some officer behind,  
And he shall our commission bring to you :  
With such things else of quality and respect,  
As doth import you.

*Oth.* So please your grace, my ancient ;  
A man he is of honesty and trust :  
To his conveyance I assign my wife,  
With what else needful your good grace shall think  
To be sent after me.

*Duke.* Let it be so.—  
Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,

[*To BRABANTIO.*

If virtue no delighted<sup>50</sup> beauty lack,  
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

*1 Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

*Bra.* Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;<sup>51</sup>  
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*

*Oth.* My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,  
My Desdemona must I leave to thee ;  
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her ;  
And bring them after in the best advantage<sup>52</sup>.—  
Come, Desdemona ; I have but an hour  
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,  
To spend with thee : we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.*

<sup>49</sup> The quarto makes these words part of the Duke's speech, and adds:—

“ *Des.* To night, my Lord?

*Duke.* This night.”

<sup>50</sup> *Delighted* for *delighting*. See *Measure for Measure*, Act iii. Sc. 1, note 19.

<sup>51</sup> The folio reads, “ If thou hast eyes to see.”

<sup>52</sup> *Best advantage*, i. e. *fairest opportunity*.

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after.

Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment: and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for four times seven years<sup>53</sup>! and since I could distinguish between a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen<sup>54</sup>, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry: why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If

<sup>53</sup> That Iago means to say he was but twenty-eight years old, is clearly ascertained by his marking particularly, though indefinitely, a period *within that time* ["and *since* I could distinguish," &c.] when he began to make observations on the characters of men. Waller, on a picture which was painted for him in his youth by Cornelius Jansen, has expressed the same thought: "*Anno ætatis 23; vitæ vix primo.*"—In the novel, on which *Othello* was founded, Iago is described as a *young* handsome man.

<sup>54</sup> A *Guinea-hen* was a cant term for a woman of easy virtue.

the balance<sup>55</sup> of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted<sup>56</sup> lusts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect<sup>57</sup>, or scion.

*Rod.* It cannot be.

*Iago.* It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard<sup>58</sup>; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration<sup>59</sup>;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in

<sup>55</sup> So the quartos. The folio reads, "if the *brain*;" probably a mistake for *beam*.

<sup>56</sup> So in a Knack to Know an Honest Man, 1596:—

"Virtue never taught thee that,

She sets a *bit* upon her *bridled lusts*."

See also As You Like It, Act ii. Sc. 4:—

"For thou thyself hast been a libertine,

As sensual as the *brutish sting* itself."

<sup>57</sup> A *sect* is what the gardeners call a *cutting*.

<sup>58</sup> I have already observed that *defeat* was used for *disfigurement* or *alteration* of features: from the French *défaire*. See Comedy of Errors, Act ii. Sc. 1, note 10. *Favour* means that combination of features which gives the face its distinguishing character.

<sup>59</sup> *Sequestration* is defined to be "a putting apart, a separation of a thing from the possession of both those that contend for it." It is not therefore necessary to suppose any change requisite in the text. In another passage of this play we have "a *sequester* from liberty." So in Romeo and Juliet:—

"These *violent delights* have *violent ends*,

And in their triumph die."

their wills :—fill thy purse with money : the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida<sup>60</sup>. She must change for youth ; when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—[She must have change, she must ;] therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst : If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring<sup>61</sup> barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her ; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself ! it is clean out of the way : seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

*Rod.* Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue ?

*Iago.* Thou art sure of me ;—Go, make money :—I have told thee often, and I retell thee again and

<sup>60</sup> The quarto reads “ as *acerb* as the coloquintida.” The poet had the third chapter of St. Matthew’s Gospel in his thoughts, in which we are told that John the Baptist lived in the wilderness on *locusts* and wild *honey*. Mr. Douce observes, that “ there is another phrase of the same kind, viz. *to exchange herb John for coloquintida*. It is used in Osborne’s *Memoirs of James I.* and elsewhere. The pedantic Tomlinson, in his translation of Renodæus’s *Dispensatory*, says, that many superstitious persons call mugwort St. John’s herb, wherewith he circumcised his loins on holidays. Shakespeare, who was extremely well acquainted with popular superstitions, might have recollected this circumstance, when, for reasons best known to himself, he chose to vary the phrase by substituting the *luscious locusts* of the Baptist. Whether these were the fruit of the tree so called, or the well known insect, is not likely to be determined. It is said that the insect *locusts* are considered a delicacy at Tonquin. Bullein says that “ coloquintida is most bitter.”—*Bulwarke of Defence*, 1579.

<sup>61</sup> *Erring* is the same as *erraticus* in Latin. So in Hamlet :

“ Th’ extravagant and *erring* spirit.”

And in *As You Like It* :—

“ — how brief the life of man

Runs his *erring* pilgrimage.”

again, I hate the Moor : My cause is hearted<sup>62</sup> : thine hath no less reason : Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him : if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse<sup>63</sup> ; go : provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

*Rod.* Where shall we meet i' the morning ?

*Iago.* At my lodging.

*Rod.* I'll be with thee betimes.

*Iago.* Go to ; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo ?

[*Rod.* What say you ?

*Iago.* No more of drowning, do you hear.

*Rod.* I am changed.] I'll sell all my land.

*Iago.* [Go to ; farewell : put money enough in your purse<sup>64</sup>.] [Exit RODERIGO.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse :

For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,

If I would time expend with such a snipe<sup>65</sup>,

But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor ;

And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets

He has done my office : I know not if't be true ;

But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,

Will do, as if for surety<sup>66</sup>. He holds me well ;

The better shall my purpose work on him.

Cassio's a proper man : Let me see now ;

To get his place, and to plume<sup>67</sup> up my will

<sup>62</sup> This adjective occurs again in Act iii.—“ hearted throne.”

<sup>63</sup> i. e. *march*. See vol. v. p. 233, note 16.

<sup>64</sup> This line is from the quarto, 1622. In the folio Roderigo makes his exit at the words “ I'll sell all my land.” The passages in brackets are not in the folio.

<sup>65</sup> *Woodcock* was the general term for a foolish fellow. Iago is more sarcastic, and compares his dupe to a smaller and meaner bird of almost the same shape.

<sup>66</sup> That is, “ I will act as if I were certain of the fact.” “ He holds me well,” is, “ he entertains a good opinion of me.”

<sup>67</sup> The first quarto reads “ to make up.”

In double knavery.—How? how?—Let me see :—  
 After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,  
 That he is too familiar with his wife :—  
 He hath a person, and a smooth dispose  
 To be suspected ; fram'd to make women false.  
 The Moor is of a free and open nature,  
 That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so ;  
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose,  
 As asses are.  
 I have't ;—it is engender'd :—Hell and night  
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.  
[Exit.]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Seaport Town in Cyprus*<sup>1</sup>. *A Platform.*

*Enter MONTANO and Two Gentlemen.*

*Montano.*



WHAT from the cape can you discern at sea.

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all : it is a high-wrought flood ;

<sup>1</sup> Many of the modern editors, following Rowe, have supposed the capital of Cyprus to be the place where the scene of Othello lies during four Acts : but this could not have been Shakespeare's intention ; *Nicosia*, the capital city of Cyprus, being situated nearly in the centre of the island, and thirty miles distant from the sea. The principal seaport town of Cyprus is *Famagusta* ; where there was formerly a strong fort and commodious haven, "neare which (says Knolles) standeth an old *castle*, with four towers after the ancient manner of building." To this castle we find that Othello presently repairs. Cinthio, in the novel, makes no mention of any attack on Cyprus, by the Turks ; but they took the island from the Venetians in 1570. By mentioning Rhodes as likely to be attacked by the Turks, the historical fact is disregarded ; for they were in quiet possession of that island, and had been masters of it since the year 1522 ; and from 1473, when the Venetians first became possessed of Cyprus, to 1522, they had not been molested by any Turkish armament.

I cannot, 'twixt the heaven<sup>2</sup> and the main,  
Descry a sail.

*Mon.* Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land:  
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:  
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,  
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them<sup>3</sup>,  
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet:  
For do but stand upon the foaming shore<sup>4</sup>,  
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;  
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,  
Seems to cast water on the burning bear<sup>5</sup>,  
And quench the guards of th' ever-fixed pole:  
I never did like molestation view  
On the enchafed flood.

*Mon.*

If that the Turkish fleet

<sup>2</sup> So the folio and the quarto of 1630. The quarto, 1622, reads:—

“'twixt the *haven* and the main;”  
and Malone adopts that reading. Perhaps the poet wrote “the  
*heavens*.” A subsequent passage may serve to show that the folio  
affords the true reading:—

“Let's to the seaside, ho!  
As well to see the vessel that's come in,  
As throw our eyes out for brave Othello:  
Even till we make the *main* and the *aërial blue*  
An indistinct regard.”

<sup>3</sup> The quarto of 1622 reads “when the *huge* mountaine *meslt*.  
In a subsequent scene we have:—

“And let the labouring bark climb *hills of seas*  
*Olympus high*”——

And in *Troilus* and *Cressida*:—

“The strong ribb'd bark through *liquid mountains* cuts.”

<sup>4</sup> The elder quarto reads “the *banning* shore,” most probably a  
misprint for *foaming*. In the next line the folio has “*chidden*  
billow,” and in that following, “*Maine*,” for which the word  
*mane* was substituted by Southern in his copy, which reading  
seems necessary to make sense of the passage.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. *The constellation near the polar star*. The next line alludes  
to the star *Arctophylax*, which literally signifies the guard of the  
bear. The 4to. 1622, reads “*ever-fired pole*.”



Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd ;  
It is impossible to bear it out<sup>a</sup>.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

3 *Gent.* News, lads ! our wars are done :  
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,  
That their designment halts : A noble ship of Venice  
Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance  
On most part of their fleet.

*Mon.* How ! is this true ?

3 *Gent.* The ship is here put in,  
A Veronessa<sup>6</sup> ; Michael Cassio,  
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,  
Is come on shore : the Moor himself's at sea,  
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

*Mon.* I am glad on't ; 'tis a worthy governour.

3 *Gent.* But this same Cassio,—though he speak  
of comfort,  
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,  
And prays the Moor be safe ; for they were parted  
With foul and violent tempest.

*Mon.* 'Pray heaven, he be ;  
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands  
Like a full<sup>7</sup> soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho !  
As well to see the vessel that's come in,  
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello ;  
Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,

<sup>a</sup> The quarto, 1622, has "it is impossible *they* bear it out," possibly an ellipsis for *they should*. The quarto, 1630, and the folio, read as above.

<sup>6</sup> Thus the old copy. Whether a *Veronessa* signified a ship fitted out by the people of Verona, who were tributary to the Venetian republic, or designated some particular kind of vessel, is not yet fully established. But as it has not hitherto been met with elsewhere, the former is most probably the true explanation. The old copy points the passage as if *Veronessa* applied to Michael Cassio, who has been described in another place as a *Florentine*.

<sup>7</sup> *A full soldier* is a complete one. See Act i. Sc. 1, note 13.

An indistinct regard.

3 *Gent.* Come, let's do so ;  
For every minute is expectancy  
Of more arrivance.

*Enter CASSIO.*

*Cas.* Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,  
That so approve the Moor ; O, let the heavens  
Give him defence against the elements,  
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea !

*Mon.* Is he well shipp'd ?

*Cas.* His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot  
Of very expert and approv'd allowance<sup>8</sup> ;  
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,  
Stand in bold cure<sup>9</sup>.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail !

*Enter another Gentleman.*

*Cas.* What noise ?

4 *Gent.* The town is empty ; on the brow o' the sea  
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail.

*Cas.* My hopes do shape him for the governour.

2 *Gent.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy ;  
[*Guns heard.*

Our friends, at least.

*Cas.* I pray you, sir, go forth,  
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2 *Gent.* I shall. [*Exit.*

<sup>8</sup> i. e. of allowed and approved expertness.

<sup>9</sup> The meaning seems to be, "Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death, by excess of apprehension, stand in confidence of being cured." A parallel expression occurs in *Lear* :—

"This rest might yet have balm'd his broken senses,  
Which if conveniency will not allow  
Stand in hard cure."

Again :—

"—— his life with thine  
Stand in assured loss."

Solomon has said "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

*Mon.* But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

*Cus.* Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid  
That paragons description, and wild fame;  
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens<sup>10</sup>,  
And in the essential vesture of creation,  
Does tire the ingenier<sup>11</sup>.—How now? who has put in?

*Re-enter second Gentleman.*

2 *Gent.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

*Cas.* He has had most favourable and happy speed:  
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,  
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—  
Traitors ensteep'd<sup>12</sup> to clog the guiltless keel,  
As having sense of beauty, do omit  
Their mortal<sup>13</sup> natures, letting go safely by  
The divine Desdemona.

*Mon.* What is she?

<sup>10</sup> Thus in Shakespeare's 103rd Sonnet:—

“A face

That over-goes my blunt invention quite,  
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.”

<sup>11</sup> The folio reads *ingeniuer*, most probably for *ingenier*: the quarto has:—

“And in the *essential vesture of creation*

*Does bear all excellency.*”

By the *essential vesture of creation* the poet means her *outward form*, which he in another place calls “the muddy *vesture* of decay.” The meaning is probably this: She is one who excels all description, and in *real* beauty, or outward form, goes beyond the power of the inventive pencil of the artist. Flecknoe, in his discourse on the English Stage, 1664, speaking of painting, mentions “the stupendous works of your great *ingeniers*.” And Ben Jonson, in his *Sejanus*, Act iv. Sc. 4:—

“No, Silius, we are no good *ingeniers*,

We want the fine arts.”

An *ingenier* or *ingeniuer* undoubtedly means an *artist* or *painter*; and is only another form of *engineer*, and anciently used for any kind of artist or artificer. See the etymology of the word in Dr. Richardson's Dictionary.

<sup>12</sup> *Traitors ensteeped* are merely *traitors concealed under the water*.

<sup>13</sup> *Mortal* is *deadly, destructive*. The quarto, 1622, has “*common* natures.”

*Cas.* She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,  
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago ;  
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,  
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,  
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath ;  
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,  
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms<sup>14</sup>,  
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,  
[And bring all Cyprus comfort!]*—O, behold,*

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO,  
and Attendants.*

The riches of the ship is come on shore<sup>15</sup>!  
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees :—  
Hail to thee, lady ! and the grace of heaven,  
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,  
Enwheel thee round !

*Des.* I thank you, valiant Cassio.  
What tidings can you tell me of my lord ?

*Cas.* He is not yet arriv'd ; nor know I aught  
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

*Des.* O, but I fear ;—How lost you company ?

*Cas.* The great contention of the sea and skies  
Parted our fellowship : But, hark ! a sail.

[*Cry within, A sail, a sail ! Then guns heard.*

*2 Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel ;  
This likewise is a friend.

*Cas.* See for the news<sup>16</sup>.—

[*Exit Gentleman.*

Good ancient, you are welcome ;—Welcome, mis-  
tress :—

[*To EMILIA.*

<sup>14</sup> The quarto " And swiftly come to Desdemona's arms,"  
The words—" And bring all Cyprus comfort " are only in the  
quartos.

<sup>15</sup> " The riches of the ship is come on shore." Shakespeare  
uses *riches* as a singular in his eighty-seventh Sonnet :—

" And for *that riches*, where is my deserving ? "

<sup>16</sup> The first quarto reads " So speaks this voice."

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,  
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding  
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[*Kissing her.*]

*Iago.* Sir, would she give you so much of her lips  
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,  
You'd have enough.

*Des.* Alas, she has no speech.

*Iago.* In faith too much;  
I find it still, when I have list<sup>17</sup> to sleep:  
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,  
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,  
And chides with thinking.

*Emil.* You have little cause to say so.

*Iago.* Come on, come on; you are pictures out of  
doors,  
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,  
Saints in your injuries<sup>18</sup>, devils being offended,  
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your  
beds.

*Des.* O, fye upon thee, slanderer!

*Iago.* Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;  
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

*Emil.* You shall not write my praise.

*Iago.* No, let me not.

*Des.* What would'st thou write of me, if thou  
should'st praise me?

<sup>17</sup> The folio has "leave to sleep." The 4to. 1622, "I find it, for when I ha' list to sleep."

<sup>18</sup> That is "When you have a mind to do injuries, you put on an air of sanctity." In Puttenham's *Art of Poesie*, 1589, we have almost the same thoughts:—"We limit the comely parts of a woman to consist in four points; that is, to be a shrew in the kitchen, a saint in the church, an angel at board, and an ape in the bed; as the chronicle reports by mistress Shore, paramour to King Edward the Fourth." There is something similar in Middleton's *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602; and it is alluded to in *The Miseries of Inforc'd Marriage*, 1607.

*Iago.* O gentle lady, do not put me to't ;  
For I am nothing, if not critical<sup>19</sup>.

*Des.* Come on, assay :—There's one gone to the  
harbour ?

*Iago.* Ay, madam.

*Des.* I am not merry ; but I do beguile  
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—  
Come, how would'st thou praise me ?

*Iago.* I am about it ; but, indeed, my invention  
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize<sup>20</sup>,  
It plucks out brains and all : But my muse labours,  
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,  
The one's for use, the other useth it.

*Des.* Well prais'd ! How if she be black and witty ?

*Iago.* If she be black, and thereto have a wit,  
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit<sup>21</sup>.

*Des.* Worse and worse.

*Emil.* How, if fair and foolish ?

*Iago.* She never yet was foolish that was fair ;  
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

*Des.* These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools  
laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast  
thou for her that's foul and foolish ?

*Iago.* "There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,  
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do."

*Des.* O heavy ignorance !—thou praisest the worst  
best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a de-  
serving woman indeed<sup>22</sup> ! one, that, in the authority

<sup>19</sup> *Critical*, i. e. *ensorious*, or *cynical*.

<sup>20</sup> A similar thought occurs in *The Puritan*:—"The excuse  
stuck upon my tongue like ship-pitch upon a mariner's gown."

<sup>21</sup> The quarto reads, *hit*.

<sup>22</sup> The hint for this question and the metrical reply of *Iago*  
may have been taken from a strange pamphlet called *Choice*,  
*Chance*, and *Change*, or *Conceits in their Colours*, 1606.

of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself<sup>24</sup>?

*Iago.* She that was ever fair, and never proud ;  
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud ;  
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay ;  
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—‘ now I may ;’  
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,  
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly :  
She, that in wisdom never was so frail,  
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail<sup>25</sup> ;  
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,  
See suitors following, and not look behind ;  
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

*Des.* To do what ?

*Iago.* To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer<sup>26</sup>.

*Des.* O most lame and impotent conclusion !—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband. —How say you, Cassio ? is he not a most profane<sup>27</sup> and liberal counsellor ?

*Cas.* He speaks home, madam ; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

*Iago.* [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm : Ay, well said, whisper : with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her,

<sup>24</sup> “ The sense is this—one that was so conscious of her own merit, and of the authority her character had with every one, that she durst call upon malice itself to vouch for her. This was some commendation. And the character only of clearest virtue ; which could force malice, even against its nature, to do justice. *Warburton.* To put on is to provoke, to incite.

<sup>25</sup> That is, to exchange a delicacy for coarser fare. See Queen Elizabeth's Household Book for the forty-third year of her reign : —“ Item, the master cookes have to fee all the *salmons' tails*, &c. p. 296. There is an Italian proverb—“ E meglio esser Testa di Lucio che coda de Sturione.”

<sup>26</sup> i. e. to suckle children and keep the accounts of the household.

<sup>27</sup> See Act i. Sc. 1, note 22. *Liberal* is *licentious*. Perhaps we should read *censurer* instead of *counsellor*, as suggested in Mr. Collier's second folio.

do ; I will gyve<sup>28</sup> thee in thine own courtship. You say true ; 'tis so indeed : if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good ; well kissed ! an excellent courtesy ! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips ? 'would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake !——[*Trumpet.*] The Moor, I know his trumpet.

*Cus.* 'Tis truly so.

*Des.* Let's meet him, and receive him.

*Cus.* Lo, where he comes !

*Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.*

*Oth.* O my fair warrior<sup>29</sup>

*Des.* My dear Othello !

*Oth.* It gives me wonder great as my content,  
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy !  
If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death !  
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,

<sup>28</sup> To *gyve* is to *fetter*, to *shackle*. The first quarto reads, "I will *catch* you in your own *courtsies*. It may be as well to observe that *courtship* is the same as *courtesy*, i.e. *complimentary* or *courtly* behaviour. To *play the sir* is to show good breeding and gallantry.

<sup>29</sup> This phrase was introduced by our copiers of the French sonnetteers. Ronsard frequently calls his mistresses *guerrieres* ; and Southern, his imitator, is not less prodigal of the same appellation. Thus in his fifth sonnet :—

"And my fair *warrior*, my light shines in thy fair eyes."

And in his sixth sonnet he uses it twice :—

"I am not, my cruel *warrior*, the Thebain," &c.

"I came not, my *warrior*, of the blood Lidain."

Had not I met with the word thus fantastically applied, I should have concluded that Othello called his wife a *warrior* because she embarked with him on a warlike expedition, and not in consequence of Ovid's observation :—

"*Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido.*"

Desdemona in Act iii. says :—"Unhandsome *warrior* as I am."—*Steevens.*



Olympus-high ; and duck again as low  
 As hell's from heaven ! If it were now to die,  
 'Twere now to be most happy<sup>30</sup> ; for, I fear,  
 My soul hath her content so absolute,  
 That not another comfort like to this  
 Succeeds in unknown fate.

*Des.* The heavens forbid,  
 But that our loves and comforts should increase,  
 Even as our days do grow !

*Oth.* Amen to that.—Sweet powers !  
 I cannot speak enough of this content,  
 It stops me here ; it is too much of joy :—  
 And this, and this, the greatest discords be<sup>31</sup>,  
[*Kissing her.*]

That e'er our hearts shall make !

*Iago.* O, you are well tun'd now !  
 But I'll set down the pegs that make this musick,  
 As honest as I am. [*Aside.*]

*Oth.* Come, let's to the castle.—  
 News, friends ; our wars are done, the Turks are  
 drown'd.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle ?—  
 Honey, you shall be well desir'd<sup>32</sup> in Cyprus,  
 I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,  
 I prattle out of fashion<sup>33</sup>, and I dote  
 In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,

<sup>30</sup> So Cherea in *The Eunuch* of Terence, Act iii. Sc. 5 :—

“ Proh Jupiter !

Nunc tempus profecto est, cum perpeti me possum interfici,  
 Ne vita aliquâ hoc gaudium contaminet aegritudine.”

<sup>31</sup> Thus in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion* :—

“ I pri'thee chide, if I have done amiss,

But let my punishment be *this and this*. [*Kissing the Moor.*  
 Marlowe's play was written before that of Shakespeare, who  
 might possibly have acted in it.

<sup>32</sup> i. e. *much solicited by invitation*. So in *The Letters of the*  
*Paston Family*, vol. i. p. 299 :—“ At the which weddyng I was  
 with myn hostes, and also *desyryd* by y<sup>e</sup> jentylman hymselfe.”

<sup>33</sup> i. e. *out of method, without any settled order of discourse.*

Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers :  
 Bring thou the master<sup>34</sup> to the citadel ;  
 He is a good one, and his worthiness  
 Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,  
 Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.*]

*Iago.* Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither<sup>a</sup>. If thou be'st valiant as (they say) base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard<sup>35</sup> :—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

*Rod.* With him ! why, 'tis not possible.

*Iago.* Lay thy finger—thus<sup>36</sup>, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies : And will she love him still for prating<sup>37</sup> ? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed ; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil ? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour ; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties ; all which the Moor is defective in : Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tender-

<sup>34</sup> The *master* is a distinct person from the pilot of a vessel, and has the principal care and command of the vessel under the captain, where there is a captain ; and in chief where there is none. Dr. Johnson confounded the *master* with the *pilot*, and the poet himself seems to have done so. See the first line of Sc. 2, Act iii.

<sup>a</sup> The folio erroneously reads " thither." .

<sup>35</sup> That is, the place where the guard musters.

<sup>36</sup> i. e. on thy mouth to stop it, while thou art listening to a wiser man.

<sup>37</sup> The folio, " To love him still for prating."

ness will find itself abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position), who stands so eminently<sup>38</sup> in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble, no further conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slippery and subtle knave<sup>39</sup>; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds<sup>40</sup> look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

*Rod.* I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most bless'd condition<sup>41</sup>.

*Iago.* Bless'd fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been bless'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor; Bless'd pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

*Rod.* Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

*Iago.* Lechery, by this hand; an index<sup>42</sup>, and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities<sup>43</sup> so marshal the way, hard

<sup>38</sup> The folio, "eminent."

<sup>39</sup> The folio, "A slipper and subtle knave."

<sup>40</sup> i. e. *minds unripe, minds not yet fully formed.*

<sup>41</sup> *Condition*, i. e. *qualities, disposition of mind.*

<sup>42</sup> It has already been observed that *indexes* were formerly *pre-fixed* to books. See vol. vii. p. 196, note 46.

<sup>43</sup> The folio misprints "mutabilities;" and in Iago's next speech omits "with his truncheon."

at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion : Pish !—But, sir, be you ruled by me : I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night ; for the command, I'll lay't upon you : Cassio knows you not ;—I'll not be far from you : Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting<sup>44</sup> his discipline ; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

*Rod.* Well.

*Iago.* Sir, he is rash, and very sudden<sup>45</sup> in choler ; and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you : Provoke him, that he may : for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny ; whose qualification<sup>46</sup> shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer<sup>47</sup> them ; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

*Rod.* I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

*Iago.* I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel : I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

*Rod.* Adieu.

[*Exit.*

*Iago.* That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it ;

<sup>44</sup> i. e. *throwing a slur upon his discipline.* So in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act i. Sc. 3 :—

“ In taint of our best man.”

<sup>45</sup> *Sudden* is *precipitately violent.* So *Malcolm*, describing *Macbeth* :—

“ I grant him bloody—

*Sudden*, malicious.”

<sup>46</sup> *Johnson* has erroneously explained this. *Qualification*, in our old writers, signifies *appeasement, pacification, asswagement of anger.* “ To appease and *qualifie* one that is angry ; *tranquillum facere ex irato.*”—*Baret.*

<sup>47</sup> *Prefer*, i. e. to advance them.

That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit :  
 The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—  
 Is of a constant, loving, noble nature ;  
 And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona  
 A most dear husband. Now I do love her too ;  
 Not out of absolute lust (though, peradventure,  
 I stand accountant for as great a sin),  
 But partly led to diet my revenge,  
 For that I do suspect the lusty<sup>48</sup> Moor  
 Hath leap'd into my seat : the thought whereof  
 Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards ;  
 And nothing can nor shall content my soul,  
 Till I am even<sup>49</sup> with him, wife for wife ;  
 Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor  
 At least into a jealousy so strong  
 That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,  
 If this poor brach of Venice, whom I trash<sup>50</sup>  
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,  
 I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip ;  
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb<sup>51</sup>,

<sup>48</sup> The quartos, "justful."

<sup>49</sup> Thus the quarto 1622. The folio, "till I am *even'd* with him:" i. e. "till I am on a level with him by retaliation."

<sup>50</sup> The folio reads:—

"If this poor *trash* of Venice, whom I *trace*  
 For his quick hunting, bear the putting on," &c.

The quarto 1622 reads *crush* instead of *trace*. I think there can be no doubt that the word *trash*, as Warburton suggested, is a misprint for *brach*, and *crush* in the quarto for *trash*. The converse has happened in the Induction to the Taming of the Shrew, where *brach* has been misprinted for *trash*. Roderigo, in the third scene, says of himself, "I do follow here in the chase, not like a *hound* that hunts, but one that fills up the cry." The word *trace* is probably intended in the sense of *trash* or *trass*, to keep back. Roderigo is checked or *trashed* by Iago for his quick hunting; i. e. he is in too great a hurry to come to an explanation with Desdemona. See vol. i. p. 12, note 11.

The phrase *to have on the hip*, means *to have at an entire advantage*: it is a term used in wrestling. See Merchant of Venice, Act ii. Sc. 3, note 3.

<sup>51</sup> In the rank *garb*, which has puzzled Steevens and Malone,

For I fear Cassio with my nightcap too ;  
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,  
 For making him egregiously an ass,  
 And practising upon his peace and quiet  
 Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd ;  
 Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd<sup>52</sup>. [*Exit*.

SCENE II. *A Street.*

*Enter a Herald, with a Proclamation ; People following.*

*Her.* It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere<sup>1</sup> perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph ; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him<sup>2</sup> ; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials : So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices<sup>3</sup> are open ; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general Othello ! [*Exeunt*.

is merely, "in the *right down or straight forward fashion*." In *As You Like It* we have "the right butterwoman's *rank* to market." And in *King Lear*, Cornwall says of Kent in disguise, that he "doth affect a saucy roughness, and constrains the *garb* (*i. e.* assumes the *fashion*) quite from his nature." Gower says of Fluellen, in *King Henry V.*—"You thought, because he could not speak English in the native *garb*, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel." The folio reads—"in the *right garb*."

<sup>52</sup> "An honest man acts upon a plan, and forecasts his designs ; but a knave depends upon temporary and local opportunities, and never knows his own purpose, but at the time of execution."—*Johnson*.

<sup>1</sup> *Mere* is *entire*.      <sup>2</sup> The 4to. 1622, "his *mind* leads him."

<sup>3</sup> All *rooms*, or *places* in the castle, at which refreshments are prepared or served out. See vol. viii. p. 308, note 10.

SCENE III. *A Hall in the Castle.*

*Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.*

*Oth.* Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night :  
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,  
Not to outsport discretion.

*Cas.* Iago hath direction what to do ;  
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye  
Will I look to't.

*Oth.* Iago is most honest.  
Michael, good night : To-morrow, with your earliest,  
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love,  
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue ;  
[*To DESDEMONA.*

That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—  
Good night. [*Exeunt OTH. DES. and Attend.*

*Enter IAGO.*

*Cas.* Welcome, Iago : We must to the watch.

*Iago.* Not this hour, lieutenant ; 'tis not yet ten  
o'clock : Our general cast<sup>1</sup> us thus early, for the love  
of his Desdemona ; whom let us not therefore blame ;  
he hath not yet made wanton the night with her : and  
she is sport for Jove.

*Cas.* She's a most exquisite lady.

*Iago.* And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

*Cas.* Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

*Iago.* What an eye she has ! methinks it sounds a  
parley of provocation.

<sup>1</sup> *Cast us*, i. e. *dismissed us, threw us off, or rid himself of our company.* The Herald has just informed us that there was full liberty of feasting, &c. till *eleven*. So in *The Witch*, by Middleton :—

“ She *cast off*

My company betimes to-night, by tricks,” &c.

*Cas.* An inviting eye ; and yet methinks right modest.

*Iago.* And, when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love ?

*Cas.* She is, indeed, perfection<sup>2</sup>.

*Iago.* Well, happiness to their sheets ! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine ; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

*Cas.* Not to-night, good Iago ; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking ; I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

*Iago.* O, they are our friends ; but one cup ; I'll drink for you.

*Cas.* I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified<sup>3</sup> too ; and, behold, what innovation it makes here : I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

*Iago.* What, man ! 'tis a night of revels ; the gallants desire it.

*Cas.* Where are they ?

*Iago.* Here at the door ; I pray you, call them in.

*Cas.* I'll do't ; but it dislikes me. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

*Iago.* If I can fasten but one cup upon him,  
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,  
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence  
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,  
Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side out<sup>4</sup>,  
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd  
Potations pottle deep ; and he's to watch :

<sup>2</sup> In this and the seven short speeches preceding, the decent character of Cassio is most powerfully contrasted with that of the licentious Iago.

<sup>3</sup> *Craftily qualified*, i. e. slyly mixed with water.

<sup>4</sup> The quarto, *outward*.



Three lads<sup>5</sup> of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,  
That hold their honours in a wary distance,  
The very elements of this warlike isle<sup>6</sup>,  
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,  
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of  
drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action  
That may offend the isle :—But here they come :  
If consequence do but approve my dream<sup>7</sup>,  
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO and Gentlemen.*

*Cas.* 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse<sup>8</sup> already.

*Mon.* Good faith, a little one ; not past a pint, as I am a soldier<sup>9</sup>.

*Iago.* Some wine, ho !

*And let me the canakin clink, clink ;* [Sings.

*And let me the canakin clink :*

*A soldier's a man ;*

*A life's but a span ;*<sup>10</sup>

*Why then, let a soldier drink.*

Some wine, boys ! [Wine brought in.

*Cas.* 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

*Iago.* I learn'd it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting : your Dane, your German,

<sup>5</sup> The folio, three else.

<sup>6</sup> "As quarrelsome as the discordia semina rerum ; as quick in opposition as fire and water."—*Johnson*.

<sup>7</sup> Every scheme subsisting only in the imagination may be termed a dream.

<sup>8</sup> See Hamlet, p. 156, note 16.

<sup>9</sup> "If Montano was Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus (as we are told in the *Personæ Dramatis*) he is not very characteristically employed in the present scene, where he is tiptling with people already flustered, and encouraging a subaltern officer, who commands a midnight guard, to drink to excess."—*Steevens*.

<sup>10</sup> The folio, "O mans life's but a span."

and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

*Cas.* Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking<sup>11</sup>?

*Iago.* Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

*Cas.* To the health of our general.

*Mon.* I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice<sup>12</sup>.

*Iago.* O sweet England!

*King Stephen was a worthy peer,*

*His breeches cost him but a crown;*

*He held them sixpence all too dear,*

*With that he call'd the tailor—lown.*

*He was a wight of high renown,*

*And thou art but of low degree:*

*'Tis pride that pulls the country down:*

*Then take thine auld cloak about thee<sup>13</sup>.*

<sup>11</sup> The quarto, 1622, *expert*. The folio has, *exquisite*. This accomplishment is likewise mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Captain*:—

“*Lod.* Are the Englishmen

Such stubborn drinkers?

“*Piso.* Not a leak at sea

Can suck more liquor; you shall have their children

Christen'd in mull'd sack, and at five years old

Able to knock a *Dane* down.”

Henry Peacham in his *Compleat Gentleman*, 1622, p. 193, has a section entitled “*Drinking the Plague of our English Gentry*,” in which he says:—“Within these fiftie or threescore yeares it was a rare thing with us to see a drunken man, our nation carrying the name of the most sober and temperate of any other in the world. But since we had to doe in the quarrell of the Netherlands, about the time of Sir John Norris his first being there, the custom of drinking and pledging healthes was brought over into England; wherein let the Dutch be their owne judges, if we equall them not; yea I think rather excell them.”

<sup>12</sup> *To do a man justice, or to do him right, was to drink as much as he did.* See *King Henry IV.* Part II. Act v. Sc. 2.

Some wine, ho !

*Cas.* Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

*Iago.* Will you hear't again ?

*Cas.* No ; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all : and there be souls must be saved<sup>13</sup>, and there be souls must not be saved.

*Iago.* It's true, good lieutenant.

*Cas.* For mine own part,—no offence to the general, or any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

*Iago.* And so do I too, lieutenant.

*Cas.* Ay, but, by your leave, not before me ; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this ; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins !—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk ; this is my ancient ;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand :—I am not drunk now ; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

*All.* Excellent well.

*Cas.* Why, very well, then ; you must not think then that I am drunk. [Exit.]

*Mon.* To the platform, masters ; come, let's set the watch.

*Iago.* You see this fellow, that is gone before ;—  
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar  
And give direction : and do but see his vice ;  
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,  
The one as long as th'other : 'tis pity of him.  
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,  
On some odd time of his infirmity

<sup>13</sup> The folio :—

“ And take thy auld cloak about thee.”

The entire ballad, which is most probably of Scottish origin, may be seen in Percy's Reliques.

<sup>14</sup> The quarto omits, “ and there be souls must be saved.”

Will shake this island.

*Mon.* But is he often thus?

*Iago.* 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep :  
He'll watch the horologe a double set<sup>15</sup>,  
If drink rock not his cradle.

*Mon.* It were well  
The general were put in mind of it.  
Perhaps he sees it not ; or his good nature  
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,  
And looks not on his evils ; Is not this true ?

*Enter RODERIGO.*

*Iago.* How now, Roderigo ? *[Aside.*  
I pray you, after the lieutenant ; go.

*[Exit RODERIGO.*

*Mon.* And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor  
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,  
With one of an ingraft<sup>16</sup> infirmity ;  
It were an honest action, to say  
So to the Moor.

*Iago.* Not I, for this fair island :  
I do love Cassio well ; and would do much  
To cure him of this evil. But hark ! what noise ?  
*[Cry within—Help ! help !*

*Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.*

*Cas.* You rogue ! you rascal !

*Mon.* What's the matter, lieutenant ?

*Cas.* A knave !—teach me my duty !  
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen<sup>17</sup> bottle.

<sup>15</sup> *i. e.* " If he have no drink, he'll keep awake while the clock strikes two rounds, or four and twenty hours. The word *horologe* is familiar to most of our ancient writers : Chaucer often uses it. So in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607 :—

" My gracious lord,

By Sesto's *horologe* 'tis struck eleven."

<sup>16</sup> *Ingraft*, *i. e.* *rooted, settled.*

<sup>17</sup> *i. e.* *a wicker bottle*, and so the quarto reads.

*Rod.* Beat me!

*Cas.* Dost thou prate, rogue? [*Striking* RODERIGO.

*Mon.* Nay, good lieutenant;  
[*Staying him.*

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

*Cas.* Let me go, sir,

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

*Mon.* Come, come, you're drunk.

*Cas.* Drunk! [*They fight.*

*Iago.* Away, I say! go out, and cry, a mutiny.  
[*Aside to ROD. who goes out.*

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—

Help, ho!—Lientenant,—sir Montano,—

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!  
[*Bell rings.*

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!

The town will rise; Fye, fye, lieutenant!

You will be sham'd for ever<sup>18</sup>.

*Enter* OTHELLO and Attendants.

*Oth.* What is the matter here?

*Mon.* Zounds! I bleed still, I am hurt to the  
death<sup>19</sup>.

*Oth.* Hold, for your lives.

*Iago.* Hold, ho, lieutenant!—sir Montano,—gen-  
tlemen!—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

*Oth.* Why, how now, hoa! from whence ariseth  
this?

Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,

<sup>18</sup> The folio, "You will be *asham'd*."

<sup>19</sup> So the quarto, 1622. The first folio omits, "Zounds," and has *He dies*, at the close of Montano's speech. The second folio has, "I bleed still, I am hurt, *but not to th' death*." The quarto, 1630, adds, *He faints*, as a stage-direction.

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?  
For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:  
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,  
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—  
Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle  
From her propriety. What is the matter, masters?—  
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,  
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

*Iago.* I do not know;—friends all but now, even now,  
In quarter<sup>20</sup>, and in terms like bride and groom  
Devesting them for bed: and then, but now,  
(As if some planet had unwitting men,)  
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,  
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak  
Any beginning to this peevish odds;  
And 'would, in action glorious I had lost  
These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

*Oth.* How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot<sup>21</sup>?

*Cas.* I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

*Oth.* Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;  
The gravity and stillness of your youth  
The world hath noted, and your name is great  
In mouths of wisest censure; What's the matter,  
That you unlace your reputation thus,  
And spend your rich opinion<sup>22</sup>, for the name  
Of a night brawler? give me answer to it.

*Mon.* Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;  
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—

<sup>20</sup> i. e. *on our station*. The principal camp guard of a regiment is called the *quarter guard*.

<sup>21</sup> i. e. *you have thus forgot yourself*. The quartos, "How came it, Michael, you were thus forgot." I do not, with Mr. Collier, see the necessity of the past tense. In Othello's next speech, the folio has "wont to be civil: *to* is not in the quarto, and mars the rhythm.

<sup>22</sup> i. e. "Throw away and squander your valuable *character*." Opinion for *reputation* or *character* occurs in other places. See vol. v. p. 127, note 3.

While I spare speech, which something now offends  
me :—

Of all that I do know : nor know I aught  
By me that's said or done amiss this night ;  
Unless self-charity<sup>23</sup> be sometimes a vice ;  
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,  
When violence assails us.

*Oth.* . . . . . Now, by heaven,  
My blood begins my safer guides to rule ;  
And passion, having my best judgement collied<sup>24</sup>,  
Assays to lead the way : If I once stir,  
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you  
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know  
How this foul rout began, who set it on ;  
And he that is approv'd<sup>25</sup> in this offence,  
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,  
Shall lose me.—What ! in a town of war,  
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,  
To manage private and domestick quarrel,  
In night, and on the court of guard and safety<sup>26</sup> !  
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began it ?

*Mon.* If partially affin'd<sup>28</sup>, or leagu'd in office,

<sup>23</sup> i. e. *Care of one's self*.

<sup>24</sup> *Collied* is *blackened*, as with smut or coal, and figuratively means here *obscured, darkened*. See vol. ii. p. 342, note 14. How any one could have ever supposed that *quelled* could have been intended, I am at a loss to imagine, and am surprised that Mr. Collier should have thought it possible.

<sup>25</sup> *Approv'd*, i. e. *convicted by proof*.

<sup>26</sup> The old copies read :—

“ In night, and on the court *and* guard of safety.”

Malone made the necessary transposition, which he justifies by irrefragable proof ; but Stevens obstinately opposed the emendation, and retained the old mumpsimus in the text out of a spirit of contradiction ! and Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier follow him.

<sup>28</sup> *Affined* is “ bound by proximity of relationship,” but here it means “ related by nearness of office.” In the first scene it is used in the first of these senses :—

“ If I, in any just term, am *affin'd*  
To love the Moor.”

Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,  
Thou art no soldier.

*Iago.*

Touch me not so near :

I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,  
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio ;  
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth  
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general :  
Montano and myself being in speech,  
There comes a fellow, crying out for help ;  
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,  
To execute upon him : Sir, this gentleman  
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause ;  
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,  
Lest, by his clamour (as it so fell out),  
The town might fall in fright : he, swift of foot,  
Outran my purpose ; and I return'd the rather  
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,  
And Cassio high in oath ; which, till to-night,  
I ne'er might say before : when I came back  
(For this was brief) I found them close together,  
At blow, and thrust ; even as again they were,  
When you yourself did part them.  
More of this matter can I not report :—  
But men are men ; the best sometimes forget :—  
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—  
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—  
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,  
From him that fled, some strange indignity,  
Which patience could not pass.

*Oth.*

I know, Iago,

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,  
Making it light to Cassio :—Cassio, I love thee ;  
But never more be officer of mine.—

*Enter DESDEMONA, attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up ;—



I'll make thee an example.

*Des.* What's the matter, dear ?

*Oth.* All's well now, sweeting ; Come away to bed.

Sir, for your hurts,

Myself will be your surgeon ; Lead him off <sup>29</sup>.

[*To MONTANO, who is led off.*

Iago, look with care about the town ;

And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.

Come, Desdemona ; 'tis the soldiers' life,

To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.*

*Iago.* What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?

*Cas.* Ay, past all surgery.

*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid !

*Cas.* Reputation, reputation, reputation ! O, I have lost my reputation ! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

*Iago.* As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound ; there is more offence<sup>31</sup> in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition ; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving : You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man ! there are ways to recover the general again : You are but now cast in his mood<sup>32</sup>, a punishment more in policy than in malice ; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion : sue to him again, and he's yours.

*Cas.* I will rather sue to be despised, than to de-

<sup>29</sup> Malone thinks that the words—"Lead him off" were originally a marginal stage direction, as it was common to express them in imperative terms :—Play musick.—Ring the bell.—*Lead him off,*" &c.

<sup>31</sup> The folio has the evident error *sense* instead of *offence*, which is from the quartos.

<sup>32</sup> i. e. *Thrown off, dismissed in his anger.*

ceive so good a commander, with so slight<sup>33</sup>, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot<sup>34</sup>? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

*Iago.* What was he that you follow'd with your sword? What had he done to you?

*Cas.* I know not.

*Iago.* Is it possible?

*Cas.* I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause<sup>35</sup>, transform ourselves into beasts!

*Iago.* Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recovered?

*Cas.* It hath pleased the devil drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

*Iago.* Come, you are too severe a moraler: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

*Cas.* I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

*Iago.* Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

<sup>33</sup> The quartos, *light*.

<sup>34</sup> i. e. *talk idly, utter all you know.* From *Drunk*, &c. to *shadow*, inclusively, is wanting in the quarto 1622.

<sup>35</sup> The quarto, "with joy, revel, *pleasure* and applause."

*Cas.* I have well approved it, sir,—I drunk !

*Iago.* You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general ; I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation,—mark<sup>36</sup> !—and denotement<sup>37</sup> of her parts and graces : confess yourself freely to her ; importune her ; she'll help to put you in your place again ; she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested ; This broken joint<sup>38</sup> between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter ; and, my fortunes against any lay<sup>39</sup> worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

*Cas.* You advise me well.

*Iago.* I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

*Cas.* I think it freely ; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me : I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

*Iago.* You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant ; I must to the watch.

*Cas.* Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

*Iago.* And what's he then, that says,—I play the villain ?

When this advice is free<sup>40</sup>, I give, and honest,

<sup>36</sup> There is a colon after *mark* in the folio, and it was most probably intended for an interjection.

<sup>37</sup> The old copies read—*devotement*, an error arising from a single letter being turned upside down. Theobald made the correction.

<sup>38</sup> Thus the folio. The quarto 1622 reads—this *brawl*.

<sup>39</sup> i. e. *bet* or *wager*.

<sup>40</sup> i. e. *liberal*. Such as honest openness or frank good will would give.

Probal<sup>41</sup> to thinking, and (indeed) the course  
 To win the Moor again? For, 'tis most easy  
 Th' inclining<sup>42</sup> Desdemona to subdue  
 In any honest suit: she's fram'd as fruitful<sup>43</sup>  
 As the free elements. And then for her  
 To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,  
 All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—  
 His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,  
 That she may make, unmake, do what she list,  
 Even as her appetite shall play the god  
 With his weak function. How am I then a villain,  
 To counsel Cassio to this parallel course<sup>44</sup>,  
 Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!  
 When devils will their blackest sins put on,  
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shows<sup>45</sup>,  
 As I do now: For while this honest fool  
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,  
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,  
 I'll pour this pestilence<sup>46</sup> into his ear,—  
 That she repeals<sup>47</sup> him for her body's lust;  
 And, by how much she strives to do him good,  
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.  
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch;  
 And out of her own goodness make the net,  
 That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo?

*Enter* RODERIGO.

*Rod.* I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound

<sup>41</sup> All the old copies have this word thus; it may be intended as a contraction of *probable* or *provable*.

<sup>42</sup> *Inclining* here signifies *compliant*.

<sup>43</sup> Corresponding to *benigna*, ἀφθονη. *Liberal*, bountiful as the elements, out of which all things were produced.

<sup>44</sup> *Parallel course* for *course level* or *even with his design*.

<sup>45</sup> When devils mean to *instigate* men to commit the most atrocious crimes, they *prompt* or *tempt* at first with heavenly shows, &c.

<sup>46</sup> *Pestilence* for *poison*.

<sup>47</sup> *Repeals*, i. e. *recalls him*, from the Fr. *rappeler*.

that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgel'd; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

*Iago.* How poor are they, that have not patience! What wound did ever heal, but by degrees? Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft? And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee, And thou, by that small hurt, hath cashier'd Cassio; Though other things grow fair against the sun, Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe<sup>48</sup>: Content thyself awhile. By the mass<sup>49</sup>, 'tis morning; Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:

Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:

Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* ROD.] Two things are to be done,

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;

I'll set her on;

Myself, a while, to draw<sup>50</sup> the Moor apart,

And bring him jump<sup>51</sup> when he may Cassio find

Soliciting his wife; Ay, that's the way;

Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

<sup>48</sup> The *blossoming* or fair appearance of things, to which Iago alludes, is the removal of Cassio. As their plan had already *blossomed*, so there was good ground for expecting that the fruits of it would soon be *ripe*.

<sup>49</sup> The folio reads, *In troth*, probably an alteration made in the playhouse copy by the interference of the master of the revels.

<sup>50</sup> Some modern editions read, "Myself the while *will* draw." But the old copies are undoubtedly right. An imperfect sentence was intended. Iago is ruminating upon his plan.

<sup>51</sup> *Jump*, i. e. *just at the time*. So in *Hamlet*:—

"Thus twice before, and *jump* at this dead hour."

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before the Castle.**Enter CASSIO and some Musicians.**Cassio.*

**M**ASTERS, play here, I will content your  
 pains,  
 Something that's brief; and bid—good mor-  
 row, general<sup>1</sup>. [*Musick.*

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they squeak i' the nose thus<sup>2</sup>?

<sup>1</sup> *Mus.* How, sir, how!

*Clo.* Are these, I pray you, call'd<sup>3</sup> wind instruments?

<sup>1</sup> *Mus.* Ay, marry, are they, sir.

*Clo.* O, thereby hangs a tail.

<sup>1</sup> *Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

*Clo.* Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you; and the general so likes your musick, that he desires you of all loves<sup>4</sup>, to make no more noise with it.

<sup>1</sup> *Mus.* Well, sir, we will not.

<sup>1</sup> It was usual for friends to serenade a new married couple on the morning after the celebration of the marriage, or to greet them with a *morning song* to bid them good morrow. See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii. Sc. 5.

<sup>2</sup> The old copies have, "*speak i' the nose.*" So in *The Merchant of Venice*:—"The bagpipe sings i' the nose." Rabelais somewhere speaks of "a blow over the *nose* with a *Naples cowl-staff*." The allusion is obvious.

<sup>3</sup> The folio omits the word *call'd*.

<sup>4</sup> *Of all loves*, i. e. *for love's sake*, which is the reading of the folio. We have this adjuration again in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

*Clo.* If you have any musick that may not be heard, to't again : but, as they say, to hear musick, the general does not greatly care.

1 *Mus.* We have none such, sir.

*Clo.* Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away : Go ; vanish into air ; away.

[*Exeunt* Musicians.

*Cas.* Dost thou hear<sup>5</sup>, my honest friend ?

*Clo.* No, I hear not your honest friend ; I hear you.

*Cas.* Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets<sup>6</sup>. There's a poor piece of gold for thee : if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech : Wilt thou do this ?

*Clo.* She is stirring, sir ; if she will stir hither, I shall soon so<sup>7</sup> notify unto her. [*Exit.*

*Enter* IAGO.

*Cas.* [Do, good my friend<sup>8</sup>.]—In happy time, Iago.

*Iago.* You have not been a-bed then ?

*Cas.* Why, no ; the day had broke  
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,  
To send in to your wife : My suit to her  
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona  
Procure me some access.

*Iago.* I'll send her to you presently ;  
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor  
Out of the way, that your converse and business  
May be more free. [*Exit.*

*Cas.* I humbly thank you for't. I never knew

<sup>5</sup> The folios read, " dost thou hear me."

<sup>6</sup> See vol. ii. p. 272, note 33, and Hamlet, Act v. Sc. i. p. 300.

<sup>7</sup> The old copy has, " I shall seem to notify unto her." The correction is from my second folio. Iago's reply confirms this reading.

<sup>8</sup> " Do, good my friend," is omitted in the folio.

A Florentine more kind and honest<sup>9</sup>.

*Enter EMILIA.*

*Emil.* Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry  
For your displeasure<sup>10</sup>; but all will soon be well.  
The general and his wife are talking of it;  
And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor replies,  
That he you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,  
And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom,  
He might not but refuse you: but, he protests, he  
loves you;

And needs no other suitor, but his likings,  
[To take the saf'st occasion by the front<sup>11</sup>,]  
To bring you in again.

*Cas.* Yet, I beseech you,—  
If you think fit, or that it may be done,  
Give me advantage of some brief discourse  
With Desdemona alone.

*Emil.* 'Pray you, come in;  
I will bestow you where you shall have time  
To speak your bosom freely.

*Cas.* I am much bound to you<sup>12</sup>.  
[*Exeunt.*

<sup>9</sup> In consequence of this line a doubt has been entertained concerning the country of Iago. Cassio was undoubtedly a Florentine, as appears by the first scene of the play, where he is expressly called one. That Iago was a Venetian is proved by a speech in the third scene of this act, and by what he says in the fifth act, after having stabbed Roderigo:—

"*Iago.* Alas, my dear friend and countryman Roderigo!

"*Gra.* What, of *Venice*?

"*Iago.* Yes."

All that Cassio means to say in the present passage is, "I never experienced more honesty and kindness even in one of my own countrymen."

<sup>10</sup> i. e. *the displeasure you have incurred from Othello.* The folio reads, "All will *sure* be well."

<sup>11</sup> This line is wanting in the folio.

<sup>12</sup> This speech is omitted in the first quarto.



SCENE II. *A Room in the Castle.**Enter* OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

*Oth.* These letters give, Iago, to the pilot ;  
 And, by him, do my duties to the senate<sup>1</sup> :  
 That done, I will be walking on the works,  
 Repair there to me.

*Iago.* Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

*Oth.* This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?

*Gent.* We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Before the Castle.**Enter* DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

*Des.* Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do  
 All my abilities in thy behalf.

*Emil.* Good madam, do ; I know, it grieves my  
 husband,  
 As if the case<sup>2</sup> were his.

*Des.* O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt,  
 Cassio,  
 But I will have my lord and you again  
 As friendly as you were.

*Cas.* Bounteous madam,  
 Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,  
 He's never any thing but your true servant.

*Des.* O, sir<sup>3</sup>, I thank you : You do love my lord :  
 You have known him long ; and be you well assur'd,  
 He shall in strangeness stand no farther off

<sup>1</sup> Thus the folio : the quarto, 1622, " to the state."

<sup>2</sup> The folio reads, " As if the cause were his:" and in the line above, *warrant* instead of *know*.

<sup>3</sup> Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—" *I know't*, I thank you."

Than in a politick distance.

*Cas.* Ay, but, lady,  
That policy may either last so long,  
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,  
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,  
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,  
My general will forget my love and service.

*Des.* Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,  
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,  
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it  
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;  
I'll watch him tame<sup>5</sup>, and talk him out of patience;  
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;  
I'll intermingle every thing he does  
With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio;  
For thy solicitor shall rather die,  
Than give thy cause away.

*Enter OTHELLO, and IAGO, at a distance.*

*Emil.* Madam, here comes  
My lord.

*Cas.* Madam, I'll take my leave.

*Des.* Why, stay,  
And hear me speak.

*Cas.* Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,  
Unfit for mine own purposes.

*Des.* Well,  
Do your discretion. [*Exit CASSIO.*

*Iago.* Ha! I like not that.

<sup>5</sup> Hawks and other birds are tamed by keeping them from sleep. To this Shakespeare alludes. So in Cartwright's *Lady Errant*:—

“We'll keep you  
As they do hawks, *watching* until you leave  
Your wildness.”  
And in Davenant's *Just Italian*:—  
“They've *watch'd* my hardy violence so *tame*.”

*Oth.* What dost thou say?

*Iago.* Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

*Oth.* Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?

*Iago.* Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,  
That he would steal away so guiltilylike,  
Seeing you coming.

*Oth.* I do believe 'twas he.

*Des.* How now, my lord?

I have been talking with a suitor here,  
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

*Oth.* Who is't, you mean?

*Des.* Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,  
If I have any grace, or power to move you,  
His present reconciliation<sup>6</sup> take;  
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,  
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning<sup>7</sup>,  
I have no judgement in an honest face:  
I pr'ythee call him back.

*Oth.* Went he hence now?

*Des.* Ay, sooth; so humbled,  
That he hath left part of his grief with me;  
I suffer with him<sup>8</sup>. Good love, call him back.

*Oth.* Not now, sweet Desdemon; some other time.

*Des.* But shall't be shortly?

*Oth.* The sooner, sweet, for you.

*Des.* Shall't be to-night at supper?

*Oth.* No, not to-night.

*Des.* To-morrow dinner, then?

*Oth.* I shall not dine at home;

<sup>6</sup> i. e. "take his present atonement," or submission. The words were formerly synonymous.

<sup>7</sup> *Cunning* here signifies *knowledge*, the ancient sense of the word.

<sup>8</sup> The folio, "To suffer with him." In the next line the folio prints "sweet Desdemon" and the same contracted form of the name occurs in four other passages. Mr. Knight thinks it intended as a mark of familiar tenderness and not merely for the sake of the rhythm.

I meet the captains at the citadel.

*Des.* Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;  
Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn;—  
I pr'ythee, name the time; but let it not  
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;  
And yet his trespass, in our common reason  
(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples  
Out of the best<sup>9</sup>), is not almost a fault  
To incur a private check: When shall he come?  
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,  
What you could ask me, that I should deny,  
Or stand so mammering<sup>10</sup> on. What! Michael Cassio,  
That came a wooing with you<sup>11</sup>, and so many a time,  
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,  
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do  
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

*Oth.* 'Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;  
I will deny thee nothing.

*Des.* Why, this is not a boon;  
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,  
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;  
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit  
To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit,  
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,  
It shall be full of poize<sup>12</sup> and difficulty,  
And fearful to be granted.

*Oth.* I will deny thee nothing:

<sup>9</sup> i.e. "The severity of military discipline must not spare the *best men* of the army, when their punishment may afford a wholesome *example*." The old copies have "out of *her* best." Rowe alter'd it to *their*, and has been followed by subsequent editors; Mr. Collier imagines that the old reading is "a characteristic peculiarity," but surely *the wars* is not a personification?

<sup>10</sup> So *mammering*, i. e. "so *hesitating*, in such doubtful suspense. So in Lyly *Euphues*, 1580:—"Neither stand in a *mamering* whether it be best to depart or not." The quarto, 1622, reads *muttering*."

<sup>11</sup> See Act i. Sc. 2, note 16.

<sup>12</sup> The folio, "full of poize, and *difficult weight*."

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,  
To leave me but a little to myself.

*Des.* Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my lord.

*Oth.* Farewell, my Desdemona: I will come to thee  
straight.

*Des.* Emilia, come:—Be it as your fancies teach you;  
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exit with EMILIA.*]

*Oth.* Excellent wretch<sup>13</sup>! Perdition catch my soul,  
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,  
Chaos is come again<sup>14</sup>.

<sup>13</sup> "The meaning of the word *wretch* is not generally understood. It is now in some parts of England a term of the fondest and softest tenderness. It expresses the utmost degree of amiable-ness, joined with an idea which perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protection. Othello, considering Desdemona as excelling in beauty and virtue, soft and timorous by her sex, and by her situation absolutely in his power, calls her *Excellent wretch*! It may be expressed, Dear, harmless, helpless excellence."—*Johnson*. Sir W. Davenant, in his *Cruel Brother*, uses the word twice with the same meaning:—"Excellent wretch! with a timorous modesty she stifeth up her utterance."

<sup>14</sup> So in *Venus and Adonis*:—

"For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,

And beauty dead, black *Chaos comes again*."

Shakespeare's meaning is more fully expressed in *The Winter's Tale*:—

"It cannot fail but by

The violation of my faith,—and then

Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together

And mar the seeds within!"

There is the same thought in Muretus, a Latin poet of the sixteenth century:—

"Tune meo elabi possis de pectore, Lacci

Aut ego, dum vivam, non meminisse tui?

Ante vel istius mundi compage soluta,

*Tetras in antiquum sit reductura chaos.*"

And in Buchanan:—

"Cesset amor, pariter cessabunt fœdera rerum;

*In chaos antiquum cuncta elementa ruunt.*"

The original thought is in Hesiod's *Theogony*, where Chaos ceases when Love appears.

*Iago.* My noble lord,——

*Oth.* What dost thou say, *Iago*?

*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,  
Know of your love?

*Oth.* He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?

*Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my thought;  
No further harm.

*Oth.* Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

*Iago.* I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

*Oth.* O, yes; and went between us very oft.

*Iago.* Indeed?

*Oth.* Indeed! ay, indeed:—Discern'st thou aught  
in that?

Is he not honest?

*Iago.* Honest, my lord?

*Oth.* Honest, ay, honest.

*Iago.* My lord, for aught I know.

*Oth.* What dost thou think?

*Iago.* Think, my lord?

*Oth.* Think, my lord!

By heaven, he echoes me<sup>15</sup>,  
As if there were some monster in his thought  
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something:  
I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that,  
When Cassio left my wife; What did'st not like?  
And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel  
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, *Indeed*?  
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,  
As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain  
Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,  
Show me thy thought.

*Iago.* My lord, you know I love you.

*Oth.* I think thou dost:

And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,

<sup>15</sup> The folio, "Alas! thou echo'st me." The quarto 1630,  
"Why dost thou echo me?"

And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them  
breath,—

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more :  
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,  
Are tricks of custom ; but, in a man that's just,  
They are close delations<sup>16</sup>, working from the heart,  
That passion cannot rule.

*Iago.* For Michael Cassio,—

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

*Oth.* I think so too.

*Iago.* Men should be what they seem ;

Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none !

*Oth.* Certain, men should be what they seem.

*Iago.* Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

*Oth.* Nay, yet there's more in this :

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,  
As thou dost ruminate ; and give thy worst of thoughts  
The worst of words.

*Iago.* Good my lord, pardon me ;

Though I am bound to every act of duty,  
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to<sup>17</sup>.

<sup>16</sup> The folio, 1623, has *dilations*. The earliest quarto reads "close *denotements*." The second folio has "*cold dilations*." The word should be *delations*, i. e. secret *intimations*. It is thus used by Sir Henry Wootton, speaking of the *Inquisitori di Stato* at Venice: "to which are commonly deputed three gentlemen of the gravest and severest natures, who receive all secret *delations* in matter of practice against the Republick."—*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, p. 459, edit. 1651.

<sup>17</sup> The folio erroneously:—

"I am not bound to that: All slaves are free."  
and below:—"Who has *that* breast so pure

Wherein uncleanly apprehensions," &c.

Wherein being evidently misprinted for *where no*. The quartos have "*But some*."

"I am not bound to do that *which* even slaves are *not bound* to do." So in Cymbeline:—

"O, Pisanio,

Every good servant does not all commands,  
No bond but to do just ones."

"No perfection is so absolute

Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,—  
 As where's that palace, whereinto foul things  
 Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,  
 But some uncleanly apprehensions  
 Keep leets<sup>18</sup>, and law-days, and in sessions sit  
 With meditations lawful?

*Oth.* Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,  
 If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear  
 A stranger to thy thoughts.

*Iago.* I do beseech you,—  
 Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,  
 (As, I confess, it is my nature's plague  
 To spy into abuses: and oft my jealousy  
 Shapes faults that are not,) that your wisdom yet,  
 From one that so imperfectly conceits<sup>19</sup>,  
 Would take no notice? nor build yourself a trouble  
 Out of his scattering and unsure observance:  
 It were not for your quiet, nor your good,  
 Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,

That some impurity doth not pollute."—*Rape of Lucrece.*

"Who has so virtuous a breast that some impure conceptions  
 and uncharitable surmises will not sometimes enter into it; hold  
 a session there, as in a regular court, and 'bench by the side' of  
 authorized and lawful thoughts." In the poet's thirtieth sonnet  
 we find the same imagery:—

"When to the *sessions* of sweet silent *thoughts*  
 I summon up remembrance of things past."

<sup>18</sup> A *leet* is also called a *law day*. "This court, in whose manor  
 soever kept, was accounted the king's court, and commonly held  
 every half year;" it was a meeting of the hundred "to certify the  
 king of the good manners and government of the inhabitants,"  
 &c.—*Steevens.*

<sup>19</sup> The quarto gives the passage thus:

"I do beseech you,  
 Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,  
 As, I confess, it is my nature's plague  
 To spy into abuses; and oft my jealousy  
 Shapes faults that are not,—*I entreat you, then,*  
 From one that so imperfectly *conjects*  
 You'd take no notice."

The folio has *of* instead of *oft*, and omits *yet* which is from the  
 4to. of 1630.



To let you know my thoughts.

*Oth.* What dost thou mean?

*Iago.* Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls :

Who steals my purse, steals trash<sup>20</sup> ; 'tis something,  
nothing ;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands<sup>21</sup> ;  
But he that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

*Oth.* By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

*Iago.* You cannot, if my heart were in your hand ;  
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

*Oth.* Ha !

*Iago.* O, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;  
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock<sup>22</sup>

<sup>20</sup> The sacred writings were perhaps in the poet's thoughts :  
" A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving  
favour than silver and gold."—Proverbs, xxii. 1.

<sup>21</sup> " Nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine nuper Ofelli  
Dictus, erit nulli proprius ; sed cedet in usum  
Nunc mihi, nunc alii." *Horat. Sat. lib. ii. 2.*

So in Camden's Remaines, 1605, p. 107 :—

" Nunc mea, mox hujus, sed postea nescio cujus."

Mr. Hunter has cited a passage from Wilson's *Rhetorique*, in which there is a remarkable resemblance to these lines : " first he might show that slander is theft, and every slanderer a thief." After that he might show that a slanderer is worse than any thief, because a good name is better than all the goods in the world, and that the loss of money may be recovered, but the loss of a man's good name cannot be called back again : and a thief may restore that again which he hath taken away, but a slanderer cannot give a man his good name again which he hath taken from him."

<sup>22</sup> Thus the old copy. Hanmer altered it to *make*, and has been defended by Malone and others, but I hesitate to adopt it. One of the best arguments for the alteration is, that at the end of the third Act Desdemona remarks on Othello's jealousy :—

" Alas the day ! I never gave him cause."

To which Emilia replies :—

" But jealous fools will not be answer'd so,  
They are not jealous ever for the cause,

The meat it feeds on : That cuckold lives in bliss,  
 Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;  
 But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,  
 Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet fondly loves<sup>23</sup> !

*Oth.* O misery !

*Iago.* Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough ;  
 But riches, fineless<sup>24</sup>, is as poor as winter,  
 To him that ever fears he shall be poor :—  
 Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend  
 From jealousy !

*Oth.* Why ! why is this ?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,  
 To follow still the changes of the moon  
 With fresh suspicions ? No : to be once in doubt,  
 Is—once to be resolv'd : Exchange me for a goat,  
 When I shall turn the business of my soul  
 To such exsufflicate<sup>25</sup> and blow'd surmises,

But jealous, for they are jealous : 'tis a monster  
*Begot upon itself, born on itself."*

The quarto of 1630 reads, "a green-ey'd monster," and it seems to me that jealousy is personified, and like another *green-eyed* creature of the feline race, sports with its prey, mammoths and mocks the meat it feeds on.

<sup>23</sup> The folios have, "*soundly loves*," a misprint for *fondly*, the word being printed with an initial long *f*. The quartos have, *strongly*. The obvious correction is made in my second folio.

<sup>24</sup> i. e. *endless, unbounded*. Warburton observes that this is finely expressed—*winter* producing no fruits.

<sup>25</sup> No instance of this word has elsewhere occurred. It appears to me to be intended to convey the meaning of *whispered*, or *made out of breath*. *Sufflation* is interpreted by Phillips, "a puffing up, a making to swell with blowing. In Plautus we have "*Sufflavit nescio quid uxore*;" which Cooper renders, "*He hath whispered somewhat in his wives ears whatsoever it be*. He also translates "*Rumoris nescio quid afflaverat*, a certain brute or rumor come to my hearing." Dr. Todd, in his edition of Johnson's Dictionary, conjectures that the word may be traced to the low Latin *exsufflare*, to spit down upon ; an ancient form of exorcising ; and, figuratively, to spit out in abhorrence or contempt, and that exsufflicate may thus signify contemptible. Dr. Richardson, in his excellent dictionary, considers the word "not probably a misprint for *exsufflate*, i. e. *efflate*, or *efflated*, puffed out,

Matching thy inference<sup>26</sup>. 'Tis not to make me jealous,  
 To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,  
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances<sup>27</sup> ;  
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous<sup>28</sup> :  
 Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw  
 The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt ;  
 For she had eyes, and chose me : No, Iago ;  
 I'll see before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;  
 And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—  
 Away at once with love, or jealousy.

*Iago.* I am glad of this, for now I shall have reason  
 To show the love and duty that I bear you  
 With franker spirit : therefore, as I am bound,  
 Receive it from me :—I speak not yet of proof.  
 Look to your wife ; observe her well with Cassio ;  
 Wear your eyes—thus, not jealous, nor secure :  
 I would not have your free and noble nature,  
 Out of self-bounty<sup>29</sup>, be abus'd ; look to't :  
 I know our country disposition well ;  
 In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks  
 They dare not show their husbands ; their best con-  
 science

Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown<sup>30</sup>.

and, consequently, exaggerated, extravagant,—to which *blow'd* is added, not so much for the sake of a second epithet, with a new meaning, as of giving emphasis to the first."

<sup>26</sup> i. e. *such as you have mentioned in describing the torments of jealousy.*

<sup>27</sup> The quarto here adds, *well.*

<sup>28</sup> A passage in *All's Well that Ends Well* is perhaps the best comment on the sentiments of Othello:—"I have those hopes of her good, that education promises : her disposition she inherits ; which *makes fair gifts fairer.*" *Gratior e pulchro veniens et corpore virtus.*

<sup>29</sup> *Self-bounty for inherent generosity.*

<sup>30</sup> Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio has, "*leave't and kept.*" This and the following argument of Iago ought to be deeply impressed on every reader. Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are in the sum of life obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat,

*Oth.* Dost thou say so?

*Iago.* She did deceive her father, marrying you ;  
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,  
She lov'd them most.

*Oth.* And so she did.

*Iago.* Why, go to, then ;  
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,  
To seel her father's eyes up, close as oak<sup>31</sup>,—  
He thought, 'twas witchcraft :—But I am much to  
blame ;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,  
For too much loving you.

*Oth.* I am bound to thee for ever.

*Iago.* I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

*Oth.* Not a jot, not a jot.

*Iago.* Trust me, I fear it has.  
I hope, you will consider, what is spoke  
Comes from my love ;<sup>a</sup>—But, I do see you are mov'd :—  
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech  
To grosser issues<sup>32</sup>, nor to larger reach,  
Than to suspicion.

*Oth.* I will not.

*Iago.* Should you do so, my lord,

distrust the deceiver, and the act by which kindness is sought  
puts an end to confidence.—The same objection may be made  
with a lower degree of strength against the imprudent generosity  
of disproportionate marriages. When the first heat of passion is  
over, it is easily succeeded by suspicion, that the same violence  
of inclination, which caused one irregularity, may stimulate to  
another ; and those who have shown that their passions are too  
powerful for their prudence will, with very slight appearances  
against them, be censured, as not very likely to restrain them by  
their virtue."—*Johnson*.

<sup>31</sup> An expression from falconry : to *seel* a hawk is to *sew up* its  
eyelids. *Close as oak* means as *close as the grain of oak*. The  
quartos have, *seal* ; the folio, *seale*, which is evidently the correct  
word, though Mr. Collier adopts the former.

<sup>a</sup> The folio has, "Comes from *your* love," which must mean  
"from the love I bear you," if it mean anything.

<sup>32</sup> *Issues* for *conclusions*.

My speech should fall into such vile success<sup>33</sup>  
 As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy  
 friend :—

My lord, I see you are mov'd.

*Oth.* No, not much mov'd :—

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

*Iago.* Long live she so ! and long live you to think so !

*Oth.* And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

*Iago.* Ay, there's the point :—As,—to be bold with  
 you,—

Not to affect many proposed matches,  
 Of her own clime, complexion, and degree ;  
 Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends :  
 Foh ! one may smell, in such, a will<sup>34</sup> most rank,  
 Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—  
 But pardon me ; I do not, in position,  
 Distinctly speak of her : though I may fear,  
 Her will, recoiling to her better judgement,  
 May fall to match you with her country forms,  
 And (happily<sup>35</sup>) repent.

*Oth.* Farewell, farewell :

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more ;  
 Set on thy wife to observe : Leave me, Iago.

*Iago.* My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*

*Oth.* Why did I marry ?—This honest creature,  
 doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

*Iago.* Mylord, I would I might entreat your honour

<sup>33</sup> *Success* here means *consequence* or *event* ; as *successo*, in Italian. So in Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 39, ed. 1613 :—"Straight my heart misgave me some evil *success* !" And in *The Palace of Pleasure* :—"Fearing lest their case would sort to some pitifull *success*." In the next line the folio has, "Which my thoughts *aim'd* not," and *trusty* for "*worthy* friend."

<sup>34</sup> *Will* for *inclination* or *desire*. A *rank will* is a *lustful inclination*.

<sup>35</sup> *Happily* for *haply*, a word of three syllables being required for the verse.

To scan this thing no further ; leave it to time :  
 And though 'tis fit<sup>36</sup> that Cassio have his place  
 (For, sure, he fills it up with great ability),  
 Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,  
 You shall by that perceive him and his means<sup>37</sup> :  
 Note, if your lady strain his entertainment<sup>38</sup>  
 With any strong or vehement importunity ;  
 Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,  
 Let me be thought too busy in my fears  
 (As worthy cause I have, to fear I am),  
 And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

*Oth.* Fear not my government<sup>39</sup>.

*Iago.* I once more take my leave. [Exit.

*Oth.* This fellow's of exceeding honesty,  
 And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit<sup>40</sup>,  
 Of human dealings : If I do prove her haggard<sup>41</sup>,  
 Though that her jesses<sup>42</sup> were my dear heart-strings,

<sup>36</sup> So the quarto, 1630. That of 1622, "*Tho' it be fit.*" The folio, "*Although 'tis fit.*" In the next line but one, the folio omits *hold*, by accident.

<sup>37</sup> i. e. "You shall discover whether he thinks his best *means*, his most powerful *interest*, is by the solicitation of your lady."

<sup>38</sup> i. e. *press hard his readmission to his pay and office.* *Entertainment* was the military term for the admission of soldiers.

<sup>39</sup> i. e. *Do not distrust my ability to contain my passion.*

<sup>40</sup> *Learned* for *experienced*. The construction is, "He knows with an experienced spirit all qualities of human dealings."

<sup>41</sup> *Haggard* is *wild*, and therefore *libertine*. A *haggard falcon* was a wild hawk that had preyed for herself long before she was taken ; sometimes also called a *ramage falcon*. From a passage in *The White Devil*, or *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612, it appears that *haggard* was a term of reproach, sometimes applied to a *wanton* :—"Is this your perch, you *haggard* ? fly to the stews." So in *Shakerley Marmion's Holland's Leaguer*, 1633:—

"Before these courtiers lick their lips at her,  
 I'll trust a wanton *haggard* in the wind."

Again:—

"For she is ticklish as any *haggard*,  
 And quickly lost."

<sup>42</sup> *Jesses* are short straps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which she is held on the fist.—"The falconers always let fly the hawk against the wind ; if she flies with the wind

I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,  
 To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;  
 And have not those soft parts of conversation  
 That chamberers have: Or, for I am declin'd  
 Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—  
 She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief  
 Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage!  
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,  
 And not their appetites. I had rather be a toad,  
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,  
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love,  
 For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;  
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;  
 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;  
 Even then this forked<sup>43</sup> plague is fated to us,  
 When we do quicken<sup>44</sup>. Desdemona comes:

behind her, she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind*, and from that time shifted for herself and preyed at fortune." This was told to Dr. Johnson by Mr. Clark. So in the Spanish Gipsie, 1653:—

"That young *lannerd* (i. e. *hawk*)

Whom you have such a mind to; if you can *whistle her*  
 To come to *fist*, make trial, play the young *falconer*."  
 Again, in Bonduca, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

"He that basely

*Whistled his honour off to the wind*," &c.

And in Dryden's *Annus Mirabilis*:—

"Have you not seen, when *whistled* from the fist,

Some falcon stoops at what her eye design'd,

And with her eagerness the quarry miss'd,

Straight flies at cheek, and clips it *down the wind*."

<sup>43</sup> One of Sir John Harington's Epigrams will illustrate this *forked plague*:—

"Actæon guiltless unawares espying

Naked Diana bathing in her bowre

Was plagued with HORNES; his dogs did him devour;

Wherefore take heed, ye that are curious, prying

With some such *forked plague* you be not smitten,

And in your foreheads see your faults be written."

<sup>44</sup> *When we do quicken*, i. e. *when we begin to live*. The folio has:—

"Look where she comes:

If she be false, heaven mock'd itself."

*Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—  
I'll not believe it.

*Des.* How now, my dear Othello?

Your dinner, and the generous<sup>46</sup> islanders  
By you invited, do attend your presence.

*Oth.* I am to blame.

*Des.* Why is your speech so faint<sup>47</sup>? are you not well?

*Oth.* I have a pain upon my forehead here.

*Des.* Why that's with watching; 'twill away again.  
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
It will be well.

*Oth.* Your napkin is too little;

[*He puts the Handkerchief from him, and it drops.*  
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

*Des.* I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt OTH. and DES*

*Emil.* I am glad I have found this napkin;  
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:  
My wayward husband hath a hundred times  
Woo'd me to steal it: but she so loves the token  
(For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it),  
That she reserves it evermore about her,  
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out<sup>48</sup>,  
And give't Iago:

<sup>46</sup> *The generous islanders* are the islanders of *rank, distinction: generosi*, Lat. See *Measure for Measure*, Act v. Sc. 1, note 2. This explanation, however (as Steevens observes), may be too particular; for *generous* also signified *valiant*, of a *brave spirit*.

<sup>47</sup> The folio has, "Why do you speak so faintly?"

<sup>48</sup> That is, *copied*. Her first thoughts are to have a copy made of it for her husband, and restore the original to Desdemona: but the sudden coming in of Iago, in a surly humour, makes her alter her resolution to please him. The same phrase afterwards occurs between Cassio and Bianca, in Sc. iv.

In Cinthio's Novel, while the artless Desdemona is caressing the child of Othello's ancient, the villain steals the handkerchief which hung at her girdle without the knowledge of his wife,



What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I ;  
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

*Enter IAGO.*

*Iago.* How now ! what do you here alone ?

*Emil.* Do not you chide ; I have a thing for you.

*Iago.* A thing for me ?—it is a common thing—

*Emil.* Ha !

*Iago.* To have a foolish wife.

*Emil.* O, is that all ? What will you give me now  
For that same handkerchief ?

*Iago.* What handkerchief ?

*Emil.* What handkerchief ?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona ;  
That which so often you did bid me steal.

*Iago.* Hast stolen it from her ?

*Emil.* No, 'faith ; she let it drop by negligence ;  
And, to the advantage<sup>49</sup>, I, being here, took't up.  
Look, here it is.

*Iago.* A good wench ; give it me.

*Emil.* What will you do with it, that you have been  
so earnest

To have me filch it ?

*Iago.* Why, what's that to you ?

[*Snatching it.*]

*Emil.* If it be not for some purpose of import,  
Give't me again : Poor lady ! she'll run mad,  
When she shall lack it.

*Iago.* Be not acknown on't<sup>50</sup> ; I have use for it.  
Go, leave me. [*Exit EMILIA.*]

<sup>49</sup> That is, *I being opportunely here, took it up.*

<sup>50</sup> i. e. *Seem as if you knew nothing of the matter.* The quarto reads, "Be not *you known* on't."—This word *acknown* occurs in the *Life of Ariosto*, subjoined to Sir John Harington's translation of the *Orlando Furioso*, p. 418, ed. 1607 :—"Some say he was married to her privilie, but durst not be *acknowne* of it." Again in *Cornelia*, a tragedy, by Thomas Kyd, 1594 :—

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,  
 And let him find it : Trifles, light as air,  
 Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong  
 As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.  
 The Moor already changes with my poison :  
 Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,  
 Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste ;  
 But, with a little act upon the blood<sup>51</sup>,  
 Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so :—  
 Look, where he comes ! Not poppy, nor mandragora<sup>52</sup>,  
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
 Which thou ow'dst<sup>53</sup> yesterday.

*Enter OTHELLO.*

*Oth.* Ha ! ha ! false to me ?  
 To me ?

*Iago.* Why, how now, general ? no more of that.

*Oth.* Avaunt ! be gone ! thou hast set me on the  
 rack :—

I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,

“ Our friend's misfortune doth increase our own.

*Cic.* But ours of others will not be *acknown*.”

<sup>51</sup> The quarto, 1622, reads *art* instead of *act*, and in the next line *mindes* for *mines*. Iago first ruminates on the qualities of the passion which he is labouring to excite ; and then proceeds to comment on its effects. “ Jealousy,” says he, “ with the smallest operation on the blood, *i. e.* disposition, flames out with all the violence of sulphur,” &c.

“ I did say so ;

Look where he comes !”

*i. e.* “ I knew the least touch of such a passion would not permit the Moor a moment of repose :—I have just said that jealousy is a restless commotion of the mind ; and look where Othello approaches, to confirm the propriety and justice of my observation.”

*Steevens.*

<sup>52</sup> The mandrake has a soporifick quality, and the ancients used it when they wanted an opiate of the most powerful kind. See Antony and Cleopatra, Act i. Sc. 6.

<sup>53</sup> *i. e.* *possessedst*.

Than but to know't a little.

*Iago.* How now, my lord ?

*Oth.* What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust<sup>54</sup> ?

I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me :

Islept the next night well, fed well, was free and merry<sup>55</sup> ;

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips :

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,

Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all. .

*Iago.* I am sorry to hear this.

*Oth.* I had been happy, if the general camp,  
Pioneers<sup>56</sup> and all, had tasted her sweet body,

So I had nothing known : O now, for ever,

Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !

Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,

That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell<sup>57</sup> !

<sup>54</sup> A similar passage to this, and what follows it, is found in *The Witch*, by Middleton. In the same drama there is also a scene between Francisca and her brother Antonio, when she first excites his jealousy, which has several circumstances in common with the dialogue which passes between Iago and Othello on the same subject. It is more than probable that Middleton was the imitator, as it is certain he was in the incantations in *The Witch*.

<sup>55</sup> Thus the folio: the words "fed well," are omitted in the quarto.

<sup>56</sup> i. e. *the vilest of the camp*. *Pioneers* were generally degraded soldiers. According to the old ordinances of war, a soldier who lost any part of his arms by negligence or play, was to be dismissed with punishment, or to be made "some *object pioneer*."

<sup>57</sup> There are some points of resemblance between this speech and the following lines in a poem by George Peele, "A Farewell to the Famous and Fortunate Generals of our English Forces, Sir John Norris and Sir Francis Drake, 1589 :—

"Change love for armes ; gyrt to your blades, my boyes ;

Your rests and muskets take, take helme and targe,

And let god Mars his trumpet make you mirth,

The *roaring cannon*, and the brazen trumpe,

The *angry-sounding drum*, the *whistling fife*,

The shriekes of men, the princelie *courser's ney*."

Malone thought that Shakespeare might have received the hint for this speech from another passage in the old drama of *Comon Conditions*, 1576. To which Steevens replies, I know not why we should suppose that Shakespeare borrowed so common a re-

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife<sup>58</sup>,  
 The royal banner ; and all quality,  
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war<sup>a</sup> !

petition as these diversified *farewells* from any preceding drama. A string of *adieux* is perhaps the most tempting of all repetitions, because it serves to introduce a train of imagery, as well as to solemnify a speech or composition. Wolsey, like Othello, indulges himself in many farewells ; and the

“*Valete, aprica montium cacumina !*

*Valete, opaca vallium cubilia !*” &c.

are common to poets of different ages and countries. In Caven-  
 dish's Metrical Visions there is a similar valedictory address  
 to a variety of objects and circumstances. And Steevens in-  
 stances another in which sixteen succeeding verses begin with  
 the word *farewell*.

<sup>58</sup> In mentioning the *fife* joined to the *drum*, Shakespeare, as  
 usual, paints from life ; those instruments, accompanying each  
 other, being used in his age by the English soldiery. The *fife*,  
 however, as a martial instrument, was afterwards entirely discon-  
 tinued among our troops for many years ; but at length revived  
 in the war before the last by the British guards under order of  
 the Duke of Cumberland, when they were encamped before  
 Maestricht in 1747, and thence soon adopted into other English  
 regiments of infantry. They took it from the allies with whom  
 they served. This instrument accompanying the drum is of  
 considerable antiquity in the European armies, particularly the  
 German. In a curious picture, painted 1525, in the Ashmolean  
 Museum at Oxford, representing the siege of Pavia by the French  
 king, we see *fifes* and *drums*. In the diary of King Henry's siege  
 of Bolloigne, 1544 (Rymer, Fœd. xv. p. 53), mention is made  
 of *drommes* and *riffleurs* marching at the head of the king's army.  
 The *drum* and *fife* were also much used at shows and processions.  
 At a stately masque on Shrove Tuesday, 1510, in which Henry  
 VIII. was an actor, Holinshed mentions the entry of “a *drum*  
 and *fife*, apparelled in white damaske and grene bonnettes ;”  
 and at the Inner Temple celebration of Christmas (described by  
 Leigh in his Accidence of Armory, 1576), “We entered the prince  
 his hall, where anon we heard the noise of *drum* and *fife*.” It  
 will hardly be necessary to state that this note is abridged from  
 one by Thomas Warton, whose passion for the spirit-stirring in-  
 struments to which it relates is upon record. The remainder of  
 his note is an attempt to derive the word whiffler from *riffleur*, a  
 fifer ; but it is probable that it had another origin. See vol. v.  
 p. 432, note 2.

<sup>a</sup> Davenant in his *Albovine*, and Fletcher in his *Prophetess*,  
 have each of them imitated this passage of Othello.

And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
Th'immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,  
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

*Iago.* Is't possible!—My lord,—

*Oth.* Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;  
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;

[*Taking him by the Throat.*]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul<sup>59</sup>,  
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,  
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

*Iago.* Is't come to this?

*Oth.* Make me to see't; or (at the least) so prove it,  
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,  
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

*Iago.* My noble lord,—

*Oth.* If thou dost slander her, and torture me,  
Never pray more: abandon all remorse<sup>60</sup>;  
On horror's head horrors accumulate:  
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;  
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,  
Greater than that.

*Iago.* O grace! O heaven, defend<sup>61</sup> me!  
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—  
God b' wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool!  
That liv'st to make thine honesty, a vice!—  
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,  
To be direct and honest, is not safe.

I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,  
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

*Oth.* Nay, stay: Thou should'st be honest.

*Iago.* I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,

<sup>59</sup> The quarto of 1622 reads, "man's eternal soul." Perhaps an opposition was designed between *man* and *dog*.

<sup>60</sup> i. e. *all tenderness of nature, all pity*; the sense in which *remorse* is most frequently used by Shakespeare.

<sup>61</sup> The folio reads, "*forgive me*," and three lines lower misprints *lov'st* for *liv'st*.

And loses that it works for.

*Oth.* By the world,  
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not ;  
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not ;  
I'll have some proof: Her<sup>62</sup> name, that was as fresh  
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black  
As mine own face<sup>63</sup>.—If there be cords, or knives,  
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,  
I'll not endure it<sup>64</sup>.—'Would I were satisfied !

*Iago.* I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion :  
I do repent me that I put it to you.  
You would be satisfied ?

*Oth.* Would ? nay, I will.

*Iago.* And may : but, how ? how satisfied, my lord ?  
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on ?  
Behold her topp'd ?

*Oth.* Death and damnation ! O !

*Iago.* It were a tedious difficulty, I think,  
To bring them to that prospect : Damn them then,  
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,  
More than their own ! What then ? how then ?  
What shall I say ? Where's satisfaction ?  
It is impossible you should see this,  
Were they as prime<sup>65</sup> as goats, as hot as monkeys,  
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross  
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,

<sup>62</sup> The quarto, 1630, here rightly corrects the reading of the folio : "*My* name," which is an evident error, though retained and defended by Mr. Knight.

<sup>63</sup> A similar image is found in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion* ; where the Moor says :—

" Cardinal, this disgrace

Shall dye thy soul as inky as my face."

<sup>64</sup> So in Pericles :—

" *If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,*  
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep."

This speech is not in the quarto, 1622.

<sup>65</sup> I have no doubt we should here read *brine* or *brim*, i. e. *salacious*. See *Cymbeline*, Act ii. Sc. 5.

If imputation, and strong circumstances,  
Which lead directly to the door of truth,  
Will give you satisfaction, you may have't<sup>a</sup>.

*Oth.* Give me a living<sup>66</sup> reason she's disloyal.

*Iago.* I do not like the office :

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,  
Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,  
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;  
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,  
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,  
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs ;  
One of this kind is Cassio :

In sleep I heard him say,—“ Sweet Desdemona,  
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves !”

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,  
Cry, “ O sweet creature !” and then kiss me hard,  
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,  
That grew upon my lips : then laid his leg  
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd ; and then  
Cried, “ Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor !”

*Oth.* O monstrous ! monstrous !

*Iago.* Nay, this was but his dream.

*Oth.* But this denoted a foregone conclusion<sup>67</sup> ;  
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream<sup>68</sup>.

*Iago.* And this may help to thicken other proofs,  
That do demonstrate thinly.

*Oth.* I'll tear her all to pieces.

<sup>a</sup> The folio has, “ you might have't.”

<sup>66</sup> A living reason is a reason founded on fact and experience, not on surmise and conjecture ; a reason that convinces the understanding as perfectly as if the fact were exhibited to the life. In the next speech I follow the quarto, 1622, from which the folio varies in a few words.

<sup>67</sup> A foregone conclusion is some former experience. Conclusion is used for experiment or trial in several other places of these plays.

<sup>68</sup> The first quarto gives this line to Iago, as well as the two which follow ; in the folio it is given to Othello.

*Iago.* Nay, but be wise : yet we see nothing done<sup>69</sup> ;  
 She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—  
 Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,  
 Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand ?

*Oth.* I gave her such a one ; 'twas my first gift.

*Iago.* I know not that : but such a handkerchief  
 (I am sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day  
 See Cassio wipe his beard with.

*Oth.* If it be that,—

*Iago.* If it be that, or any that was hers<sup>a</sup>,  
 It speaks against her with the other proofs.

*Oth.* O, that the slave had forty thousand lives ;  
 One is too poor, too weak for my revenge !  
 Now do I see 'tis true<sup>70</sup>.—Look here, Iago ;  
 All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven<sup>71</sup> :  
 'Tis gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow<sup>72</sup> cell !

<sup>69</sup> Iago says, " Yet we *see* nothing done," as an oblique and secret mock of what Othello had before said,—*Give me the ocular proof.*

<sup>a</sup> The first folio and quartos have "*it was hers*;" the word *y<sup>t</sup>* having been mistaken for *it*. The second folio has "*if 'twas hers*."

<sup>70</sup> The quarto, 1622, reads, " Now do I see 'tis *time*."

<sup>71</sup> So in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion* :—

" Are these your fears? thus *blow them into air*."

This was perhaps caught from Horace :—

" Tradam protervis in mare Creticum  
 Portare ventis."

<sup>72</sup> Thus the quartos. The folio has "*hollow hell*. *Hollow*, which has been stigmatized by Warburton as a poor unmeaning epithet, gives the idea of what Milton calls—

" The void profound  
 Of unessential night."

Or the *inane profundum* of Lucretius. It is used indeed by Milton himself. *Paradise Lost*, b. i. v. 314 :—

" He call'd so loud, that all the *hollow* deep  
 Of *hell* resounded."

And in book i.— " A shout that tore *hell's* *concare*."

Jasper Heywood, in his translation of Seneca's *Thyestes*, 1560, had long before used the phrase :—

" Where most prodigious ugly things the *hollow hell* doth hide."

And Arthur Hall, in his translation of Homer's eighth *Iliad* :—

" Into the *hollow* dreadful hole which *Tartare* men do call."



Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne<sup>73</sup>  
 To tyrannous hate ! swell, bosom, with thy fraught<sup>74</sup> ;  
 For 'tis of aspicks' tongues !

*Iago.* Pray, be content<sup>75</sup>.

*Oth.*

O, blood, Iago, blood !

*Iago.* Patience, I say ; your mind, perhaps, may  
 change.

*Oth.* Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea<sup>76</sup>,  
 Whose yesty current and compulsive course  
 Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
 To the Propontick, and the Hellespont ;  
 Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,  
 Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,  
 Till that a capable<sup>78</sup> and wide revenge  
 Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven<sup>79</sup>,  
 In the due reverence of a sacred vow [Kneels.

<sup>73</sup> i. e. *the heart on which thou wast enthron'd.* So in Twelfth  
 Night:—

“ It gives a very echo to the seat  
 Where love is thron'd.”

See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act v. Sc. 1, *ab init.*

<sup>74</sup> i. e. *swell*, because the fraught thou art charged with is of  
 poison.

<sup>75</sup> The folio reads, “ *Yet* be content,” and in *Iago's* next speech  
 omits *perhaps*.

<sup>76</sup> From the word *Like to marble heaven*, inclusively, is not found  
 in the quarto 1622. There is a passage in the 2nd Book, 97th  
 Chap. of *Holland's Translation of Pliny's Nat. Hist.* that may  
 have suggested this passage:—“ And the sea Pontus evermore  
 floweth and runneth out into Propontis ; but the sea never retireth  
 backe againe within Pontus.” The old copy has “ Ne'er *keeps* re-  
 tiring ebb,” Pope substituted the word *feels*, which proves to be  
 the reading of the 4to. 1630. In the preceding line *icy*, in the  
 old copy, is a palpable misprint for *ysty*.

<sup>78</sup> *Capable* seems to be here used for *capacious, comprehensive*.  
*Nashe*, in his *Pierce Pennilesse*, 1592, employs the word in the  
 same manner:—“ Then belike, quoth I, you make this word,  
 Dæmon, a *capable* name, of gods, of men, of devils.”

<sup>79</sup> This expression occurs in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:—

“ Now by the *marble* face of the welkin,” &c.

So in *Marston's Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:—

“ And pleas'd the *marble* heavens.”

I here engage my words.

*Iago.*

Do not rise yet.—

[*Kneels.*

Witness, you ever-burning lights above !  
 You elements that clip us round about !  
 Witness, that here Iago doth give up  
 The execution<sup>80</sup> of his wit, hands, heart,  
 To wrong'd Othello's service ! let him command,  
 And to obey shall be in me remorse<sup>81</sup>,  
 What bloody work soever<sup>82</sup>.

*Oth.*

I greet thy love,

Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,  
 And will upon the instant put thee to't :  
 Within these three days let me hear thee say,  
 That Cassio's not alive.

*Iago.* My friend is dead ; 'tis done, at your request :  
 But let her live.

*Oth.*

Damn her, lewd minx ; O, damn her !  
 Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw,  
 To furnish me with some swift means of death  
 For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

*Iago.* I am your own for ever.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>80</sup> The first quarto reads *excellency*. By *execution* Shakespeare meant *employment* or *exercise*. So in *Love's Labour's Lost* :—

“ Full of comparisons and wounding flouts  
 Which you on all estates will *execute*.”

And in *Troilus and Cressida* :—

“ In fellest manner *execute* your arms.”

<sup>81</sup> And it shall be in me remorse. “ To remord—to prey upon continually and repeatedly ; and hence Iago's prefigured remorse ; a feeling that will continually prey upon his mind—Mordax—Edax-cara.” I owe this admirable solution of a difficult passage to the kindness of Dr. Richardson.

<sup>82</sup> The folio, “ What bloody *business* ever.” And just below it repeats *damn her* a third time.

SCENE IV. *The same.*

*Enter* DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

*Des.* Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?

*Clo.* I dare not say, he lies any where.

*Des.* Why, man?

*Clo.* He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

*Des.* Go to; Where lodges he?

*Clo.* To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie<sup>1</sup>.

*Des.* Can any thing be made of this?

*Clo.* I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say, he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in my own throat.

*Des.* Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

*Clo.* I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer<sup>2</sup>.

*Des.* Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

*Clo.* To do this, is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit.*]

*Des.* Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

*Emil.* I know not, madam.

*Des.* Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of cruzadoes<sup>3</sup>. And, but my noble Moor

<sup>1</sup> This and the following speech are wanting in the first quarto.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. "and by them, *when answered*, form my own answer to you." The quaintness of the answer is in character.

<sup>3</sup> *Cruzadoes* were not current, as it would seem, at Venice, though they certainly were in England, in the time of Shakespeare; who has here again departed from the strict propriety of national costume. It appears from Rider's Dictionary that there were three

Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness  
As jealous creatures are, it were enough  
To put him to ill thinking.

*Emil.* Is he not jealous?

*Des.* Who, he? I think the sun, where he was born,  
Drew all such humours from him.

*Emil.* Look, where he comes.

*Des.* I will not leave him now, till Cassio  
Be call'd to him.—How is't with you, my lord?

*Enter OTHELLO.*

*Oth.* Well, my good lady.—[*Aside.*] O, hardness  
to dissemble!—

How do you, Desdemona?

*Des.* Well, my good lord.

*Oth.* Give me your hand: This hand is moist, my lady.

*Des.* It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

*Oth.* This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart;—  
Hot, hot, and moist; This hand of yours requires  
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,  
Much castigation, exercise devout;  
For here's a young and sweating devil here,  
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,  
A frank one.

*Des.* You may, indeed, say so;  
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

*Oth.* A liberal hand: The hearts of old, gave hands;  
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts<sup>4</sup>.

sorts of cruzadoes: one with a long cross, one with a short cross, and the great cruzado of Portugal. They were of gold, and weighed from two pennyweights six grains, to two pennyweights sixteen grains, and differed in value from six shillings and eightpence to nine shillings. The sovereigns who struck these coins were Emanuel and his son John of Portugal. Mr. Douce has given the figure of them in his *Illustrations of Shakespeare*.

<sup>4</sup> Warburton thought that this was a satirical allusion to the new order of baronets, created by James I. in 1611. But as the

*Des.* I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

*Oth.* What promise, chuck?

*Des.* I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

*Oth.* I have a salt and sullen<sup>s</sup> rheum offends me;  
Lend me thy handkerchief.

*Des.* Here, my lord.

*Oth.* That which I gave you.

*Des.* I have it not about me.

*Oth.* Not?

*Des.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Oth.* That's a fault:

That handkerchief

play must have been written before November 1, 1604, this could not have been the case, unless we suppose it to have been a subsequent addition, which is highly improbable. Mr. Dyce justly observes that the word "heraldry" was evidently suggested to Shakespeare by the words in the preceding line, "gave hands," to "give arms" being an heraldic term. Warner in his *Albion's England* has:

"My hand shall never give my heart, my heart shall give my hand."

In various parts of our poet's works he has alluded to the custom of plighting troth by the union of hands. So in the *Tempest*—

"*Mir.* My husband then?

*Fer.* Ay, with a heart as willing  
As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my hand.

*Mir.* And mine, with my heart in it."

"The hearts of old (says Othello,) dictated the union of *hands*, which formerly were joined with *the hearts* of the parties in them; but in our modern marriages *hands* alone are united, without *hearts*."

There is a passage in the *Essays* of Sir William Cornwallis the younger, 1601, which may have suggested to Shakespeare the mention of this *new heraldry*:—"We of these later times, full of a nice curiositie, mislike all the performances of our *forefathers*; we say they were honest plaine men, but they want the capering wits of this ripe age. *They had wont to give their hands and hearts together, but we think it a finer grace to looke asquint, our hand looking one way and our heart another.*"

<sup>s</sup> The folio reads, "*sorry*." Rider explains *sullen* by *acerbus*, Latin.

Did an Egyptian to my mother give ;  
 She was a charmer<sup>6</sup>, and could almost read  
 The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,  
 'T would make her amiable, and subdue my father  
 Entirely to her love ; but if she lost it,  
 Or made a gift of it, my father's eye  
 Should hold her loathly<sup>7</sup>, and his spirits should hunt  
 After new fancies : She, dying, gave it me ;  
 And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,  
 To give it her. I did so : and take heed on't,  
 Make it a darling like your precious eye ;  
 To lose or give't away, were such perdition,  
 As nothing else could match.

*Des.* Is't possible ?

*Oth.* 'Tis true : there's magick in the web of it :  
 A sibyl, that had number'd in the world  
 The sun to course<sup>8</sup> two hundred compasses,  
 In her prophetick fury sew'd the work ;  
 The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk ;  
 And it was dyed in mummy<sup>9</sup>, which the skilful  
 Conserv'd of maidens' hearts<sup>10</sup>.

*Des.* Indeed ! is't true ?

*Oth.* Most veritable ; therefore look to't well.

*Des.* Then 'would to heaven, that I had never seen it.

<sup>6</sup> A *charmer*, for an *enchanter*, is of common occurrence in the Psalms. So in Perkins's Discourse on Witchcraft, 1610:—"By witches we understand not only those which kill and torment, but all *charm*ers, jugglers, all wizards, commonly called wise men and wise women," &c.

<sup>7</sup> The folio, *loathed*, and just below "To lose't."

<sup>8</sup> The quarto, "to make."

<sup>9</sup> The balsamic liquor running from *mummies* was formerly celebrated for its anti-epileptic virtues. We are now wise enough to know that the qualities ascribed to it are all imaginary ; yet this fanciful medicine held a place in the druggists' shops till lately. It was much coveted by painters, as a transparent brown colour that threw a warmth into the shadows of a picture.

<sup>10</sup> The quarto reads, "*with the skilful conserves*," &c. So in The Microcosmos of John Davies of Hereford, 4to. 1605:—

"*Mummy made of the mere hart of love.*"

*Oth.* Ha ! wherefore ?

*Des.* Why do you speak so startingly and rash ?

*Oth.* Is't lost ? is't gone ? speak, is it out of the way ?

*Des.* Heaven bless us !

*Oth.* Say you ?

*Des.* It is not lost ; But what an if it were ?

*Oth.* Ha !

*Des.* I say it is not lost.

*Oth.* Fetch't, let me see't.

*Des.* Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now ;

This is a trick, to put me from my suit ;

I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

*Oth.* Fetch me that handkerchief : my mind mis-gives.

*Des.* Come, come ;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

*Oth.* The handkerchief,——

*Des.* [I pray, talk me of Cassio<sup>11</sup>.

*Oth.* The handkerchief,——]

*Des.* A man that all his time

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love ;

Shar'd dangers with you ;——

*Oth.* The handkerchief,——

*Des.* In sooth, you are to blame.

*Oth.* Away ! [Exit OTHELLO.

*Emil.* Is not this man jealous ?

*Des.* I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief :

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

*Emil.* 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man :

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food ;

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,

They belch us. Look you ! Cassio, and my husband.

<sup>11</sup> This and the following short speech are omitted in all the ancient editions but the first quarto. The singular phraseology, "talk me of Cassio," is illustrated in vol. iii. p. 153, note 1.

*Enter IAGO and CASSIO.*

*Iago.* There is no other way; 'tis she must do't;  
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

*Des.* How now, good Cassio? what's the news with you?

*Cas.* Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,  
That, by your virtuous means, I may again  
Exist, and be a member of his love,  
Whom I, with all the duty<sup>12</sup> of my heart,  
Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd:  
If my offence be of such mortal kind,  
That neither<sup>13</sup> service past, nor present sorrows,  
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,  
Can ransom me into his love again,  
But to know so must be my benefit<sup>14</sup>;  
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,  
And shut myself up<sup>15</sup> in some other course,  
To fortune's alms.

*Des.* Alas! thrice gentle Cassio,  
My advocacy is not now in tune;

<sup>12</sup> The folio reads, "the *office* of my heart:" the words were, however, synonymous. Thus Baret:—"Dutie, *office*, dutie of behaviour in honestie and reason: *officium*." So in Antony and Cleopatra:—

"His goodly eyes—now turn

The *office* and devotion of their view," &c.

<sup>13</sup> The folio, "That nor my."

<sup>14</sup> "Si nequeo placidas affari Cæsaris aures,  
Saltem aliquis veniat, qui mihi dicat, abi."

<sup>15</sup> Here again is a strange discordance of opinion in the commentators on the meaning of *shut myself up*, which evidently signifies no more than "*confine myself*." One of the old quartos reading "*shoot myself up*," by mistake, Mason absurdly contends for that reading.—"To fortune's alms" means waiting patiently for whatever bounty fortune, or chance, may bestow upon me. We have the same uncommon phrase in *King Lear*:—

"Let your study

Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you  
At *fortune's alms*."



My lord is not my lord ; nor should I know him,  
 Were he in favour<sup>16</sup>, as in humour, alter'd.  
 So help me, every spirit sanctified,  
 As I have spoken for you all my best ;  
 And stood within the blank<sup>17</sup> of his displeasure,  
 For my free speech ! You must a while be patient :  
 What I can do, I will ; and more I will,  
 Than for myself I dare : let that suffice you.

*Iago.* Is my lord angry ?

*Emil.* He went hence but now,  
 And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

*Iago.* Can he be angry ? I have seen the cannon,  
 When it hath blown his ranks into the air ;  
 And, like the devil, from his very arm  
 Puff'd his own brother ;—And is he angry<sup>18</sup> ?  
 Something of moment, then : I will go meet him ;  
 There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

*Des.* I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of state,—  
 [Exit IAGO.]

Either from Venice ; or some unhatch'd practice<sup>19</sup>,  
 Made démonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—  
 Hath puddled his clear spirit : and, in such cases,  
 Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,  
 Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so :  
 For let our finger ache, and it indues<sup>20</sup>

<sup>16</sup> i. e. *in countenance*. See Act i. Sc. 3, note 58.

<sup>17</sup> To stand *within the blank* is to stand in the *direct range* or in the *immediate course* ; to have his displeasure *directed* toward her. See vol. iv. p. 38, note 2.

<sup>18</sup> The quarto, "And can he be angry?"

<sup>19</sup> i. e. *some undeveloped treason*.

<sup>20</sup> I have elsewhere observed that to *indue* was used formerly where we now use to *imbue*. Ophelia, in Hamlet, Act iv. Sc. 7, is said to be "*indued* unto that element." See vol. ix. p. 314, note 32. Malone has well explained the meaning of the passage :—"Let but our finger ache, and this sensation so gets possession of, and is so infused into the other members, as to make them all participate of the pain."

"Totumque infusa per artus,  
 Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet."

Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense<sup>21</sup>  
 Of pain : Nay, we must think, men are not gods ;  
 Nor of them look for such observances<sup>22</sup>  
 As fit the bridal<sup>23</sup>.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,  
 I was (unhandsome warrior<sup>24</sup> as I am),  
 Arraigning his unkindness with my soul ;  
 But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,  
 And he's indicted falsely.

*Emil.* Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think ;  
 And no conception, nor no jealous toy,  
 Concerning you.

*Des.* Alas, the day ! I never gave him cause.

*Emil.* But jealous souls will not be answer'd so ;  
 They are not ever jealous for the cause,  
 But jealous for they are jealous : 'tis a monster,  
 Begot upon itself, born on itself.

*Des.* Heaven keep that monster from Othello's  
 mind !

*Emil.* Lady, amen.

*Des.* I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout :  
 If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,  
 And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

*Cas.* I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

*Enter BIANCA.*

*Bian.* Save you, friend Cassio !

*Cas.* What make you from home ?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca ?

I' faith<sup>25</sup>, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

*Bian.* And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.  
 What ! keep a week away ? seven days and nights<sup>26</sup> ?

<sup>21</sup> The folio, *a* sense.

<sup>22</sup> The folio, *observancy*.

<sup>23</sup> i. e. *the nuptial feast*.

<sup>24</sup> See Act ii. Sc. 1, note 28.

<sup>25</sup> The folio, *Indeed*.

<sup>26</sup> Cassio, in strict reckoning, arrived in Cyprus only the day

Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,  
More tedious than the dial eight score times?  
O weary reckoning!

*Cas.* Pardon me, Bianca;  
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;  
But I shall, in a more continue<sup>27</sup> time,  
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,  
[Giving her DESDEMONA'S Handkerchief.  
Take me this work out<sup>28</sup>.

*Bian.* O, Cassio, whence came this?  
This is some token from a newer friend.  
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:  
Is't come to this? Well, well.

*Cas.* Go to! woman,  
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,  
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,  
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:  
No, in good troth, Bianca.

*Bian.* Why, whose is it?

*Cas.* I know not, sweet<sup>29</sup>: I found it in my chamber.  
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,  
(As like enough, it will,) I'd have it copied:  
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

*Bian.* Leave you! wherefore?

*Cas.* I do attend here on the general;  
And think it no addition, nor my wish,  
To have him see me woman'd.

before; but the reckoning of time all through the drama follows the laws of poetry and laughs at the chronologists.

<sup>27</sup> *Continue*, i. e. *uninterrupted*. The quarto has *convenient*.

<sup>28</sup> i. e. *copy this work in another handkerchief*. See Act iii. Sc. 3, note 48. So in Middleton's *Women beware Women*:—

"She intends

To take out other works in a new sampler."

Again in the Preface to Holland's *Pliny*, 1601:—"Nicophanes (a famous painter) gave his mind wholly to antique pictures, partly to exemplify and take out patterns, after that in long continuance of time they were decayed."

<sup>29</sup> The folio, "I know not *neither*."

*Bian.*Why, I pray you<sup>30</sup>?*Cas.* Not that I love you not.*Bian.*


But that you do not love me.

I pray you, bring me on the way a little;

And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

*Cas.* 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,  
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.*Bian.* 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before the Castle.**Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.**Iago.*ILL you think so?*Oth.*

Think so, Iago?

*Iago.*

What,

To kiss in private?

*Oth.*

An unauthoriz'd kiss.

*Iago.* Or to be naked with her friend abed,  
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?*Oth.* Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?It is hypocrisy against the devil<sup>1</sup>:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts<sup>2</sup>, and they tempt heaven.<sup>30</sup> This and the following speech are wanting in the first quarto, they are necessary to make the dialogue intelligible.<sup>1</sup> "We must suppose that Iago had been applying cases of false comfort to Othello; as that though the parties had been even found in bed together, there might be no harm done: it might be only for trial of their virtue; as was reported of the Romish saint, Robert D'Arbrissel, and his nuns."—*Wurburton.*<sup>2</sup> The devil tempts their virtue by stirring up their passions, and they tempt heaven by placing themselves in a situation which makes it scarcely possible to avoid falling by the gratification of them. Perhaps the story of St. Adhelm, related in Bale's *Actes*

*Iago.* If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip :  
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,——

*Oth.* What then ?

*Iago.* Why then 'tis hers, my lord ; and, being hers,  
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

*Oth.* She is protectress of her honour too ;  
May she give that ?

*Iago.* Her honour is an essence that's not seen ;  
They have it very oft, that have it not :  
But, for the handkerchief,——

*Oth.* By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it :——  
Thou said'st,——O, it comes o'er my memory,  
As doth the raven o'er the infected<sup>3</sup> house,  
Boding to all<sup>4</sup>,——he had my handkerchief.

*Iago.* Ay, what of that ?

*Oth.* That's not so good, now.

*Iago.* What, if I had said, I had seen him do you  
wrong ?

Or heard him say,——As knaves be such abroad,  
Who having, by their own importunate suit,  
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,  
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose  
But they must blab——

*Oth.* Hath he said any thing ?

*Iago.* He hath, my lord ; but be you well assur'd,  
No more than he'll unswear.

*Oth.* What hath he said ?

*Iago.* 'Faith, that he did,——I know not what he did.

*Oth.* What ? what ?

*Iago.* Lie——

of Englysh Votaries, is referred to :——“ This Adhelmus never refused women, but wold have them commonly both at borde and bedde, to mocke the devyll with,” &c. See also Fabian's Chronicle, Part iv. ch. 141.

<sup>3</sup> The folio—*infectious*.

<sup>4</sup> The raven was thought to be a constant attendant on a house infected with the plague.

*Oth.* With her?

*Iago.* With her, on her; what you will.

*Oth.* Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her, when they belie her: Lie with her! that's fulsome.—Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief.—To confess, and be hang'd for his labour<sup>5</sup>.—First to be hang'd, and then to confess:—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction<sup>6</sup>. It is not words that shake me thus:—Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips:—Is't possible?—Confess!—Handkerchief!—O devil!—

[*Falls in a Trance.*]

*Iago.* Work on,

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;  
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,  
All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

<sup>5</sup> This proverbial saying is used in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*:

"Blame us not, but the proverb—*Confess and be hanged.*"

And in one of the old collections there is an epigram on it. All that remains of this speech from *to confess* is wanting in the quarto.

<sup>6</sup> "The starts and broken reflections in this speech (says Warburton) have something in them very terrible, and show the mind of the speaker to be in inexpressible agonies." Warburton thought we should read *induction*, which Johnson highly approves.

There is a difference of opinion between the commentators, some thinking with Warburton that the words, "Nature would not invest herself in such *shadowing passion*, without some *instruction*," allude to his own feelings; others that they advert to the story about Cassio's dream, which had been invented and told him by Iago. I must confess that I incline to the latter opinion:—"Nature would not express such *adumbrations of passion* without some *former experience.*" I think this view of the passage confirmed by these words in a former scene:—

"*Iago.* Nay, this was but his dream.

*Oth.* But this denoted a *foregone conclusion.*"

For (as Sir Joshua Reynolds observes) "Othello, in broken sentences and single words, all of which have a reference to the cause of his jealousy, shows that all the proofs are present at once to his mind, which so overpower it that he falls into a trance."

*Enter CASSIO.*

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio?

*Cas.* What's the matter?

*Iago.* My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;  
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

*Cas.* Rub him about the temples.

*Iago.* [No, forbear:]<sup>7</sup>

The lethargy must have his quiet course:  
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,  
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:  
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,  
He will recover straight; when he is gone,  
I would on great occasion speak with you.—

[*Exit CASSIO.*]

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

*Oth.* Dost thou mock me?

*Iago.* I mock you! no, by heaven:  
'Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.

*Oth.* A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

*Iago.* There's many a beast then in a populous city,  
And many a civil monster.

*Oth.* Did he confess it?

*Iago.* Good sir, be a man;  
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,  
May draw with you; there's millions now alive,  
That nightly lie in those unproper<sup>8</sup> beds,  
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.  
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,  
To lip a wanton in a secure couch<sup>9</sup>,

<sup>7</sup> "No, forbear;" these words are omitted in the folio.

<sup>8</sup> *Unproper* for *common*. So in *The Mative*, a collection of Epigrams and Satires:—

"Rose is a fayre, but not a *proper* woman;  
Can any creature *proper* be that's common?"

<sup>9</sup> In a couch in which he is lulled into a false security and confidence in his wife's virtue: a Latin sense. So in *The Merry*

And to suppose her chaste ! No, let me know ;  
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

*Oth.* O, thou art wise ; 'tis certain.

*Iago.* Stand you awhile apart ;

Confine yourself but in a patient list<sup>10</sup>.

Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed<sup>11</sup> with your grief  
(A passion most unsuited such a man),

Cassio came hither : I shifted him away,

And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy ;

Bade him anon return, and here speak with me ;

The which he promis'd. Do but encave<sup>12</sup> yourself,

And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face<sup>13</sup> ;

For I will make him tell the tale anew,—

Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when

He hath, and is again to cope your wife :

I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience ;

Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,

And nothing of a man.

*Oth.* Dost thou hear, Iago ?

I will be found most cunning in my patience ;

But (dost thou hear ?) most bloody.

*Iago.*

That's not amiss ;

But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw ?

[*OTHELLO withdraws.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,

A housewife, that, by selling her desires,

Buys herself bread and clothes : it is a creature,

That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,

Wives of Windsor :—" Though Page be a *secure* fool, and stands  
so firmly on his wife's frailty," &c. See vol. vii. p. 267, note 10.

<sup>10</sup> i. e. within the bounds of patience.

<sup>11</sup> The quarto reads "*erewhile*, mad with your grief." In the  
next line, the quarto, 1630, has *unsuited* ; the folios *resulting*.

<sup>12</sup> i. e. "*Hide* yourself in a private place."

<sup>13</sup> Congreve might have had this passage in his memory when  
he made Lady Touchwood say to Maskwell, " Ten thousand  
meanings lurk in each corner of that various face."



To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one ;  
 He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain  
 From the excess of laughter !—Here he comes :—

*Re-enter CASSIO.*

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad ;  
 And his unbookish<sup>14</sup> jealousy must construe  
 Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour  
 Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant ?

*Cas.* The worser, that you give me the addition,  
 Whose want even kills me.

*Iago.* Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.  
 Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power<sup>15</sup>,  
 [*Speaking lower.*

How quickly should you speed ?

*Cas.* Alas, poor caitiff !

*Oth.* Look, how he laughs already ! [*Aside.*

*Iago.* I never knew a woman love man so.

*Cas.* Alas, poor rogue ! I think i'faith she loves me.

*Oth.* Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.  
 [*Aside.*

*Iago.* Do you hear, Cassio ?

*Oth.* Now he importunes him  
 To tell it o'er : Go to ; well said, well said. [*Aside.*

*Iago.* She gives it out, that you shall marry her :  
 Do you intend it ?

*Cas.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Oth.* Do you triumph, Roman ? do you triumph<sup>16</sup> ?  
 [*Aside.*

<sup>14</sup> *Unbookish* for *ignorant*. The folio has *conserve*, an evident error for *construe* or *conster*, as it stands in the quarto, and just above the folio misprints *restrain* for *refrain*.

<sup>15</sup> Thus the quarto. The folio by an error of the press reads *dower*, which Mr. Knight retains, although the quartos have *power*.

<sup>16</sup> Othello calls him *Roman* ironically. *Triumph* brought *Roman* into his thoughts. "What (says he) you are triumphing as great as a Roman?"

*Cas.* I marry her!—what? a customer<sup>17</sup>! I pr'y-thee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* So, so, so, so: They laugh that win. [*Aside.*

*Iago.* 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

*Cas.* Pr'ythee, say true.

*Iago.* I am a very villain else.

*Oth.* Have you scored me<sup>18</sup>? Well. [*Aside.*

*Cas.* This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

*Oth.* Iago beckons<sup>a</sup> me; now he begins the story.

[*Aside.*

*Cas.* She was here even now: she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the seabank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble; and falls<sup>19</sup> me thus about my neck;—

*Oth.* Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. [*Aside.*

*Cas.* So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales<sup>20</sup>, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* Now he tells, how she pluck'd him to my chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*Aside.*

*Cas.* Well, I must leave her company.

*Iago.* Before me! look where she comes.

*Enter BIANCA.*

*Cas.* 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

<sup>17</sup> *A customer*, i. e. a common woman, with whom any one may be familiar. See Comedy of Errors, Act iv. Sc. 4, note 8.

<sup>18</sup> i. e. have you numbered my days? *To score* is to tale or tell, to number, or mark as on a tally. But perhaps it only means "have you marked me?" as beasts are scored or marked when purchased for slaughter. The old quarto reads, "have you stored me?"

<sup>a</sup> Here the folio again misprints *becomes* for *beckons*.

<sup>19</sup> The quarto, by this hand she falls thus.

<sup>20</sup> The folio has, "so shakes."

*Bian.* Let the devil and his dam haunt you ! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now ? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work ?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there ! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work ! There,—give it your hobby-horse : wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

*Cas.* How now, my sweet Bianca ? how now ? how now ?

*Oth.* By heaven, that should be my handkerchief !  
[*Aside.*

*Bian.* If you'll come to supper to-night, you may : if you will not, come when you are next prepared for.  
[*Exit.*

*Iago.* After her, after her.

*Cas.* 'Faith, I must, she'll rail in the street else.

*Iago.* Will you sup there ?

*Cas.* 'Faith, I intend so.

*Iago.* Well, I may chance to see you ; for I would very fain speak with you.

*Cas.* Pr'ythee, come ; Will you ?

*Iago.* Go to : say no more. [Exit CASSIO.

*Oth.* How shall I murder him, Iago ?

*Iago.* Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice ?

*Oth.* O, Iago !

*Iago.* And did you see the handkerchief ?

*Oth.* Was that mine ?

*Iago.* Yours, by this hand : and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wife ! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

*Oth.* I would have him nine years a killing :—A fine woman ! a fair woman ! a sweet woman !

*Iago.* Nay, you must forget that.

*Oth.* Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damn'd

to-night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand<sup>21</sup>. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

*Iago.* Nay, that's not your way.

*Oth.* Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear<sup>22</sup>!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

*Iago.* She's the worse for all this.

*Oth.* O, a thousand thousand times:—And then, of so gentle a condition!

*Iago.* Ay, too gentle.

*Oth.* Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

*Iago.* If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend<sup>23</sup>; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

*Oth.* I will chop her into messes!—Cuckold me!

*Iago.* O, 'tis foul in her.

*Oth.* With mine officer!

*Iago.* That's fouler.

*Oth.* Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again: this night, Iago.

*Iago.* Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

*Oth.* Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

<sup>21</sup> This thought, which counteracts the pathos, occurs again in Antony and Cleopatra, Act iv. Sc. 8:—

“Throw my heart

Against the flint and hardness of my fault,  
Which being dried with grief will break to powder,  
And finish all foul thoughts.”

<sup>22</sup> “When she hath sung

*The tiger would be tame.” Venus and Adonis.*

<sup>23</sup> “Why then give sin a passport to offend?”

*Tragedy of King Edward III. 1596.*

*Iago.* And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker :  
You shall hear more by midnight.

[*A Trumpet within.*

*Oth.* Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same :

*Iago.* Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,  
Come from the duke : and, see, your wife is with him<sup>24</sup>.

*Enter* LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

*Lod.* 'Save you, worthy general<sup>25</sup> !

*Oth.* With all my heart, sir.

*Lod.* The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*Gives him a Packet.*

*Oth.* I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Opens the Packet and reads.*

*Des.* And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico ?

*Iago.* I am very glad to see you, signior ;

Welcome to Cyprus.

*Lod.* I thank you : How does lieutenant Cassio ?

*Iago.* Lives, sir.

*Des.* Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord  
An unkind breach : but you shall make all well.

*Oth.* Are you sure of that ?

*Des.* My lord ?

*Oth.* " This fail you not to do, as you will—"

[*Reads.*

<sup>24</sup> The folio thus gives the passage :—

" I warrant, something from Venice :

'Tis Lodovico this, comes from the duke.

See, your wife's with him."

<sup>25</sup> The quarto reads, "*God save the worthy general.*" Malone says that the reply of Othello does not relate to what Lodovico has just said, but is spoken by Othello while he salutes him. Steevens, on the contrary, thinks that "The distracted Othello, considering his happiness in this world at an end, readily catches at the idea of future felicity suggested by the words *Save you, general!*" He adds, "If it be urged that the words only mean *preserve you in this world*, my sense of the passage will not be much weakened ; as our protection, even *here*, depends on the Almighty." In *Measure for Measure*, Act ii. Sc. 2, two replies of Angelo to similar salutations from Isabel are equally equivocal.

*Lod.* He did not call ; he's busy in the paper.  
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio ?

*Des.* A most unhappy one ; I would do much  
To atone<sup>26</sup> them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

*Oth.* Fire and brimstone !

*Des.* My lord ?

*Oth.* Are you wise ?

*Des.* What, is he angry ?

*Lod.* May be, the letter mov'd him ;  
For, as I think, they do command him home,  
Deputing Cassio in his government.

*Des.* By my troth, I am glad on't<sup>27</sup>.

*Oth.* Indeed ?

*Des.* My lord ?

*Oth.* I am glad to see you mad.

*Des.* How, sweet Othello ?

*Oth.* Devil ! [*Striking her.*]

*Des.* I have not deserv'd this.

*Lod.* My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,  
Though I should swear I saw it : 'Tis very much ;  
Make her amends, she weeps.

*Oth.* O devil, devil !

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,  
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile<sup>28</sup> :—  
Out of my sight !

<sup>26</sup> i. e. *make them one, reconcile them.* See vol. iii. p. 108, note 12.

<sup>27</sup> The folio, "*Trust me, I am glad on't.*"

<sup>28</sup> i. e. *If women's tears could impregnate the earth.* By the doctrine of equivocal generation new animals were supposed producible by new combinations of matter. See Bacon, v. iii. p. 70, edit. 1740. Shakespeare here alludes to the fabulous accounts which make the crocodile the most deceitful of animals, whose tears are proverbially fallacious. "It is written that he will weep over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and will then eat up the head too." Wherefore in Latin there is a proverb, "*Crocodile lachrymæ, crocodiles teares, to signifie such teares as are feigned, and spent only with intent to deceive or do harm.*"—*Bullokar's Expositor*, 1616.

To *fall*, in this passage, is a verb active.

*Des.* I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*]

*Lod.* Truly, an obedient lady:—

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

*Oth.* Mistress,——

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* What would you with her, sir?

*Lod.* Who, I, my lord?

*Oth.* Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn;

Sir, she can turn, and turn<sup>29</sup>, and yet go on,

And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;

And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—

Very obedient:—Proceed you in your tears.—

Concerning this, sir,—O well painted passion!

I am commanded home<sup>30</sup>:—Get you away;

I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,

And will return to Venice;—Hence, avaunt!

[*Exit* DESDEMONA.]

Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir,—to-night,

I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats, and mon-

keys<sup>31</sup>!

[*Exit.*]

*Lod.* Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate

Call all-in-all sufficient?—This the noble nature<sup>32</sup>

Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,

<sup>29</sup> So in King Henry VI. Part I.—

“Done like a Frenchman; *turn and turn again.*”

<sup>30</sup> The quarto reads, “I am commanded *here.*”

<sup>31</sup> In this exclamation Shakespeare has shown great art. Iago in the first scene, in which he endeavours to awaken Othello's suspicion, being urged to give some evident proof of the guilt of Cassio and Desdemona, tells him it were impossible to have ocular demonstration of it, though they should be as prime as *goats*, as hot as *monkeys*. These words, we may suppose, still ring in the ears of Othello, who, being now fully convinced of his wife's infidelity, rushes out with this emphatic exclamation:—“Iago's words were but too true; now, indeed, I am convinced that they are as hot as *goats* and *monkeys.*”

<sup>32</sup> The folio, “Is this the nature.”

Could neither graze, nor pierce?

*Iago.* He is much chang'd.

*Lod.* Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

*Iago.* He's that he is; I may not breathe my censure.  
What he might be,—if what he might, he is not,—  
I would to heaven, he were.

*Lod.* What! strike his wife!

*Iago.* 'Faith, that was not so well; Yet 'would I  
knew

That stroke would prove the worst.

*Lod.* Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,  
And new create this fault?

*Iago.* Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me, to speak  
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;  
And his own courses will denote him so,  
That I may save my speech: Do but go after,  
And mark how he continues.

*Lod.* I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II<sup>1</sup>. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.*

*Oth.* You have seen nothing then?

*Emil.* Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

*Oth.* Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

<sup>1</sup> Malone says, "There are great difficulties in ascertaining the place of this scene. What Othello says in an early part of it to Emilia—'Leave procreants alone, and shut the door'—and his subsequent address to her as he goes out, decisively point out a room in Othello's Castle; and compel us to place the interlocutors there, however inconsistent with Roderigo's entry, and Iago's address to Desdemona, 'Go in and weep not.' The truth is, that our poet and his audience, in this instance, as in many others, were content, from want of scenery, to consider the very same



*Emil.* But then I saw no harm : and then I heard  
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

*Oth.* What, did they never whisper ?

*Emil.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* Nor send you out o' the way ?

*Emil.* Never.

*Oth.* To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor  
nothing ?

*Emil.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* . That's strange.

*Emil.* I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,  
Lay down my soul at stake : if you think other,  
Remove your thought ; it doth abuse your bosom.  
If any wretch hath put this in your head,  
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse !  
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,  
There's no man happy ; the purest of their wives<sup>2</sup>  
Is foul as slander.

*Oth.* Bid her come hither :—go.—

[Exit EMILIA.

She says enough :—yet she's a simple bawd,  
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,  
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets :  
And yet she'll kneel, and pray ; I have seen her do't.

*Re-enter EMILIA, with DESDEMONA.*

*Des.* My lord, what is your will ?

*Oth.* 'Pray, chuck, come hither.

*Des.* What is your pleasure ?

*Oth.* Let me see your eyes ;

spot, at one and the same time, as the outside and inside of a house. See the Historical Account of the English Stage, &c." But Othello does not refer to an actual door or chamber, he merely mocks Emilia with terms as if she were a procuress and he a customer. [Boswell's edition of Malone's Shakespeare, vol. iii.]

<sup>2</sup> The quarto reads, *of her sex*.

Look in my face.

*Des.* What horrible fancy's this?

*Oth.* Some of your function, mistress;

[*To EMILIA.*

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;

Cough, or cry hem, if any body come:

Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.

[*Exit EMILIA.*

*Des.* Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,

[But not the words<sup>3</sup>.]

*Oth.* Why, what art thou?

*Des.* Your wife, my lord; your true  
And loyal wife.

*Oth.* Come, swear it, damn thyself;  
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves  
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double damn'd,  
Swear thou art honest.

*Des.* Heaven doth truly know it.

*Oth.* Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.

*Des.* To whom, my lord? with whom? How am I  
false?

*Oth.* O Desdemona!—away! away! away!

*Des.* Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?  
Am I the occasion<sup>4</sup> of these tears, my lord?

If, haply, you my father do suspect,

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,

Why, I have lost him too.

*Oth.* Had it pleas'd heaven  
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd  
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;  
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;

<sup>3</sup> This line is not in the folio.

<sup>4</sup> The folio has *motive*.

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;  
 I should have found in some part of my soul  
 A drop of patience : but (alas !) to make me  
 A fixed figure, for the time of scorn<sup>5</sup>  
 To point his slow unmoving finger at,—  
 Yet could I bear that too ; well, very well :  
 But there, where I have garner'd<sup>6</sup> up my heart ;  
 Where either I must live, or bear no life ;  
 The fountain from the which my current runs,  
 Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence !  
 Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads  
 To knot and gender in !—turn thy complexion there !  
 Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin ;  
 Ay, there, look grim as hell<sup>7</sup> !

*Des.* I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

*Oth.* O, ay ; as summer flies are in the shambles,  
 That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed<sup>8</sup>,  
 Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,

<sup>5</sup> The folio thus gives this passage:—

“ But alas, to make me

The fixed figure for the time, of Scorn

To point his slow, *and* moving finger at.”

The quarto has “*unmoving* finger.” Rowe reads, “the *hand* of scorn.” I incline to the reading proposed by Mr. Hunter:—

“ The fixed figure *of* the time *for* Scorn

To point his slow and moving finger at.”

If the old reading is to be adopted, we must understand by “the time of scorn”—the scornful time—or age. The *finger* of the dial was the technical phrase. And in *The Comedy of Errors* we have:—

“ *Time's* deformed [i. e. deforming] *hand*.”

<sup>6</sup> i. e. *treasured up*.

<sup>7</sup> “At such an object do thou, *patience*, thyself *change colour* ; at this do thou, even thou, *rosy cherub* as thou art, *look grim as hell*.” The old copies have, “I *here* look grim as hell.” I was written for *ay* ; and *here* was an evident error of the press for *there*. Theobald made the correction.

<sup>8</sup> The quarto reads:—

“ O thou *black* weed, *why* art so lovely fair ?

Thou smell'st so sweet, that the sense aches at thee,” &c.

That the sense aches at thee.—'Would, thou hadst  
ne'er been born !

*Des.* Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed ?

*Oth.* Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,  
Made to write whore upon ? What committed<sup>9</sup> !

Committed !—O thou public commoner !

I should make very forges of my cheeks,

That would to cinders burn up modesty,

Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed !

Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks ;

The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets<sup>10</sup>,

Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,

And will not hear it : What committed !—

[Impudent strumpet !<sup>11</sup>]

*Des.* By heaven, you do me wrong.

*Oth.* Are not you a strumpet ?

*Des.* No, as I am a Christian :

If to preserve this vessel for my lord<sup>12</sup>,

From any other foul unlawful touch,

Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

*Oth.* What, not a whore ?

*Des.* No, as I shall be saved.

*Oth.* Is't possible ?

*Des.* O, heaven forgive us !

*Oth.* I cry you mercy, then ;

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,

That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

*Re-enter EMILIA.*

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,

And keep the gate of hell ; You ! you ! ay, you !

<sup>9</sup> This and the three following lines are not in the first quarto.

<sup>10</sup> So in *The Merchant of Venice* :—

“ Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind.”

<sup>11</sup> These words are not in the folio.

<sup>12</sup> This expression is from Sacred Writ :—“ To possess his vessel in sanctification.”

We have done our course; there's money for your pains;  
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit.*

*Emil.* Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—  
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

*Des.* 'Faith, half asleep.

*Emil.* Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

*Des.* With who?

*Emil.* Why, with my lord, madam.

*Des.* Who is thy lord<sup>13</sup>?

*Emil.* He that is yours, sweet lady.

*Des.* I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia;  
I cannot weep; nor answer I have none,  
But what should go by water. 'Pr'ythee, to-night  
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—  
And call thy husband hither.

*Emil.* Here is a change, indeed! [*Exit.*

*Des.* 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.  
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick  
The small'st opinion on my least misuse<sup>14</sup>?

*Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.*

*Iago.* What is your pleasure, madam? How is't  
with you?

*Des.* I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young babes,  
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:  
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,  
I am a child to chiding.

*Iago.* What's the matter, lady?

*Emil.* Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,  
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,

<sup>13</sup> This and the following speech are not in the quarto.

<sup>14</sup> The quarto, 1622, reads "on my greatest abuse." *On* must be understood to signify *of*. The sense appears to be: "How have I behaved that he can attach the smallest notion of the least misconduct?"

As true hearts cannot bear.

*Des.* Am I that name, Iago?

*Iago.* What name, fair lady?

*Des.* Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

*Emil.* He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his drink,  
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet<sup>15</sup>.

*Iago.* Why did he so?

*Des.* I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

*Iago.* Do not weep, do not weep; Alas, the day!

*Emil.* Has she forsook so many noble matches,  
Her father, and her country, and her friends,  
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

*Des.* It is my wretched fortune.

*Iago.* Beshrew him for't!  
How comes this trick upon him?

*Des.* Nay, heaven doth know.

*Emil.* I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,  
Some busy and insinuating rogue,  
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,  
Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

*Iago.* Fye, there is no such man; it is impossible.

*Des.* If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

*Emil.* A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his  
bones!

Why should he call her, whore? who keeps her com-  
pany?

What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?  
The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave<sup>16</sup>,  
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—

<sup>15</sup> A *callet* is a *trull*, a *drab*. The word is of great antiquity in the English language. Chaucer has it in his *Remedy of Love*. Harrington uses it in his translation of Ariosto, 1591:—

“And thus this old ill-favour'd spitefull *callet*.”

In a note he says, “*Callet* is a nick-name used to a woman;” and that in Irish it signifies a *witch*. The etymology of the word is yet to seek.

<sup>16</sup> The quarto has, “some outrageous knave.”

O, heaven, that such companions<sup>17</sup> thou'dst unfold ;  
 And put in every honest hand a whip,  
 To lash the rascal naked through the world,  
 Even from the east to the west !

*Iago.* Speak within door<sup>18</sup>.

*Emil.* O, fye upon him ! some such squire he was,  
 That turn'd your wit the seamy side without<sup>19</sup>,  
 And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

*Iago.* You are a fool ; go to.

*Des.* O good Iago<sup>20</sup>,

What shall I do to win my lord again ?  
 Good friend, go to him ; for, by this light of heaven,  
 I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel<sup>21</sup> :—  
 If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,  
 Either in discourse of thought<sup>22</sup>, or actual deed ;  
 Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,  
 Delighted them in any other form ;  
 Or that I do not yet, and ever did,  
 And ever will,—though he do shake me off

<sup>17</sup> It has been already observed that *companion* was a term of contempt. See vol. viii. p. 477, note 8.

<sup>18</sup> i. e. "Do not clamour so as to be heard beyond the house."

<sup>19</sup> Iago, in a former scene, speaks of Roderigo, as of one "Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side outward."

<sup>20</sup> The folio, "Alas, Iago !"

<sup>21</sup> The quarto, 1622, omits the rest of this speech. The folio, in this speech, reads erroneously—

"Delighted them : or any other form."

The quarto, 1630, corrects it as in the text.

<sup>22</sup> "Discourse of thought" is the "*discursive range* of thought." Pope changed it to "discourse or thought." I have shown in a former page that the old reading is the poet's mode of expression. So in Davies's Epigrams, "v. *In Phurimos* :"—

"But since the divell brought them thus together,

To my *discoursing thoughts* it is a wonder,

Why presently, as soone as they came thither,

The selfe same divell did them part asunder."

See Hamlet, p. 157, note 22. Steevens thought Pope's alteration defensible, because the Liturgy mentions three modes of committing sin—"in *thought*, *word*, and *deed*."

To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,  
 Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;  
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,  
 But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore;  
 It does abhor me, now I speak the word;  
 To do the act that might the addition earn,  
 Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

*Iago.* I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;  
 The business of the state does him offence,  
 [And he does chide with you<sup>23</sup>.]

*Des.* If 'twere no other,—

*Iago.* It is but so, I warrant you. [Trumpets.  
 Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!  
 And the great messengers of Venice stay<sup>24</sup>:  
 Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

*Enter* RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

*Rod.* I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

*Iago.* What in the contrary?

*Rod.* Every day thou doff'st me with some device,  
*Iago*; and rather (as it seems to me now), keep'st  
 from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the  
 least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer  
 endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in  
 peace what already I have foolishly suffer'd.

*Iago.* Will you hear me, Roderigo?

<sup>23</sup> This line is not in the folio. This was the phraseology of the time. "To complaine, to *make a quarrel*, to *chide with* one for a thing. *Expostulare et queri*." Again:—"Is it best to *chide with* him or take him up for this displeasure or wrong?"—*Baret*. So Shakespeare's 111th Sonnet:—

"O for my sake do you *with fortune chide*."

<sup>24</sup> Thus the quarto. The folio reads:—

"The messengers of Venice stays *the meat*."



*Rod.* 'Faith, I have heard too much ; for your words and performances are no kin together.

*Iago.* You charge me most unjustly.

*Rod.* With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist : You have told me she has received them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance<sup>25</sup> ; but I find none.

*Iago.* Well ; go to ; very well.

*Rod.* Very well ! go to ! I cannot go to, man ; nor 'tis not very well : By this hand<sup>26</sup>, I say, it is very scurvy ; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

*Iago.* Very well.

*Rod.* I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona : If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation ; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

*Iago.* You have said now.

*Rod.* Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

*Iago.* Why, now I see there's mettle in thee ; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo : Thou hast taken against me a most just exception ; but, yet I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

*Rod.* It hath not appeared.

*Iago.* I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared ; and

<sup>25</sup> The folio reads *acquaintance*. *Aequittance* is *requital*. So in King Henry V.—

“ And shall forge the office of our hand  
Sooner than 'quittance of desert and merit.”

<sup>26</sup> *By this hand, I say* ; so the quarto. The folio has, “ *Nay, I think.*”

your suspicion is not without wit and judgement. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life<sup>27</sup>.

*Rod.* Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

*Iago.* Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

*Rod.* Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

*Iago.* O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be linger'd here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

*Rod.* How do you mean—removing of him?

*Iago.* Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

*Rod.* And that you would have me to do?

*Iago.* Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry<sup>28</sup>, and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one), you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him.

<sup>27</sup> To *devise engines* seems to mean to *contrive instruments of torture*, &c. So in *King Lear*:—

“Like an *engine*, wrench'd my frame of nature.”

<sup>28</sup> The quarto has, “*a harlot*.” The folio reads, “*a harlotry*.” Shakespeare has the expression, “*a peevish self-will'd harlotry*,” in two other plays.

It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste : about it.

*Rod.* I will hear further reason for this.

*Iago.* And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Room in the Castle.*

*Enter* OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA,  
and Attendants.

*Lod.* I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

*Oth.* O, pardon me ; 'twill do me good to walk.

*Lod.* Madam, good night ; I humbly thank your ladyship.

*Des.* Your honour is most welcome.

*Oth.* Will you walk, sir ?—

O,—Desdemona,—

*Des.* My lord ?

*Oth.* Get you to bed on the instant, I will be return'd forthwith : dismiss your attendant there ; look, it be done.

*Des.* I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt* OTH. LOD. and Attendants.

*Emil.* How goes it now ? he looks gentler than he did.

*Des.* He says he will return incontinent ;  
He hath commanded me to go to bed,  
And bade me to dismiss you.

*Emil.* Dismiss me !

*Des.* It was his bidding ; therefore, good Emilia,  
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu :  
We must not now displease him.

*Emil.* I would, you had never seen him !

*Des.* So would not I ; my love doth so approve him,  
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—

Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

*Emil.* I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

*Des.* All's one :—Good father<sup>1</sup> ! how foolish are our minds !—

If I do die before thee, 'pr'ythee, shroud me  
In one of those same sheets.

*Emil.* Come, come, you talk.

*Des.* My mother had a maid call'd Barbara ;  
She was in love ; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad<sup>2</sup>,  
And did forsake her : she had a song of—willow,  
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,  
And she died singing it : That song, to-night,  
Will not go from my mind ; I have much to do<sup>3</sup>,  
But to go hang my head all at one side,  
And sing it like poor Barbara. 'Pr'ythee, despatch.

*Emil.* Shall I go fetch your night-gown ?

*Des.* No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

*Emil.* A very handsome man.

<sup>1</sup> The quarto of 1622 reads, "good faith." The words *in them*, two lines above, are omitted in the folio.

<sup>2</sup> *Mad* must here be accepted as meaning *wild, unruly, fickle*. As a *constant mind* meant a firm or sound one, *inconstancy* would of course be considered a species of *madness*.

<sup>3</sup> From *I have much to do to Nay, that's not next* was inserted after the first edition in quarto, 1622, as was likewise the remaining part of the song. Desdemona means to say—I have much *ado to do any thing* but hang my head, &c. "This," says Dr. Johnson, "is perhaps the only insertion made in the latter editions which has improved the play: the rest seem to have been added for the sake of amplification or ornament. When the imagination had subsided, and the mind was no longer agitated by the horror of the action, it became at leisure to look round for specious additions. This addition is natural. Desdemona can at first hardly forbear to sing the song; she endeavours to change her train of thought, but her imagination at last prevails, and she sings it."—The ballad, in two parts, printed from the original in black letter in the Pepys collection, is to be found in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. i. p. 192.

*Des.* He speaks well.

*Emil.* I know a lady in Venice, would have walk'd barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

## I.

*Des.* The poor soul sat sighing<sup>4</sup> by a sycamore tree,  
Sing all a green willow ; [Singing.

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow :

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her  
moans ;

Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones ;

Lay by these :

Sing willow, willow, willow ;

'Pr'ythee, hie thee ; he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

## II.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark ! who is it that knocks ?

*Emil.* It's the wind.

*Des.* I call'd my love, false love ; but what said he then ?

Sing willow, &c.

If I court mo women, you'll couch with mo men<sup>5</sup>.

So, get thee gone ; good night. Mine eyes do itch ;

Doth that bode weeping ?

*Emil.*

'Tis neither here nor there.

<sup>4</sup> The folio, by an error of the press, has *singing*. The quarto and the ballad in Percy have *sighing*, which is evidently the right word.

<sup>5</sup> This couplet is not in the original ballad, which is the complaint not of a woman forsaken, but of a man rejected. These lines were properly added when it was accommodated to a woman.

*Des.* I have heard it said so<sup>6</sup>.—O, these men, these men!—

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—  
That there be women do abuse their husbands  
In such gross kind?

*Emil.* There be some such, no question.

*Des.* Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

*Emil.* Why, would not you?

*Des.* No, by this heavenly light!

*Emil.* Nor I neither by this heavenly light;  
I might do't as well i' the dark.

*Des.* Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

*Emil.* The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great price  
For a small vice.

*Des.* Good troth, I think thou would'st not.

*Emil.* By my troth, I think I should; and undo't,  
when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a  
thing for a joint-ring<sup>7</sup>; nor for measures of lawn;  
nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty ex-  
hibition: but, for the whole world,—Why, who would  
not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a mo-  
narch? I should venture purgatory for't.

*Des.* Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for  
the whole world.

*Emil.* Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world;  
and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong

<sup>6</sup> This as well as the following speech is omitted in the first quarto.

<sup>7</sup> A *joint-ring* was anciently a common token among lovers. See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, ed. 1632, 544. Their nature will be best understood by a passage in Dryden's *Don Sebastian*:—

“ A curious artist wrought them,  
With *joints* so close as not to be perceiv'd;  
Yet are they both each other's counterpart:  
And, in the midst,  
A heart divided in two halves was placed.”

in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

*Des.* I do not think there is any such woman.

*Emil.* Yes, a dozen ; and as many  
To the vantage, as would store the world they play'd for.  
But, I do think<sup>8</sup>, it is their husbands' faults  
If wives do fall : Say, that they slack their duties,  
And pour our treasures into foreign laps ;  
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,  
Throwing restraint upon us ; or, say, they strike us,  
Or scant our former having<sup>9</sup> in despite :  
Why, we have galls ; and, though we have some grace,  
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,  
Their wives have sense<sup>10</sup> like them : they see, and  
smell,

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,  
As husbands have. What is it that they do,  
When they change us for others ? Is it sport ?  
I think it is ; And doth affection breed it ?  
I think, it doth. Is't frailty, that thus errs ?  
It is so too : And have not we affections ?  
Desires for sport ? and frailty, as men have ?  
Then, let them use us well : else, let them know,  
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

*Des.* Good night, good night ; Heaven me such  
uses<sup>12</sup> send,

Not to pick bad from bad ; but, by bad, mend !

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>8</sup> *But, I do think.* These words, and all the rest of the speech, are not in the first quarto.

<sup>9</sup> i. e. *our former allowance of expense.*

<sup>10</sup> *Sense* is here used, as in *Hamlet*, for *sensation*, or *sensual appetites*. See vol. ix. p. 255.

<sup>12</sup> "Such *uses*" is the reading of the folio ; but the first quarto has, "such *usage*," which Dr. Johnson prefers, I think, without reason.

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Street.**Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.**Iago.*

**H**ERE, stand behind this balk<sup>1</sup>; straight will he come;  
 Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home:  
 Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:  
 It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,  
 And fix most firm thy resolution.

*Rod.* Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

*Iago.* Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand<sup>2</sup>. [*Retires to a little distance.*]

*Rod.* I have no great devotion to the deed;  
 And yet he has given me satisfying reasons:—  
 'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.  
 [*Goes to his stand.*]

*Iago.* I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense<sup>3</sup>,

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,  
 Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,

<sup>1</sup> Both the folios misprint this word *Barke*. I feel assured that *Bulke* was intended, and not *Bulk*. Palsgrave renders that word by *pouste*, and Huloet defines it "the chief beame or *pillar* of a house."

<sup>2</sup> The quarto, 1622, has *sword*.

<sup>3</sup> A *quat*, in the midland counties, is still used for a *pimple*, which by rubbing is made to smart, or *rubbed to sense*, and it may be found in Langham's "Garden of Health," p. 153. *Roderigo* is called a *quat* by the same mode of speech as a low fellow is now termed in low language a *scab*. *To rub to the sense* is *to rub to the quick*. So in *The Devil's Law Case*, 1623:—"O *yong quat*! incontinence is plagued in all the creatures of the world." The word is also used in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*.



Every way makes my gain<sup>4</sup>: Live Roderigo,  
 He calls me to a restitution large  
 Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd<sup>5</sup> from him,  
 As gifts to Desdemona;  
 It must not be: if Cassio do remain,  
 He hath a daily beauty in his life,  
 That makes me ugly; and besides, the Moor  
 May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:  
 No, he must die:—Be't so, I hear him coming<sup>6</sup>.

*Enter CASSIO.*

*Rod.* I know his gait, 'tis he;—Villain, thou diest.  
*[Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at CASSIO.*

*Cas.* That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,  
 But that my coat is better than thou think'st<sup>7</sup>;  
 I will make proof of thine.

*[Draws, and wounds RODERIGO.*

*Rod.* O, I am slain!

*[IAGO rushes from his post, cuts CASSIO behind in the Leg<sup>8</sup>, and exit.*

*Cas.* I am maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder!  
 murder! *[Falls.*

*Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.*

*Oth.* The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

*Rod.* O, villain that I am!

<sup>4</sup> The quartos read, "my game."

<sup>5</sup> "That I fool'd him out of." To *bob* is to cheat or deceive with a false tale. So in Turberville's Songs and Sonnets:—

"When wedding day was doon,  
 To play her pranks, and *bob* the foole,  
 The shrowish wife begoon."

<sup>6</sup> The folio reads, "But so, I heard him coming."

<sup>7</sup> The folio reads, "than thou know'st."

<sup>8</sup> Iago maims Cassio in the *leg*, in consequence of what he had just heard him say; from which he supposed that his body was defended by some secret armour.

*Oth.*

Hark ! 'tis even so.

*Cas.* O, help ! ho ! light ! a surgeon !

*Oth.* 'Tis he ;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,  
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong !  
Thou teachest me.—Minion, your dear lies dead,  
And your fate hies<sup>9</sup> apace ;—Strumpet, I come :  
Forth<sup>10</sup> of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted ;  
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.  
[*Exit* OTHELLO.]

*Enter* LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.

*Cas.* What, ho ! no watch ? no passage<sup>11</sup> ? murder !  
murder !

*Gra.* 'Tis some mischance ; the cry is very direful.

*Cas.* O, help !

*Lod.* Hark !

*Rod.* O wretched villain !

*Lod.* Two or three groan :—it is a heavy night<sup>12</sup> :  
These may be counterfeits ; let's think't unsafe  
To come into the cry, without more help.

*Rod.* Nobody come ? then shall I bleed to death.

*Enter* IAGO, with a Light.

*Lod.* Hark !

<sup>9</sup> Thus the first quarto. The second quarto and the folio read,  
" And your *unblest fate hies*."

<sup>10</sup> The folio reads, *for of* ; the quarto reads, *forth of*, i. e. *out of*.  
So in King Richard III.—

" I clothe my naked villainy

With odd ends, stol'n *forth of* holy writ.

And in Hamlet :—

" *Forth* at your eyes your spirits wildly peep."

Again in Jonson's Volpone :—

" *Forth* the resolved corners of his eyes."

<sup>11</sup> i. e. *no passengers ? nobody going by ?* So in the Comedy of Errors :— " Now in the stirring *passage* of the day."

A *passenger* anciently signified a *passage-boat* or *vessel*, and could not therefore be used in its modern sense without an equivocal.

<sup>12</sup> i. e. *a thick cloudy night*. The folio has, " 'Tis heavy night," and just above, *voice for cry*.

*Gra.* Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

*Iago.* Who's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder<sup>13</sup>?

*Lod.* We do not know.

*Iago.* Did not you hear a cry?

*Cas.* Here, here; for heaven's sake, help me.

*Iago.* What's the matter?

*Gra.* This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

*Lod.* The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

*Iago.* What are you here that cry so grievously?

*Cas.* Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!

Give me some help.

*Iago.* O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

*Cas.* I think, that one of them is hereabout,

And cannot make away.

*Iago.* O treacherous villains!—

What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.]

*Rod.* O, help me here!

*Cas.* That's one of them.

*Iago.* O murderous slave! O villain!

[IAGO stabs RODERIGO.]

*Rod.* O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog<sup>a</sup>!—

*Iago.* Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good, or evil?

*Lod.* As you shall prove us, praise us.

*Iago.* Signior Lodovico?

*Lod.* He, sir.

*Iago.* I cry you mercy: Here's Cassio hurt

By villains.

<sup>13</sup> This phrase, to cry on, for cry out on, has already occurred in Hamlet, Act v. Sc. 2. See p. 326, note 55.

<sup>a</sup> The quartos add, O! O! O!

*Gra.* Cassio ?

*Iago.* How is it, brother ?

*Cas.* My leg is cut in two.

*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid !—

Light, gentlemen ; I'll bind it with my shirt.

*Enter BIANCA.*

*Bian.* What is the matter, ho ? who is't that cry'd ?

*Iago.* Who is't that cry'd ?

*Bian.* O my dear Cassio ! my sweet Cassio !

O Cassio ! Cassio ! Cassio !

*Iago.* O notable strumpet !—Cassio, may you suspect

Who they should be, that have thus mangled you ?

*Cas.* No.

*Gra.* I am sorry, to find you thus : I have been to seek you.

*Iago.* Lend me a garter<sup>14</sup> : So.—O, for a chair,  
To bear him easily hence !

*Bian.* Alas, he faints :—O Cassio ! Cassio ! Cassio !

*Iago.* Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash  
To be a party in this injury<sup>15</sup>.

Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come ;  
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no ?

Alas ! my friend, and my dear countryman<sup>16</sup>,  
Roderigo ? no :—Yes, sure ; O heaven ! Roderigo.

*Gra.* What, of Venice ?

*Iago.* Even he, sir ; did you know him ?

*Gra.* Know him, ay.

*Iago.* Signior Gratiano ? I cry you gentle pardon ;  
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,  
That so neglected you.

<sup>14</sup> This speech is not in the first quarto.

<sup>15</sup> Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads, *To bear a part in this.*

<sup>16</sup> This passage incontestably proves that Iago was meant for  
a *Venetian*.

*Gra.* I am glad to see you.

*Iago.* How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

*Gra.* Roderigo?

*Iago.* He, he, 'tis he:—O, that's well said<sup>a</sup>;—the chair:—  
[*A Chair brought in.*]

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;  
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,

[*To BIANCA.*]

Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, Cassio,  
Was my dear friend: What malice was between you?

*Cas.* None in the world; nor do I know the man.

*Iago.* [*To BIAN.*] What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o' the air.—

[*CASSIO and ROD. are borne off.*]

Stay you, good gentlemen<sup>17</sup>:—Look you pale, mistress?

Do you perceive the ghastness of her eye<sup>18</sup>?—

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon:—

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,  
Though tongues were out of use<sup>19</sup>.

*Enter EMILIA.*

*Emil.* 'Las, what's the matter; what's the matter,  
husband?

*Iago.* Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,  
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd;

<sup>a</sup> It has been already observed that *well said* was colloquially used for *well done*.

<sup>17</sup> Thus the folio. The quarto reads, "Stay you, good gentlewoman." It seems probable that Iago addresses Lodovico and Gratiano, who are going away to assist Cassio, and to see him properly taken care of. The subsequent appeal and address of Iago to them appears to confirm this supposition. Malone follows the quarto, and defends the reading of it.

<sup>18</sup> The quarto, instead of *ghastness*, reads *jestures*, and in the next line, "Nay, an you *stirre*."

<sup>19</sup> So in Hamlet:—

"For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak,  
With most miraculous organ."

He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead<sup>20</sup>.

*Emil.* Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

*Iago.* This is the fruit of whoring.—'Pr'ythee,  
Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night<sup>21</sup>:—  
What, do you shake at that?

*Bian.* He supp'd at my house; but I therefore  
shake not.

*Iago.* O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

*Emil.* Fye, fye upon thee, strumpet!

*Bian.* I am no strumpet; but of life as honest,  
As you that thus abuse me.

*Emil.* As I? foh! fye upon thee!

*Iago.* Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio  
dress'd:—

Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what has happ'd.—

Will you go on, I pray;— [*Aside.*] This is the night,  
That either makes me, or fordoes<sup>22</sup> me quite.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>20</sup> The folio reads, "quite dead."

<sup>21</sup> In the second scene of the preceding act Iago informs Roderigo that Cassio was to sup with Bianca; that he would go to him there, and bring him away between twelve and one. Indeed Cassio had himself told Iago that he would sup with Bianca, and Iago had promised to meet him at her house. We must suppose, therefore, that this consummate villain thought it more secure to waylay him, as we find he does, without actually joining him at supper-time. Otherwise Bianca would surely have answered:—

"Why, you well know

He supp'd, &c.

Steevens suggests that as the former line is imperfect, some such words may have been accidentally omitted. His other supposition, "perhaps the poet was unwilling that Bianca should say, in the presence of Iago's wife, that he too had been of the supper party," is much less probable.

<sup>22</sup> To *fordo* is to *undo*, to *ruin*, to *destroy*. So in Hamlet:—

"Did with desperate hand

*Fordo* its own life."

In the preceding line the folio has, "Will you go on *afore*."

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber: DESDEMONA in Bed asleep. A Light burning.**Enter OTHELLO.*

*Oth.* It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,  
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars<sup>1</sup>!—  
 It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;  
 Nor scar that whiter skin of her's than snow,  
 And smooth as monumental alabaster.

*[Takes off his Sword.]*

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.  
 Put out the light, and then—Put out the light<sup>2</sup>!  
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
 I can again thy former light restore,

<sup>1</sup> Othello, full of horror at the cruel action which he is about to perpetrate, seems at this instant to be seeking his justification, from representing to himself *the cause*, i. e. the greatness of the provocation he had received.

<sup>2</sup> The old copy gives this line thus:—

“Put out the light, and then put out the light.”

The present regulation of the passage, by which so much beauty and spirit is added to it, was proposed by Upton, but it is to be found in Ayres's *Life of Pope*; it may therefore have originated with Warburton, who thus explains it:—“The meaning is, I will put out the light, and *then* proceed to the execution of my purpose. But the expression of *putting out the light*, bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks short, and questions himself about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition of his first words, as much as to say,—But hold, let me first weigh the reflection which this expression naturally excites.” Mr. Boswell would have adopted this reading if he could have used his own discretion. “I have felt bound,” says he, “to print the text according to Mr. Malone's opinion; but if Warburton's explanation be an error, it is *demptus per vim*, I for one am very sorry to part with it.” Broken sentences are surely natural in the perturbed state of Othello's mind. I am unwilling to persuade myself that a regulation of the text which contains so much beauty could be merely the refinement of a critic, and that our great author, in one of his most highly-wrought scenes, instead of it, intended nothing but a cold conceit.

Should I repent me :—But once put out thine<sup>3</sup>,  
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,  
 I know not where is that Promethean heat,  
 That can thy light relume<sup>4</sup>. When I have pluck'd  
                   thy rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,  
 It needs must wither :—I'll smell it on the tree.—

[*Kissing her.*]

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade  
 Justice to break her sword !—One more, one more.—  
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,  
 And love thee after :—One more, and this the last :  
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,  
 But they are cruel tears ; This sorrow's heavenly ;  
 It strikes, where it doth love<sup>5</sup>.—She wakes—

*Des.* Who's there ? Othello ?

*Oth.* Ay, Desdemona.

*Des.* Will you come to bed, my lord ?

*Oth.* Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona ?

*Des.* Ay, my lord.

*Oth.* If you bethink yourself of any crime,  
 Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,  
 Solicit for it straight.

*Des.* Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that ?

*Oth.* Well, do it, and be brief ; I will walk by :  
 I would not kill thy unprepared spirit ;  
 No,—Heaven forefend !—I would not kill thy soul<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads, "put out *thy light*." The present reading is to be preferred for the sake of the rhythm, and as it avoids the useless repetition of the word *light*.

<sup>4</sup> Thus the folio. The first quarto reads, *returue* : the second quarto, *relumine*.

<sup>5</sup> This image seems to be derived from Scripture :—"Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth."

<sup>6</sup> "Davenant has borrowed this thought in his *Law of Lombardy* :—

'I am not fraught with the devil's spleen ; I would not  
                   hurt *thy soul*.'

Othello seems to have been a favourite of his author ; for he has



*Des.* Talk you of killing ?

*Oth.* Ay, I do.

*Des.* Then, heaven

Have mercy on me !

*Oth.* Amen, with all my heart !

*Des.* If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

*Oth.* Humph !

*Des.* And yet I fear you : for you are fatal then,  
When your eyes roll so : Why I should fear, I know  
not,

Since guiltiness I know not ; but yet I feel, I fear.

*Oth.* Think on thy sins.

*Des.* They are loves I bear to you.

*Oth.* Ay, and for that thou diest.

*Des.* That death's unnatural, that kills for loving ?—

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip ?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame :

These are portents ; but yet, I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

*Oth.* Peace, and be still !

*Des.* I will so : What's the matter ?

*Oth.* That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave  
thee,

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

*Des.* No, by my life and soul ;

Send for the man, and ask him.

*Oth.* Sweet soul, take heed,

Take heed of perjury ; thou'rt on thy death-bed.

*Des.* Ay, but not yet to die.

bestowed on him that piety he has refused to Hamlet. See Act iii.  
Sc. 3, ad finem."—*Steevens*.

<sup>7</sup> This thought is likewise found in The Legend of Orpheus  
and Euridice, by H. L. 1597 :—

"Unnatural that kill where you should kiss."

And in King Richard III.—

"It is a quarrel most unnatural

To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee."

*Oth.* Yes, presently :  
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin ;  
For to deny each article with oath,  
Cannot remove, nor choke the strong conception,  
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

*Des.* Then, Lord have mercy on me !

*Oth.* I say, amen.

*Des.* And have you mercy too ! I never did  
Offend you in my life ; never lov'd Cassio,  
But with such general warranty of heaven  
As I might love : I never gave him token.

*Oth.* By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand  
O perjur'd woman ! thou dost stone my heart,  
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,  
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice<sup>8</sup> :  
I saw the handkerchief.

*Des.* He found it then ;  
I never gave it him :—Send for him hither,  
And let him confess a truth.

*Oth.* He hath confess'd.

*Des.* What, my lord ?

*Oth.* That he hath—us'd thee<sup>9</sup>.

*Des.* How ? unlawfully ?

*Oth.* Ay.

*Des.* He will not say so.

*Oth.* No, his mouth is stopp'd ;  
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

*Des.* My fear interprets then<sup>10</sup>,—What, is he dead ?

<sup>8</sup> The obvious sense of this passage is—“What I intend to do, which I thought a *sacrifice* on my part, you make me call a *murder*, by driving all tenderness from my heart. You cause me to mingle hatred with an action which I did not intend to do in hate, but all in honour.” Johnson exclaims—“I am glad that I have ended this dreadful scene. It is not to be endured.”

<sup>9</sup> The quarto, 1622, reads:—

“That he hath—*uds death*.”

<sup>10</sup> The folio reads, “O. my fear interprets.”

*Oth.* Had all his hairs been lives<sup>11</sup>, my great revenge

Had stomach for them all.

*Des.* Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

*Oth.* Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?

*Des.* O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

*Oth.* Down, strumpet!

*Des.* Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

*Oth.* Nay, if you strive,——

*Des.* But half an hour.

*Oth.* Being done,

There is no pause<sup>12</sup>.

*Des.* But while I say one prayer.

*Oth.* It is too late<sup>13</sup>. [*He smothers her.*]

*Emil.* [*Within.*] My lord, my lord! what ho! my lord! my lord!

*Oth.* What noise is this?—Not dead! not yet quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—

So, so<sup>14</sup>.

<sup>11</sup> This thought appears to have been common:—

“Know, Cæsar, had I now as many lives  
As there are stones, or hairs upon my head,  
I would,” &c. *The Devil's Charter*, 1607.

Again in Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and No King*, produced in 1611:—

“But if all

*My hairs were lives*, I would be engaged  
In such a cause.”

<sup>12</sup> The first quarto omits this speech.

<sup>13</sup> After this speech of Othello, the elder quarto adds an invocation from Desdemona, consisting only of “God! God! God!” The statute of the 3rd of James I. c. 21, against the profane use of the name of God, &c. was probably the cause of the omission.

<sup>14</sup> It is supposed that some theatrical direction has been omitted, and that, when Othello says, “So, so,” he then stabs her, to put an end to her sufferings.

*Emil.* [*Within.*] What ho! my lord, my lord!

*Oth.* Who's there?

*Emil.* [*Within.*] O, good my lord, I would speak  
a word with you.

*Oth.* Yes;—'tis Emilia:—by and by.—She's dead.  
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death:

The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?

I think, she stirs again:—No.—What's best to do?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:

My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife<sup>15</sup>:

O insupportable! O heavy hour<sup>16</sup>!

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration.

*Emil.* [*Within.*] I do beseech you,  
That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!

*Oth.* I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—  
Soft,—by and by:—Let me the curtains draw.—  
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

[*Unlocks the door.*]

*Enter EMILIA.*

*Emil.* O, my good lord, yonder's foul murders done.

*Oth.* What? now?

*Emil.* But now, my lord!

*Oth.* It is the very error of the moon;  
She comes more near<sup>17</sup> the earth than she was wont;  
And makes men mad.

<sup>15</sup> "Filium unicum adolescentulum

Habeo: ah! quid dixi habere me? imo habui, Chreme."

*Terent. Heauton.*

<sup>16</sup> Steevens seems to think the use of the epithet *heavy* hour here unusual. Surely there is nothing more common. *Heavy*, *sad*, and *grievous* are synonymous with all our old writers.

<sup>17</sup> The folio reads, "more nearer."

*Emil.* Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,  
Call'd Roderigo.

*Oth.* Roderigo kill'd ?  
And Cassio kill'd ?

*Emil.* No, Cassio is not kill'd.

*Oth.* Not Cassio kill'd ? Then murder's out of tune,  
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

*Des.* O, falsely, falsely murder'd !

*Emil.* Alas ! what cry is that ?

*Oth.* That ! what ?

*Emil.* Out, and alas ! that was my lady's voice :—  
Help ! help, ho ! help !—O lady, speak again !  
Sweet Desdemona ! O, sweet mistress, speak !

*Des.* A guiltless death I die.

*Emil.* O, who hath done  
This deed ?

*Des.* Nobody ; I myself ; farewell :  
Commend me to my kind lord ; O, farewell. [*Dies.*

*Oth.* Why, how should she be murder'd ?

*Emil.* Alas, who knows ?

*Oth.* You heard her say herself, it was not I.

*Emil.* She said so ; I must needs report the truth.

*Oth.* She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell ;  
'Twas I that kill'd her.

*Emil.* O, the more angel she,  
And you the blacker devil !

*Oth.* She turn'd to folly<sup>18</sup>, and she was a whore.

*Emil.* Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

*Oth.* She was false as water<sup>19</sup>.

*Emil.* Thou art rash as fire, to say

<sup>18</sup> *Folly* signifies here, as in the sacred writings, *wantonness*, *unchastity*. See Deuteronomy, xxii. 21. So in the Rape of Lucrece :—

“ Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture *folly*.”

<sup>19</sup> i. e. as *unstable*, as *deceitful*. In Genesis, xlix. Jacob applies a similar term to Reuben :—“ Thou wast light as *water*.”

That she was false ; O, she was heavenly true !

*Oth.* Cassio did top her ; ask thy husband else.  
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,  
But that I did proceed upon just grounds  
To this extremity ; Thy husband knew it all.

*Emil.* My husband ?

*Oth.* Thy husband.

*Emil.* That she was false to wedlock ?

*Oth.* Ay, with Cassio.

Nay, had she been true,  
If heaven would make me such another world  
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite<sup>20</sup>,  
I'd not have sold her for it.

*Emil.* My husband ?

*Oth.* Ay, 'twas he that told me first<sup>21</sup> ;  
An honest man he is, and hates the slime  
That sticks on filthy deeds.

*Emil.* My husband ?

*Oth.* What needs this iteration<sup>22</sup>, woman ? I say,  
thy husband.

*Emil.* O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with  
love<sup>23</sup> !—

My husband say, that she was false ?

*Oth.* He, woman.

I say, thy husband : Dost understand the word ?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

<sup>20</sup> According to Simon Maioli, in his *Dierum Canicularium*, Thetel the Jew, who wrote a book *de Sculpturiis*, attributes peculiar virtues to the *chrysolite*, and mentions one naturally in the form of a woman, which was potent against fascination of all kinds. Pliny, H. N. 378, speaks of a statue of Arsinoe, wife of Ptolemy Philadelphus, five cubits high, made of one *topaz*, but from the colour most probably *chrysolite*.

<sup>21</sup> The folio reads, that told me *on her* first.

<sup>22</sup> The folio reads, *iteration*. The two next speeches are omitted in the quarto, 1622.

<sup>23</sup> *i. e.* "villainy hath taken advantage to *play upon* the weakness of a violent passion."

*Emil.* If he say so, may his pernicious soul  
Rot half a grain a day ! he lies to the heart ;  
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

*Oth.* Ha !

*Emil.* Do thy worst :  
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,  
Than thou wast worthy her.

*Oth.* Peace, you were best.

*Emil.* Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,  
As I have to be hurt<sup>24</sup>. O gull ! O dolt !  
As ignorant as dirt ! thou hast done a deed,—  
I care not for thy sword ; I'll make thee known,  
Though I lost twenty lives :—Help ! help, ho ! help !  
The Moor has kill'd my mistress : Murder ! murder !

*Enter* MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

*Mon.* What is the matter ?—How now, general ?

*Emil.* O, are you come, Iago ? you have done well,  
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

*Gra.* What is the matter ?

*Emil.* Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man :  
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false :  
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain ;  
Speak, for my heart is full.

*Iago.* I told him what I thought ; and told no more  
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

*Emil.* But did you ever tell him, she was false ?

*Iago.* I did.

*Emil.* You told a lie ; an odious damned lie ;  
Upon my soul, a lie ; a wicked lie :—  
She false with Cassio !—Did you say with Cassio ?

<sup>24</sup> i. e. power to endure being hurt.

“ More can I bear than you dare execute.”

This line, from the Second Part of King Henry VI. is one of those attributable to Shakespeare, and explains Emilia's sentiment. There is a similar idea in King Henry VIII. Act iii. Sc. 2, p. 93.

*Iago.* With Cassio, mistress ; Go to, charm your tongue<sup>25</sup>.

*Emil.* I will not charm my tongue ; I am bound to speak ;

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed<sup>26</sup>.

*Ail.* O heavens forefend !

*Emil.* And your reports have set the murder on.

*Oth.* Nay, stare not, masters ; it is true, indeed.

*Gra.* 'Tis a strange truth.

*Mon.* O monstrous act !

*Emil.* Villainy, villainy, villainy !—

I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't ;—O villainy !

I thought so then<sup>27</sup> ;—I'll kill myself for grief.—

O villainy, villainy !

*Iago.* What, are you mad ? I charge you, get you home.

*Emil.* Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak ;

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now :—

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

*Oth.* O ! O ! O ! [*Hanging over his Wife.*]

*Emil.* Nay, lay thee down, and roar ;

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,

That e'er did lift up eye.

*Oth.* O, she was foul !— [*Rising.*]

<sup>25</sup> See vol. vi. p. 206, note 12. To *charm* is to *conjure*, to *enchant*, to *lay* or *still* as with a *charm*. So in King Henry V.—

“ *Charming* the narrow seas

To give you gentle pass.”

Pliny informs us that *favete linguis* was the constant exclamation before any *charm* was applied. From this circumstance the phrase to *charm* a tongue may have originated. So in *The Tempest* :—

“ *Hush, be mute,*

Or else our spell is marr'd.”

<sup>26</sup> This line, and the six following speeches, are wanting in the first quarto.

<sup>27</sup> That is, at the instant when she gave Desdemona's handkerchief to Iago : for even *then* Emilia appears to have suspected it was sought after for no honest purpose, and therefore asks her husband—“ What will you do with it ? ” &c. See Act iii. Sc. 2.



I scarce did know you, uncle : There lies your niece,  
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly  
stopp'd :

I know, this act shows horrible and grim.

*Gra.* Poor Desdemona ! I am glad thy father's dead ;  
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief  
Shore his old thread in twain : did he live now,  
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,  
Yea, curse his better angel from his side<sup>28</sup>,  
And fall to reprobation<sup>29</sup>.

*Oth.* 'Tis pitiful : but yet Iago knows,  
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame  
A thousand times committed<sup>30</sup> ; Cassio confess'd it :  
And she did gratify his amorous works  
With that recognizance and pledge of love  
Which I first gave her ; I saw it in his hand ;  
It was a handkerchief, an antique token

<sup>28</sup> So in Shakespeare's 144th Sonnet :—

“ My female evil

Tempteth my better angel from my side.”

<sup>29</sup> The first and the second folio both read, *reprobance*.

<sup>30</sup> Dr. Johnson thinks that this and other passages in the play seem to suppose a longer space comprised in the action of this play than the scene includes. Mr. Tollet has adduced several instances in support of this opinion, as that in Act iii Sc. 3 :—

“ I slept the next night well, was free and merry,

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.”

“ On Othello's wedding night, he and Cassio embarked from Venice, where Desdemona was left under the care of Iago. They all met at Cyprus ; and since their arrival there, the scenes include only one night, the night of the celebration of their nuptials. —What night was there to intervene between Cassio's kisses and Othello's sleeping the next night well ? Iago has said, ‘ I lay with Cassio lately,’ which he could not well have done, unless they had been longer at Cyprus than is represented in the play ; nor could Cassio have kept away for the space of a whole week from Bianca.” Steevens obviates one objection, by supposing that what Othello mentions might have passed before he was married to Desdemona, when Cassio went between them, and that a *thousand* times is only an aggravated term for many times. The difficulties started by Mr. Tollet he is unable to explain.

My father gave my mother<sup>31</sup>.

*Emil.* O heaven! O heavenly powers!

*Iago.* Come, hold your peace.

*Emil.* 'Twill out, 'twill out;—I hold my peace, sir?  
no<sup>32</sup>;

I'll be in speaking liberal<sup>33</sup> as the air;

Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,

All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

*Iago.* Be wise, and get you home.

*Emil.*

I will not.

[*IAGO offers to stab his Wife.*

Fye!

*Gra.*

Your sword upon a woman?

*Emil.* O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou  
speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;

For often, with a solemn earnestness

(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle),

He begg'd of me to steal't.

*Iago.*

Villainous whore!

*Emil.* She give it Cassio! no, alas; I found it,  
And I did give't my husband.

*Iago.*

Filth, thou liest.

*Emil.* By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:

<sup>31</sup> Othello tells his wife, Act iii. Sc. 4:—

“That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give.”

“This passage, therefore, has been censured as an oversight in the poet; but perhaps it exhibits only a fresh proof of his art. The first account of the handkerchief, as given by Othello, was purposely ostentatious, in order to alarm his wife the more. When he mentions it a second time, the truth was sufficient for his purpose.”—*Stevens.*

<sup>32</sup> The folio has merely, “'Twill cut, 'twill out; I peace.”

<sup>33</sup> This is the reading of the quarto, 1622. The folio reads:—

“No; I will speak as liberal as the north.”

*Liberal* here means *free*. So in Jeronimo, *i.e.* the first part of The Spanish Tragedy, 1605:—

“Now let your bloods be *liberal* as the sea.”

O murd'rous coxcomb ! what should such a fool  
Do with so good a wife ?

[*IAGO stabs EMILIA, then runs out.*

*Oth.* Are there no stones in heaven,  
But what serve for the thunder<sup>34</sup> ?—Precious villain !

*Gra.* The woman falls ; sure, he has kill'd his wife.

*Emil.* Ay, ay ; O, lay me by my mistress' side !

*Gra.* He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

*Mon.* 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,  
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor :

Come, guard the door without : let him not pass,  
But kill him rather ; I'll after that same villain,  
For 'tis a damned slave.

[*Exeunt MONTANO and GRATIANO.*

*Oth.* I am not valiant neither,  
But every puny whipster gets my sword :—  
But why should honour outlive honesty ?  
Let it go all.

*Emil.* What did thy song bode, lady ?  
Hark, canst thou hear me ? I will play the swan,  
And die in musick<sup>35</sup> ;—*Willow, willow, willow.*—  
Moor, she was chaste ; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor ;  
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true ;  
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*

*Oth.* I have another weapon in this chamber,  
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper<sup>36</sup> ;  
O, here it is :—Uncle, I must come forth.

<sup>34</sup> The meaning appears to be :—"Has not heaven one super-numerary bolt, to hurl directly at the head of this atrocious villain ?"

<sup>35</sup> So in *The Merchant of Venice* :—

"He makes a swanlike end,

Fading in musick."

<sup>36</sup> The particular name of the ice-brook may be determined from several passages in *Martial*. (See lib. i. ep. 50, lib. iv. ep. 55.) It was undoubtedly the brook or rivulet called *Salo* (now *Xalon*) near *Bilbilis* in *Celtiberia*. In this the Spaniards

*Gra.* [ *Within.* ] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear ;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

*Oth.* Look in upon me then, and speak with me,  
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

*Re-enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* What is the matter ?

*Oth.* Behold ! I have a weapon ;

A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh : I have seen the day,

That, with this little arm, and this good sword,

I have made my way through more impediments

Than twenty times your stop<sup>37</sup> : But, O vain boast !

Who can control his fate ? 'tis not so now.

Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd ;

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,

And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd ? 'tis a lost fear ;

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,

And he retires ;—Where should Othello go ?—

Now, how dost thou look now ? O, ill-starr'd wench<sup>38</sup> !

Pale as thy smock ! when we shall meet at compt,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it.—Cold, cold, my girl ?

plunged all their swords and other weapons while hot from the forge ; and to the *icy* quality of the waters they were supposed to be indebted for their stubborn temper. See also Justin, i. 44. It should be remembered that Spain was famous for producing the best sword blades.

<sup>37</sup> Thus in Coriolanus, Sc. 1 :—

“ Cracking ten thousand curbs

Of more strong link asunder, than can ever

Appear in your impediment.”

<sup>38</sup> This and the six preceding lines are omitted in the first quarto. *Wench* originally signified only a *girl* or *young woman*. It is so used in our old version of the Scriptures, and by many of our early writers.

Even like thy chastity.—

O cursed, cursed slave !—Whip me, ye devils,  
From the possession of this heavenly sight !  
Blow me about in winds ! roast me in sulphur !  
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire !—  
O Desdemona ! Desdemona ! dead ?  
Dead ? O ! O ! O !

*Enter* LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO *carried in a*  
*Chair, and Officers, with* IAGO, *prisoner.*

*Lod.* Where is this rash and most unfortunate man ?

*Oth.* That's he, that was Othello ; here I am.

*Lod.* Where is that viper ? bring the villain forth.

*Oth.* I look down towards his feet<sup>39</sup>—but that's a  
fable ;

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[OTHELLO wounds IAGO.]

*Lod.* Wrench his sword from him.

*Iago.* I bleed, sir ; but not kill'd.

*Oth.* I am not sorry neither ; I'd have thee live ;  
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die<sup>40</sup>.

*Lod.* O thou Othello, that was once so good,  
Fall'n in the practice<sup>41</sup> of a cursed slave,  
What shall be said to thee ?

*Oth.* Why, any thing :  
An honourable murderer, if you will ;  
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

*Lod.* This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy :  
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

*Oth.* Ay.

<sup>39</sup> *i. e.* " To see if, according to the common opinion, his feet  
be cloven."

<sup>40</sup> The same thought occurs in Antony and Cleopatra :—

" 'Tis well thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live."

<sup>41</sup> *i. e.* in the snare, by the stratagem.

*Cas.* Dear general, I never gave you cause.

*Oth.* I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.

Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,  
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

*Iago.* Demand me nothing: What you know, you  
know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

*Lod.* What? not to pray?

*Gra.* Torments will ope your lips.

*Oth.* Well, thou dost best.

*Lod.* Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,  
Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,  
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;  
And here, another: the one of them imports  
The death of Cassio to be undertook  
By Roderigo.

*Oth.* O villain!

*Cas.* Most heathenish, and most gross!

*Lod.* Now here's another discontented paper,  
Found in his pocket too: and this, it seems,  
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;  
But that, belike, Iago, in the interim<sup>42</sup>,  
Came in and satisfied him.

*Oth.* O the pernicious caitiff!—  
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief  
That was my wife's?

*Cas.* I found it in my chamber:  
And he himself confess'd<sup>a</sup>, but even now,  
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,  
Which wrought to his desire.

*Oth.* O fool! fool! fool!

*Cas.* There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,  
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him

<sup>42</sup> The first quarto reads, "in the nick."

<sup>a</sup> The folio, and quarto 1630, have "confess'd it but even now." The first quarto, "confess'd it *even* now."

Brave me upon the watch ; whereon it came  
That I was cast ; And even but now he spake,  
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,  
Iago set him on.

*Lod.* You must forsake this room, and go with us ;  
Your power and your command is taken off,  
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—  
If there be any cunning cruelty,  
That can torment him much, and hold him long,  
It shall be his : You shall close prisoner rest,  
Till that the nature of your fault be known  
To the Venetian state :—Come, bring him away.

*Oth.* Soft you ; a word or two, before you go.  
I have done the state some service, and they know't ;  
No more of that ;—I pray you, in your letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
Speak of me as I am<sup>43</sup> ; nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice : then must you speak  
Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well ;  
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,  
Perplex'd in the extreme : of one, whose hand,  
Like the base Indian<sup>44</sup>, threw a pearl away,

<sup>43</sup> Thus the folio. The quarto reads, " Speak of *them* as *they* are."

<sup>44</sup> The quarto 1622, and that of 1630, read, *Indian*. The folio has *Judean*. Warburton, Theobald, and Dr. Farmer think that the allusion is to Herod, who in a fit of blind jealousy threw away such a *jewel* in his wife Mariamne. Steevens admits the reading *Judean*, but thinks the allusion is not to the story of Herod, on account of the epithet *base* ; and because " the simile appears almost too apposite to be used on the occasion, and would be little more than bringing the fact into comparison with itself." Malone once objected to *Judean* on account of the wrong accent, but subsequently changed his opinion, and thought the word *tribe* strongly favoured that reading. To this Mr. Boswell replies, that the word *tribe* was never alone peculiarly applicable to the Jews, but meant a *kindred*, and is constantly used at this day in speaking of a peculiar race or set of *Indians*. That the early travellers are full of descriptions of " the pearled trea-

Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose subdu'd eyes,  
 Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
 Their medicinal gum<sup>45</sup> : Set you down this :  
 And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,  
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk<sup>46</sup>  
 Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,  
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,  
 And smote him—thus. [Stabs himself.]

*Lod.* O bloody period !

*Gra.* All, that's spoke, is marr'd.

*Oth.* I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee ;—No way but  
 this, [Falling upon DESDEMONA.]

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [Dies.]

*Cas.* This did I fear, but thought he had no  
 weapon ;

For he was great of heart.

*Lod.*

O Spartan dog<sup>47</sup>,

tures" of the Indians, who may be called *base* on account of  
 their ignorance, and the facility with which they would part  
 with them, a circumstance to which two succeeding poets have  
 alluded :—

" So the *unskilfull Indian* those *bright gems*  
 Which might adde majestie to diadems,  
 Mong the wave scatters."

*Habington—To Castara weeping.*

Thus also in *The Woman's Conquest*, by Sir Robert Howard :—

" Behold my queen—  
 Who with no more concern I'll cast away  
 Than *Indians* do a pearl, that ne'er did know  
 Its value."

Shakespeare himself connects *India* with *pearls* in *Troilus and Cressida* :—

" Her bed is *India*, where she lies a *pearl*."

It is here figuratively used for a *fair woman*. Coleridge well  
 sustains the reading *Indian* on æsthetic grounds.

<sup>45</sup> Thus the quartos. The folio has *medicinable*.

<sup>46</sup> It is said that it was immediate death for a Christian to  
 strike a Turk in Aleppo.

<sup>47</sup> The reference seems to be to the determined silence of Iago,  
 and that, proverbial of Spartans under any suffering. But the

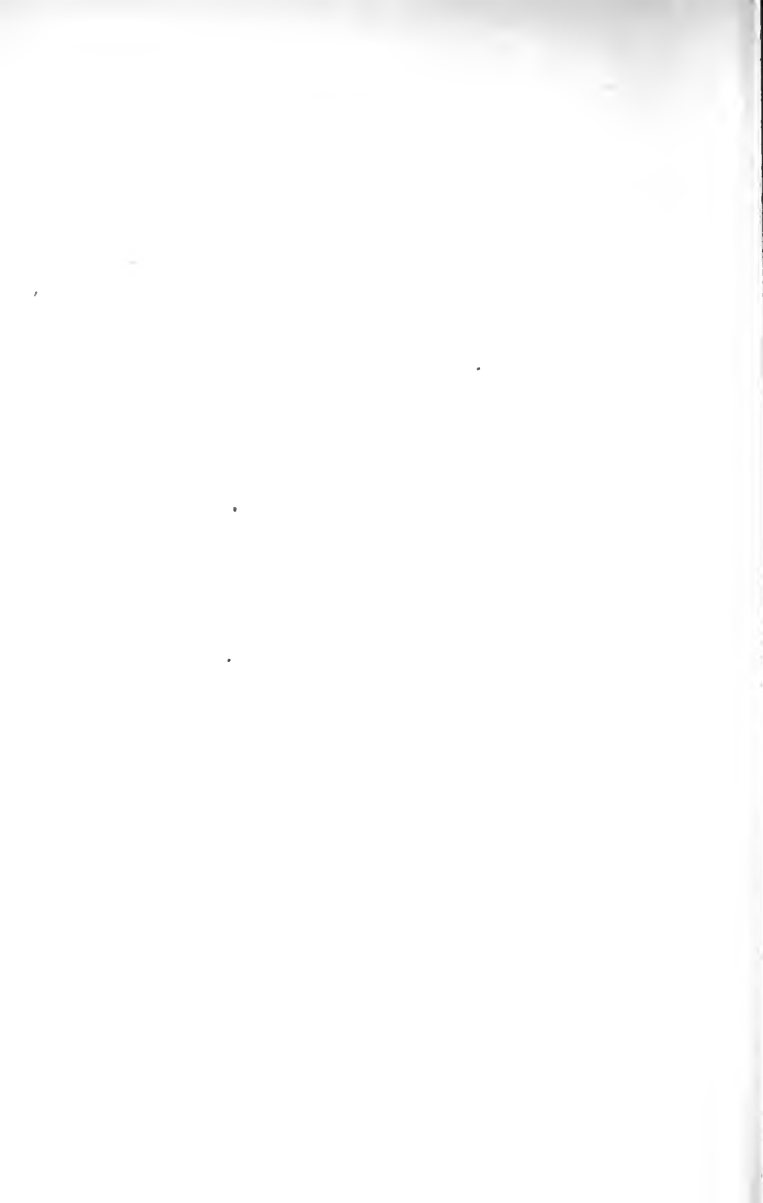


More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea !  
Look on the tragick loading of this bed ; [To IAGO.  
This is thy work : the object poisons sight ;—  
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,  
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,  
For they succeed to you.—To you, lord governor,  
Remains the censure<sup>48</sup> of this hellish villain ;  
The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it !  
Myself will straight aboard ; and, to the state,  
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [Exeunt.

dogs of Spartan race were reckoned among those of the most fierce and savage kind.

<sup>48</sup> Censure, i. e. judgement, the sentence.







## CRITICAL ESSAY ON OTHELLO.

**T**HE earliest record of the play of Othello that has hitherto been discovered is an entry among the Bridgewater papers (found by Mr. Collier), by which, if authentic,—for it has been doubted,—it would appear, that it was performed about the middle of 1602, at Harefield, the seat of Sir Thomas Egerton, during the visit of Queen Elizabeth, a few months only before her death. An entry in the accounts of the master of the revels found by Mr. Cunningham is less open to cavil, and proves that it was at least performed at Court on the first of November, 1604.

The MSS. of Vertue, the engraver, are quoted for the fact that it was played before King James, at Court, in 1613, with how much or how little alteration we have no means of knowing.

Malone stated that it was played in 1604; but his authority is unknown, unless indeed the assertion was merely a confident inference from the names of some of the characters being used in works of fiction (Euordamus) published in the following year.

A quarto edition of the play was printed in 1622, having been entered at Stationers' Hall, 6th October, 1621, and it then appears next in the first folio, date 1623.

The folio edition contains, according to Knight, 163 lines that are not in the quarto, and, so far as I have traced them, they appear to be such as Shakespeare may be more naturally thought to have added in a second copy than to have struck out from the first. The quarto has some ten lines peculiar to it which fall into two classes—one comprising lines and half lines which by appropriateness and necessities of coherency seem to have dropped out by accident, by the negligence of compositor or copier, and to the other are assignable as erasures a few lines that we are bound to believe were condemned by the author himself,—if indeed they were ever his at all.

The novel of Giraldi Cinthio,—*Il Moro di Venezia*, the 7th of the 3rd decad of his *Hecatommithi*,—is the chief source of the plot; it was translated into French in 1584, but no English translation of Shakespeare's time is known, and how he became acquainted with the story—whether in the original or a modified

form, remains uncertain. Whatever may have been his immediate source the original materials must have been exactly retained or used in it most liberally, for we find his trace in every page, almost every paragraph, of the novel.

Desdemona is the only name given by Cinthio at all; Othello is the name of "an old German soldier," in Reynolds's *God's Revenge against Adultery*. What is the date of this? the mention made of it in the prefaces implies that it is known to be later than the play.

The movements of the Turkish fleet, not mentioned in the novel, correspond so exactly with the historical facts that preceded the Turkish conquest of Cyprus in 1571, that they were doubtless not absolute inventions of the poet. Rhodes, however, was not at that time as represented by Shakespeare, still in Venetian possession; but he may possibly have known this well enough, and written as he did notwithstanding.

Various odd points of detail and management lead me to think that the writer of the Italian novel worked up in his romance the particulars of some contemporary atrocity, and in more important matters there is a coarse naturalness about his narration that indicates obligation to nature of a not very skilful copier, rather than the creative fantasy of Shakespeare or even the plausible quaintness of Defoe. But besides this it seems likely that some romantic inspiration was due, as in so many other instances, to an Eastern story-teller, and the tale of the Three Apples has often been referred to in illustration of the Venetian fable, and shall here be told again transferred from the collection that entertain a Thousand and one Arabian Nights:—

"Commander of the faithful, your majesty may be pleased to know that this murdered lady was my wife, the daughter of this old man you see here, who is my own uncle by the father's side. She was not above twelve years old when he gave her to me, and it is now eleven years ago. I have three children by her, all boys, yet alive; and I must do her that justice to say that she never gave me the least occasion for offence. She was chaste, of good behaviour, and made it her whole business to please me, and for my part I loved her entirely, and rather anticipated her in granting anything she desired than opposed it.

"About two months ago she fell sick; I took all imaginable care of her, and spared nothing that could procure her a speedy recovery. After a month she began to grow better, and had a mind to go to the bath. Before she went out of the house, 'Cousin,' said she (for so she used to call me out of familiarity), 'I long for some apples;—if you would get me any you would please me extremely. I have longed for them a great while; and I must own it is come to that height that if I be not satisfied very soon, I fear some misfortune will befall me.' 'With all my heart,' said I; 'I will do all that is in my power to make you easy.'

"I went immediately round all the markets and shops in the

town to seek for apples, but I could not get one, though I offered to pay a sequin apiece. I returned home very much dissatisfied at my disappointment; and for my wife, when she returned from the bath and saw no apples she became so very uneasy that she could not sleep all night. I got up betimes in the morning and went through all the gardens, but had no better success than the day before; only I happened to meet an old gardener who told me that all my pains would signify nothing, for I could not expect to find apples anywhere but in your majesty's garden at Balsora. As I loved my wife passionately, and would not have any neglect to satisfy her chargeable upon me, I dressed myself in a traveller's habit, and after I had told her my design I went to Balsora, and made my journey with so great diligence that I returned at the end of fifteen days with three apples that cost me a sequin apiece: there were no more left in the garden, so that the gardener would not let me have them cheaper. As soon as I came home I presented them to my wife; but her longing was over, so she satisfied herself with receiving them and laid them down by her. In the mean time she continued sickly and I knew not what remedy to get for her.

Some few days after I returned from my journey I was sitting in my shop, in the public place where all sorts of fine stuffs are sold, and saw an ugly tall black slave come in with an apple in his hand which I knew to be one of those I had brought from Balsora. I had no reason to doubt it, because I was certain there was not one to be had in all Bagdad, nor in any of the gardens about it. I called to him and said, 'Good slave, prithee tell me where thou hadst this apple.' 'It is a present,' said he smiling, 'from my mistress. I went to see her to-day and found her out of order. I saw three apples lying by her and asked her where she had them. She told me the good man her husband had made a fortnight's journey on purpose for them and brought them her. We had a collation together, and when I took my leave of her I brought away this apple that you see.'

"This discourse put me out of my senses. I rose, shut up my shop, ran home with all speed, and going to my wife's chamber looked immediately for the apples, and seeing only a couple asked what was become of the third. Then my wife, turning her head to the place where the apples lay and perceiving there were but two, answered me coldly, 'Cousin, I know not what has become of it.' At this answer I did verily believe what the slave told me to be true; and at the same time giving myself up to madness and jealousy, I drew my knife from my girdle and thrust it into the unfortunate creature's throat. I afterwards cut off her head and divided her body into four quarters, which I packed up in a bundle and hiding it in a basket, sewed it up with a thread of red yarn, put all together in a trunk, and when night came I carried it on my shoulder down to the Tigris, where I sunk it.

"The two youngest of my children were already put to bed

and asleep, the third was gone abroad; but at my return I found him sitting by my gate weeping very sore. I asked him the reason: 'Father,' said he, 'I took this morning from my mother, without her knowledge, one of those three apples you brought her, and I kept it a long while; but, as I was playing sometime ago with my little brother in the street, a tall slave that went by snatched it out of my hands and carried it with him. I ran after him demanding it back, and besides told him that it belonged to my mother who was sick, and that you had made a fortnight's journey to fetch it; but all to no purpose—he would not restore it. And, as I still followed him crying out, he turned and beat me, and then ran away as fast as he could from one lane to another till at last I lost sight of him. I have since been walking without the town expecting your return to pray you, dear father, not to tell my mother of it, lest it should make her worse.' And when he had said these words, he fell a weeping again more bitterly than before.

"My son's discourse afflicted me beyond all measure. I then found myself guilty of an enormous crime, and repented too late of having easily believed the calumnies of a wretched slave, who from what he had learnt of my son, invented that fatal lie.

"My uncle, here present, came just at the time to see his daughter; but instead of finding her alive understood from me that she was dead, for I concealed nothing from him, and without staying for his censure declared myself the greatest criminal in the world. . . .

" . . . This, commander of the faithful, is the sincere confession your majesty commanded from me: you have heard now all the circumstances of my crime, and I most humbly beg of you to order the punishment due for it, how severe soever it may be I shall not in the least complain, but esteem it too easy and gentle."

The tale is told with a terse simplicity, as it is conceived with ingenuity, and the contrast between affection almost doting, and suspicion, furious, fatal, and sudden, is as marked as in the play; as in the play the mistrust depends on a lost love-token, and the error of the murderer is made palpable to him immediately after his deed by the plainest process, and in his remorse he loses all desire to live. The Arabian tale is strong in incident and highly picturesque; we see the fitful gleams of the shadowy bazaar playing upon the rich stuffs about the seated merchant, on his haggard cheek and on the black face of the sauntering slave stupidly mischievous rather than malignant as he dangles the rosy apple: there are wanting however the finer and profounder limitations of character that raise the anecdote, the tale, or the coarse narration of crime to poetic, to tragic dignity: there is nothing in the story to distinguish what share in the crime was due to a jealous disposition, and what to general passionateness, and we cannot measure the strength of the affection that was so briefly cancelled by a single hint of doubt in the absence of any

intermediate struggle. The agency of the black, with all its differences, must be reckoned among the coincidences with the novel and the play, and it is quite within the range of the metamorphosis of fiction that the happy perception struck some relater of the tale how much would be gained for it by making the black the husband, and making some mistrust of colour help the rational explanation of the readiness with which the injurious calumny was entertained. In this form the incident re-appears in the novel, and motives are supplied to the calumniator as well as perseverance and talents, that tend in the same direction to add force to the pressure before which fondness gives way.

Still we shall see that the novelist was very far from realizing the fearful mental chaos and its conditions that were turned to form and shape by the poet, when assuming the germ of jealous susceptibility in a noble and accomplished nature, he showed to what monstrous proportions it might spread when fostered by a concurrence of malignant intention and lax moralities in those around, and by all the accidents that could in any way contribute to the mischief by aiding enemies without, or disabling by vexation the resistance from within.

The Iago of the novel is a coward, who, by carriage and conversation, puts on the semblance of a Hector or Achilles; the Iago of Shakespeare is of unquestioned bravery—"the bold Iago," Cassio calls him,—and as his cowardice answers no end in the novel, his soldierly qualities in the drama account for much of Othello's good opinion of him, and save the intellect of the Moor from the last degradation of mistaking a poltroon for a hero, as well as a villain for an honest man.

The villain's motive, in the novel is, in the first instance, malignant revenge of Desdemona, with whom he is in love, but who, in her artless simplicity and entire affection for the Moor, never becomes even conscious of his attention—the same unsuspecting spirit that Shakespeare drew. His hatred of the Moor is a less violent feeling, and springs from envy at his possession of Desdemona; while he determines to destroy the Cassio of the story, from a belief that he is a favoured rival.

For these motives we find substituted in the play, rankling feeling against Cassio, for having obtained the lieutenantancy over his head, mingling with a hope of obtaining the office still by his ruin; and an antipathy to him from conscious difference in manners:—

"There is a daily beauty in his life

That makes me ugly."

Thus his observation of the graceful politeness and frank courtesy of Cassio to Desdemona vexes and stings him as much as the affectionate greeting of Desdemona and Othello. "Ay, smile upon her, do," &c. and "Oh, you are well tuned now," &c. An envious motive of this kind, as virulently rancorous as diabolical, lies at the root of much of the mischief that appears most motiveless; when constant and habitual, it is the proper malice of a bad

heart, and as occasional outbreak it is the sign of basest nature. Even Iago's self-avowal of his envious malice by no means strains from nature for the sake of theatrical convenience. Hypocrisy, to be complete, must be conscious; perfected as an accomplishment, it bases on self-knowledge—for it is self that it has to mask, and self-betrayal that it must guard against; and strange it may be, but I am sure it is true, that the fact of villainousness will frame itself distinctly to the villain's mind, and exerts a tempter's power over the tongue to utter it, till it is dropped in seeming jest, or blurted out even in colloquy with bluntness that takes the utterer by surprise no less than the auditor.

As regards Othello, Iago hates him for the professional slight passed upon him by the promotion of Cassio; and to these feelings, as respects them both, there is to be added the main impulse of inveterate jealousy. He suspects the Moor to have been too familiar with his wife Emilia, and he fears Cassio "with his night cap too." The thought, "like a poisonous mineral gnaws his inwards," and he determines, for the Moor, to be "even with him, wife for wife."

Emilia, it must be said, is a Venetian wife, apt enough to raise doubts in the mind of a husband not conscious of much claim to affection, and who "knows his country's disposition well," and who though unsusceptible of the warmer affections and passions that abound in southern climes, is fully alive to the incitements of jealousy and vindictiveness that grow with them and beside them. Iago is gnawn with jealousy and vindictiveness, on account of a wife whom he cannot be suspected of loving, and it is in this respect that his jealousy contrasts so strongly with that of Othello. Hence the ruling impulse of Othello, when fully convinced, is to destroy his wife, that of Iago is to ruin and destroy the suspected paramour. Othello breaks out into violence and immediate murder, while Iago can plot, intrigue, and elaborately circumvent and deceive, in order to destroy his victims. This is an advantage gained by the deviation from the novel, which had other recommendations. Consideration for the character of the soldierly Othello forbade, as we have seen, that his betrayer should be a coward or a blusterer; but then it remained inconsistent that a nature bold and daring should revenge injuries and disappointments in love by artful machination. The motive of love is withdrawn in the play, and the patient and persevering serpent guile of the calumniator becomes consistent with both character and position. Inasmuch, again, as sympathy was to be preserved for Othello, it was required that his betrayer should be as far from a fool as from a coward, and the conduct of artful misrepresentation suggests that wonderful intellectual versatility and active vigour, that almost excuses to our feelings the credulous fall of the Moor. We recognize, again, in the possessor of these energies a pleasure experienced in their exercise almost reaching at last to an enthusiasm, in which meaner advantages are freely sacrificed to the



great success, and which further explains and renders natural the peculiar form of Iago's vindictiveness, the multiplicity and active complication of artifice, the going about for the compassing of his revenge.

In heightening the characteristics of Iago, Shakespeare has assigned several incidents to his contrivance which, in the novel, offer themselves as accidental opportunities. Thus the interest expressed by Desdemona there for the restoration of the lieutenant, who has been degraded for wounding a soldier on guard, gives the ensign—I shall employ this title in quoting the novel—his first opportunity to rouse suspicion in the Moor: but in the play, the brawl on guard results, with all its aggravating circumstances, from Iago's management, and he causes and counts upon the urgent appeals of Desdemona. Iago designedly brings Othello where he may see Cassio soliciting his wife, and he throws out his first hint and alarm at his "stealing away so guilty like;" this is an alteration of the clumsy incident of the lieutenant going to restore the handkerchief to Desdemona, and hastily retiring when he finds the Moor at home.

The lieutenant is set upon and wounded by the ensign as he leaves the house of a courtesan, of whom no other mention is made. This is the origin of the character of Bianca, who exhibits all the leading passions of the play in the most light and frivolous form, and thus completes the display of human nature. She is jealous and suspicious, fretful and petulant, fond and infatuated. The scene of dumb show, which Iago causes Othello to misinterpret, obtains its distinctness by the reference to Bianca; while, in the novel, the conversation witnessed at a distance by the Moor is simply said to be "on a very different subject, with great laughter and gestures of surprise;" and that the Moor should see his handkerchief in the hands of Bianca, is a much more significant incident than his seeing it in the hands of the harmless embroidress in the novel.

The wife of the ensign is described as a "bella ed onesta giovane," much loved by Desdemona, but not attending on her. Desdemona, distressed at the alteration in her husband, begs her to assist her in discovering the cause, and to consult also her husband the ensign. The ensign had endeavoured to induce his wife to become an accomplice in the murder of Desdemona, and, although in vain, her fear of him prevented her revealing the danger. We have here the germ of the scene in which Desdemona appeals to Iago, and also of the wonderfully imagined character of Emilia—her mingled laxity and determination, dishonesty and conscientiousness.

The savage manner in which the innocent wife is murdered in the novel, is ascribed to the plan of the perpetrators to avoid suspicion; but in the play, the madness into which Othello is wrought is such that we never hear a word of any thought oc-

curring to him of the consequences of his revenge to himself. Even Iago, as the accomplishment of his purposes approaches, seems less engrossed by considerations of ultimate safety than by the present gratification of his hate; but Othello is entirely wrapped up in his revenge.

Looking cursorily through the novel, we may note these materials and suggestions. Desdemona is enamoured of the Moor for his virtue—"I saw Othello's visage in his mind," her relatives endeavour to induce her to take another husband instead,—and this is all the trace I find of a rudimentary Roderigo, a previous suitor of her nation, though disapproved by her father. The impatience of Desdemona to accompany her husband in his honourable post at Cyprus is further commentary on her original admiration of him for his virtue, and the coincidence is heightened by Shakespeare, and gave form to the whole course of wooing. The regret of the Moor at the prospect of having to quit his wife, is, on the other hand, rejected by Shakespeare for an unhesitating and soldierlike alacrity. Shakespeare has avoided the unhandsomeness of the retort of Desdemona, "You Moors are of so warm a constitution, that every trifle transports you with anger and revenge." But it may be observed that he retains the characteristic temperament to a certain point. Othello commands our respect by his composure and self-control under the insults of Brabantio, and the military collectedness that stamped his reputation; but it is sufficiently conveyed to us that he has to hold a fiery and irritable nature in restraint: Iago throws his mind off the balance too successfully by exciting his impatience as well when he feigns reluctance to accuse Cassio as Desdemona; and Desdemona herself acts unwittingly, but as fatally, on the same liability to impatience in her innocent prevarications about the missing handkerchief, and she has had enough experience to say at last:—

"And yet I fear you, for you are fatal then,  
When your eyes roll so."

On general comparison, however, very high praise, warranted by the close adoption of Shakespeare, must be assigned to the novelist for his picture of the artful insinuations, and then the bold assertions and cunning confirmations of the ensign, and of the sudden doubt, the violent challenge, the dejection, and the fury of the unhappy Moor.

Othello describes himself as having spent his life from childhood till within nine months of the action of the play in actual military service, in the tented field, among broil and battle, and this his exclusively military experience materially assists his Moorish origin in placing him in the position of a stranger to civic life generally, and of a foreigner in Venice. Busy as his previous experience has been, there is still much of the lore of worldliness in which he is necessarily a novice; and it is thus that Iago, in order to establish with him a character for honest

straightforwardness, is enabled to venture on such professions of conscientiousness and declarations of artless impulsiveness as we feel would have alarmed the suspicions of any other character in the piece. He gains the confidence of Roderigo by the proper force of his will, and by plain exposition of politic hypocrisy; this is his course with a fool destitute of principles; his pretensions to honesty,—“Yet do I hold it very stuff o’ the conscience, &c.” gain him the confidence of Othello, whose credulousness in this respect would, in truth, appear to us as gross as that of Roderigo, but that it is not associated with the same circumstances of disgracefulness.

Othello is prone to this mistake—“he believes every one honest who but seems to be so;” this aids the explanation of his reliance on Iago, but not of his reliance on him as against his wife, in whom not the slightest appearance other than of most genuine honesty is before him throughout. It is the direction in which Iago employs his credit that gives it his force; had he employed it against Cassio in any ordinary matter, the just appreciation of simple appearances would have kept the Moor right. Scrutiny and deliberation would have had fair play to decide between conflicting prepossessions; but what shall we say of the husband whose faith in his friend so entirely overmatches his faith in his wife? and a wife both in conduct and carriage so absolutely independent of suspicion. The explanation is, that Othello is not jealous by nature—from this disgrace the nobleness of his character generally exempts him, but prone or apt to receive impressions of jealousy—of the specific jealousy of a consort’s purity, that is a passion by itself, as much as conjugal love, and that has ever been of fiercer virulence among southern nations, and especially of oriental blood.

That this is no false accusation against Othello appears when we note the effect of the first hint that Iago drops (Act iii. Sc. 3), and the readiness, almost eagerness with which the Moor catches it up and applies and pursues it. The “Ha! I like not that,” of Iago, at the retirement of Cassio, at once receives its interpretation from the suspicion of Othello, though it was quite as naturally susceptible of many another explanation. He is uneasy all through the scene, and hurries Desdemona away, with no excuse or apology for doing so; and though her charming ways have just regained their full power as she goes out, his exclamation that acknowledges it also admits the momentary chaos Iago had brought into his mind. The flaw that weakens his character and hampers his intellect is there unmistakeable; and yet it is quite clear that were not all the odds of accident and circumstance against him, he would have righted and recovered himself. It is this that attaches our interest to him so entirely, and touches us so deeply in witnessing both his fault and fate. Within himself his better angel is the stronger, but his evil genius is allied with powers without, and between them he is

overpowered. He contends with his worser impulses, and would conquer, but that an enemy is against him whose knowledge of his nature applies the most irritating stimulants exactly where he is most susceptible of pain, anticipates every reaction, admits of no repose—above all, loses not an instant of time, but presses on the excitement through all its stages, and gives all aid and opportunity and instrument to the crimes which are the last catastrophe.

There is little need to add to the mass of commentary on the sufferings of Othello and the arts of his tormentor; but I cannot pass on without a word of astonishment and admiration at the conception and execution of the first scene of the fourth act, in which the mental bewilderment of the Moor now seems to drive him to the verge of frenzy, and now to stupify him, and his physical agitation is in accordance with that of his moral constitution. Can this scene be acted? when an actor shall exhibit it with the effect and force that truly belong to it, there will be hope again for another age of acted Shakespearian drama. When this scene, in which the fainting Othello appears as the suffering and passive instrument of Iago, is left out in representation, the best acting in the world, or to be in the world, will not preserve the scene in the bedchamber from having, to well-ordered sympathies, all the shockingness of a contrived coldblooded murder.

It seems a shame to speak of Roderigo and Othello in the same sentence, but the criminal by whatever cause, must endure the disgrace of such association. Both are dupes of Iago, and the force and versatility of his powers become most fully evident by the contrasted dispositions that he manages with equal facility. Othello never doubts the honesty of Iago, while Roderigo is constantly suspicious that he is being cheated, and is as constantly satisfied, notwithstanding the grossest indications, that should have put him once for all on his guard. To gain his ends with the Moor, it is necessary that the villain should struggle with and keep down the constant endeavour of his victim to revert to a faith in Desdemona's excellence and truth; but the enemy that he encounters with the gulled Venetian is a pertinacious recurrence to mistrust and apprehension of covert rascality. The credulousness of the gulled gentleman, who has not a spark of moral quality that can be respected, and as little of intellectual, is laughable, is ridiculous; but credulousness that involves in ruin so many noble qualities as belong to Othello becomes most deeply tragic, quite independently of our sympathy for the lovely and innocent victim of his suspicions.

The first act of the play is separate from the others both in time and space, and comprises a very brief and abstract of all the tendencies and influences that mingle in such fearful complication in the incidents at Cyprus. It exhibits the credit, and the ground of the credit, in which Iago stands with the Moor, as well as with Roderigo, and gives in its course preliminary exercise to the mind

in recognizing the disturbances of belief by passion, whether in the direction of credulity or incredulity, and enables us to measure extent of deviation by standard examples of happy elucidation and well conducted analysis.

Central in the act is the scene in the Council Chamber; and the consideration, by the Duke and Senators, of the news from Cyprus is no mere surplusage; it strikes a tone of dispassionate appreciation of evidence and opinion that dominates all the succeeding scenes of agitation and disorders. From inconsistent intelligence, the main point of agreement is carefully adopted for further examination, notwithstanding predisposition to underrate it; intelligence, otherwise of good authority, is condemned as fallacious from collateral indications, and lastly thus prepared for, the last courier has full credence, and the critical circumstances once understood, action follows at once. "Tis certain, then, for Cyprus—Marcus Luccicos, is he not in town.—He's now in Florence;—write from us to him, post—post-haste, despatch;"—and Othello is despatched that very night.

The same solid perspicacity distinguishes the reception of the complaint of Brabantio. Brabantio himself, when roused by Iago and Roderigo, is obstinately incredulous; in the disposition of the rejected suitor he sees a probable cause of the disturbance, and is satisfied to look no further. Pardonably enough, perhaps, he does not believe the flight of his daughter, when blurted uncereemoniously by profane wretches and ruffians; yet when a more sober assertion gains attention, he becomes at once alarmed. His exclamation "This accident is not unlike my dream," betrays the same peculiar credulity that afterwards appears in his accusation against Othello—

" Are there not charms

By which the property of youth and maidhood  
May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,  
Of some such thing? "

and the superstition is a characteristic perfectly in harmony with his fondness for the society of Othello, his curiosity respecting an adventurous history. Desdemona's belief of her husband's magical myth about the handkerchief, to say nothing of the Anthropophagi and men whose heads grow beneath their shoulders, exemplifies the household atmosphere of wonders in which she had been bred. Othello, plainly enough, indicates that he followed the natural suggestion of such an audience, and heightened his "traveller's history" to increase the interest it excited in his listener. In truth, his tale of wooing exhibits him as playing upon the credulity of Desdemona with as much art as he himself was afterwards wrought upon, for darker ends, by Iago; he stimulated her curiosity, until she seemed to prevail upon him to relate the very tale he was anxious for his own purposes to tell:—

" Which I observing

Took once a pliant hour, and found good means  
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart  
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate, &c."

Brabantio, senator as he is, is at fault among the probabilities of his own misfortune, and pronounces too rashly on the freaks of feminine nature ;

" It is a judgement maimed and most imperfect  
 That will confess perfection could so err, &c. &c.

I therefore vouch again

That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood, &c."

The Duke is more clear sighted—

" To vouch this is no proof

Without more wider and more overt tests

Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods"—

and the first Senator fully recognizes the value of another alternative, and the equal chance at least that Desdemona was won

" by request, and such fair question

As soul to soul affordeth."

The round unvarnished tale of the Moor carries conviction to all—even to Brabantio, himself ; for though he professes to reserve his belief till his daughter shall confess whether she was half the wooer, he never asks her that question, but another instead, which she could not have answered otherwise than she did, had the accusation of witchcraft been well founded.

Thus it is that the Venetian Senate comes to the truth of a matter, and the impression thus gained of its judiciousness gives great emphasis to the parting words of the Senator as he goes out—

" Farewell, brave Moor, use Desdemona well."

The words fall on the heart like an omen ; it is true, then, that the Senator recognizes as no improbability the ill treatment of Desdemona by the gallant husband she has chosen for herself at such a sacrifice. Even so, and the words strengthen the sense of separation between the Moorish and the Venetian noble, for addressed by one equal to another they would justify an answer with the hand at the sword hilt.

The news in the last act that Othello is superseded in his government, and Cassio appointed in his room, recalls the impressions of the earlier scenes, and seems to complete the proof of the infallible instincts of the statesmen.

Othello has always been one of the most favourite and successful of all the tragedies of Shakespeare on the stage ; and partly for other causes besides its absolute and sovereign perfection. The intrinsic interest and variety of the mere story are very great, and, as it can scarcely be said to have a secondary plot, the effect requires comparatively few excellent actors—opportunity though there be for excellence in the very meanest parts. My own theatrical recollections include the performance of the Moor by Edmund Kean, and beside it, admirable as it was, and only below it, that of Emilia by Mrs. Glover. The latter character is, in the main,

divided between expressive silence and plain or bold speaking; but there are also moments at which a thought flashes across her mind, but for a moment, and then is lost again; as when she suspects too much meaning in Desdemona's praise of Lodovico; so, in the last scene, she hints in agony at an earlier suspicion of her husband's malice—"I thought so, then,—I'll kill myself for grief"—no doubt this was when she broke out before her husband in a tirade against the calumnious, and there it was that Mrs. Glover with consummate art—since twenty years the scene is yet before me, and the tones are in my ears, conveyed exactly the vitality of the thought, as it was only born to perish, and striking just between the too little and too much, avoided giving to her words the force of an accusation which they seemed to take in spite of her.

Great efforts are often made to show that Othello as conceived by Shakespeare was not a Negro; and true it is that such an addition as "thick lips," given contemptuously, does not prove it. Othello, however, himself, says that he is black; and I have been convinced that Shakespeare had in his mind the proper negro complexion and physiognomy too, and that he even assigned some mental characteristics of the negro type. To these I think belong an over-affection for high sounding words, for the sake of the sound, an affectation of stateliness that verges upon stiffness, and value for conspicuous position with somewhat excessive feeling for parade—for the pride and pomp and circumstance, the report of the artillery and the waving of the ensign. There are other coincidences besides these, and I cannot divest myself of the sense that Othello embodies the ennobled characteristics of the coloured division of the human family; and in his position relatively to the proudest aristocracy of Europe, his story exemplifies the difficulty the world has yet to solve between the white and the black. The feuds and antipathies of race can be fully conciliated at no other altar than the nuptial bed; and the marriage of Desdemona, and its consequences, typify the obstacles to this conclusion. Some critics moralize the fate of Desdemona as punishment for undutiful and ill-assorted marriage, yet the punishment falls quite as severely on the severity of Brabantio—on his cruelty, we may say, for he is the first—and out of unnatural pique, to belie his own daughter's chastity—

"Look to her, Moor—have a quick eye to see;"

and if we must needs make out a scrupulous law of retribution, we shall come at last to an incongruity, and that can in no sense be pious. The revolt of Desdemona was a revolt against custom and tradition, but it was in favour of the affections of the heart; and if the result was pitiable, it may have been not because custom and tradition were right, but because they were strong, and because there was the greater reason for abating their strength by proving it assailable; the justest war does not demand the fewest victims; and the heroes who are left on the field were no whit less right, but only less fortunate, than their comrades who

survive to carry home the laurels. For the matter in hand, however, it is most certain that the most important advance that has yet been made towards establishing even common cordiality between the races has been due as in the case of Desdemona and the redeemed slave, Othello, if not to the love at least to the compassionate sympathy of woman.

The same preponderance of the affections and imagination that led to the marriage of Desdemona, is leading cause of her destruction, by inducing her excessive passiveness in a position where a single energetic step would have saved her; the tendency to credulousness or to superstition weakened, as ever, the faculty of connecting causes and effects, and seems to have destroyed all thought of relying on evidence or urging inquiry. It is perhaps more than a mere, more than an odd, coincidence with character, that the name, Desdemona, derived from the novel, signifies—is the Greek word for, devoutness or superstition—a point on which, for many reasons, I am tempted to quote an early predecessor in Shakespearian criticism, my Lord Shaftesbury (A.D. 1710), and thus conclude:—

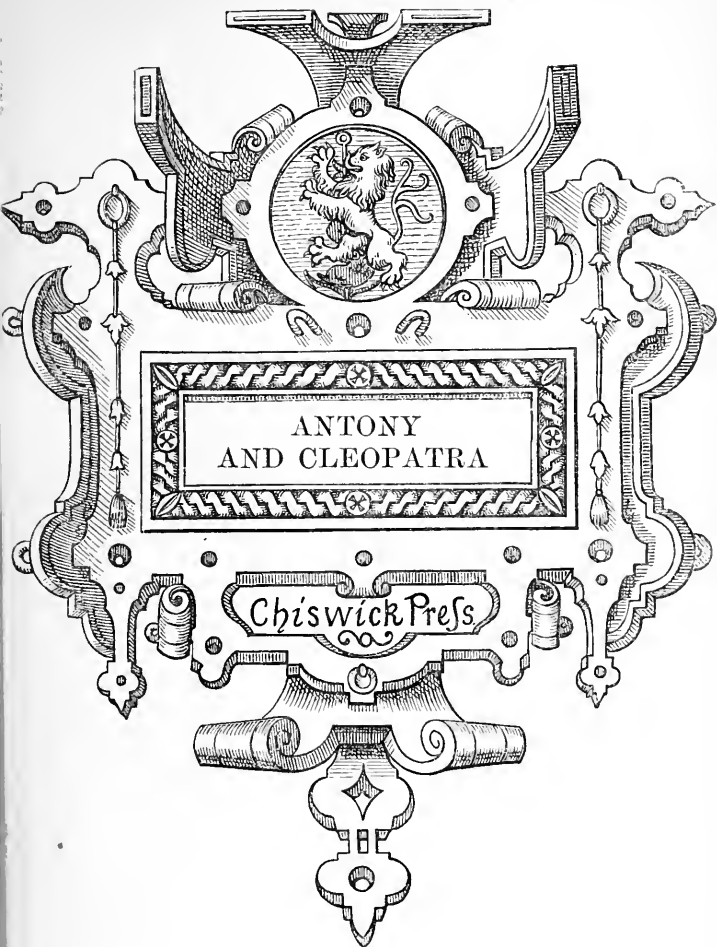
“This Humour our old Tragick Poet (an obliging note supplies the name of Shakespeare) seems to have discover’d. He hit our taste in giving us a Moorish hero, full fraught with prodigy: a wondrous story-teller! But for the attentive part, the poet chose to give it to womankind. What passionate reader of travels, or student in the prodigious sciences can refuse to pity that fair lady who fell in love with the miraculous Moor; especially considering with what suitable grace such a lover could relate the most monstrous adventures, and satisfy the wondering appetite with the most wondrous tales; Wherein (says the Hero Traveller)

‘Of antres vast, and deserts idle,  
It was my hint to speak;  
And of the cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These to hear  
Would Desdemona seriously incline.’

Seriously, ’twas a woful tale! unfit, one would think, to win a tender Fair one. It’s true the Poet sufficiently condemns her fancy, and makes her (poor Lady!) pay dearly for it in the end. But why amongst his Greek names he should have chosen one which denoted the Lady Superstitious, I can’t imagine, unless as poets are sometimes prophets too, he should, figuratively, under this dark type, have represented to us that about a hundred years after his time, the fair sex of this island should, by other monstrous tales, be so seduced, as to turn their favour chiefly on the persons of the tale-tellers, and change their natural inclination for fair, candid, and courteous knights into a passion for a mysterious race of black enchanters: such as of old were said to creep into houses and lead captive silly women.” The Satirist!

W. W. LL.









## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

### PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

**A**FTER a perusal of this play, the reader will, I doubt not, be surprised to hear that Johnson has asserted :— That “its power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene;”—and that “no character is very strongly discriminated.” If our great poet has one supereminent dramatic quality in perfection, it is that of being able “to go out of himself at pleasure to inform and animate other existences.” It is true that in the number of characters many persons of historical importance are merely introduced as passing shadows in the scene; but “the principal personages are most emphatically distinguished by lineament and colouring, and powerfully arrest the imagination.” The character of Cleopatra is indeed a masterpiece: though Johnson pronounces that she is “only distinguished by feminine arts, some of which are too low.” It is true that her seductive arts are in no respect veiled over; but she is still the gorgeous Eastern Queen, remarkable for the fascination of her manner, if not for the beauty of her person; and though she is vain, ostentatious, fickle, and luxurious, there is that heroic regal dignity about her, which makes us, like Antony, forget her defects :—

“Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy  
Th’ appetites they feed; but she makes hungry  
Where most she satisfies.”

The mutual passion of herself and Antony is without moral dignity, yet it excites our sympathy :—they seem formed for each other. Cleopatra is no less remarkable for her seductive charms, than Antony for the splendour of his martial achievements. Her death too redeems one part of her character, and obliterates all faults. Coleridge says: “Of all Shakespeare’s historical plays Antony and Cleopatra is by far the most wonderful. There is not one in which he has followed history so minutely, and yet there are few in which he impresses the notion of angelic strength so much—perhaps none in which he impresses it more strongly.

This is greatly owing to the manner in which the fiery force is sustained throughout, and to the numerous momentary flashes of nature, counteracting the historic abstraction."

Warburton has observed that Antony was Shakespeare's hero; and the defects of his character, a lavish and luxurious spirit, seem almost virtues when opposed to the heartless and narrow-minded littleness of Octavius Cæsar. But the ancient historians, his flatterers, had delivered the latter down ready cut and dried for a hero; and Shakespeare has extricated himself with great address from the dilemma. He has admitted all those great strokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-spirited proud, and revengeful.

Schlegel attributes this to the penetration of Shakespeare, who was not to be led astray by the false glitter of historic fame, but saw through the disguise thrown around him by his successful fortunes, and distinguished in Augustus a man of little mind.

Malone places the composition of this play in 1608. No previous edition to that of the folio of 1623 has been hitherto discovered; but there is an entry of "A Booke called Antony and Cleopatra," to Edward Blount, in 1608, on the Stationers' Books.

Shakespeare followed Plutarch, and appears to have been anxious to introduce every incident and every personage he met with in his historian. Plutarch mentions *Lamprias* his grandfather, as authority for some of the stories he relates of the profuseness and luxury of Antony's entertainments at Alexandria. In the stage-direction of Scene 2, Act i. in the old copy, *Lamprias*, *Ramnus*, and *Lucilius* are made to enter with the rest; but they have no part in the dialogue, nor do their names appear in the list of *Dramatis Personæ*.



## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

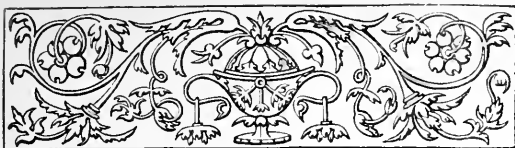
M. ANTONY,  
 OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,  
 M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,      } *Triumvirs.*  
 SEXTUS POMPEIUS.  
 DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,      }  
 VENTIDIUS,      }  
 EROS,  
 SCARUS,      } *Friends of Antony.*  
 DERCETAS,  
 DEMETRIUS,  
 PHILO,  
 MECÆNAS,      }  
 AGRIPPA,  
 DOLABELLA,  
 PROCULEIUS,      } *Friends of Cæsar.*  
 THYREUS,  
 GALLUS,  
 MENAS,      }  
 MENECRATES,      } *Friends of Pompey.*  
 VARRIUS,  
 TAURUS, *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.*  
 CANIDIUS, *Lieutenant-General to Antony.*  
 SILIUS, *an Officer in Ventidius's Army.*  
 EUPHRONIUS, *an Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*  
 ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES,  
     *Attendants on Cleopatra.*  
 A Soothsayer. A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.*  
 OCTAVIA, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*  
 CHARMIAN, and IRAS, *Attendants on Cleopatra.*

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *dispersed in several Parts of the Roman Empire.*





# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. Alexandria. *A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.*

*Philo.*

**N**AY, but this dotage of our general's  
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly  
eyes,  
That o'er the files and musters of the war  
Have glow'd like plated Mars; now bend, now turn,  
The office and devotion of their view  
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst  
The buckles on his breast, reneges<sup>1</sup> all temper;  
And is become the bellows, and the fan,  
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look where they come!

<sup>1</sup> *Reneges*, i. e. *renounces*. We have in King Lear, "*renege*, affirm," &c. Stanyhurst, in his version of the second book of the *Aeneid*, has the word:—

"To live now longer, Troy burnt, he flatly *reneageth*."  
It was necessarily pronounced as a dissyllable, as if written *reneags*, which the metre requires.

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him  
The triple<sup>2</sup> pillar of the world transform'd  
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

*Cleo.* If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

*Ant.* There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd<sup>3</sup>.

*Cleo.* I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

*Ant.* Then must thou needs find out new heaven,  
new earth<sup>4</sup>.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* News, my good lord, from Rome.

*Ant.* Grates me:—The sum<sup>5</sup>.

*Cleo.* Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows  
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent  
His pow'rful mandate to you, "Do this, or this:  
Take in<sup>6</sup> that kingdom, and enfranchise that;  
Perform't, or else we damn<sup>7</sup> thee."

*Ant.*

How, my love!

<sup>2</sup> *Triple* is here used for *third*, or *one of three*; one of the *Triumvirs*, one of the three masters of the world. To sustain the pillars of the earth is a scriptural phrase. *Triple* is used for *third* in *All's Well that Ends Well*:—

"Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,  
He bade me store up as a *triple* eye."

<sup>3</sup> So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

"They are but beggars that can count their worth."  
And in *Much Ado about Nothing*:—

"I were but little happy, if I could say how much."

"*Basia pauca cupit, qui numerare potest.*"—*Martial*, vi. 36.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* "Then must you set the *boundary* at a distance greater than the present visible universe affords."

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* *Be brief, sum thy business in a few words.* Hear the news; which was often considered plural in Shakespeare's time. See *King Richard III.* Act iv. Sc. 4, note 45.

<sup>6</sup> *Take in*, it has before been observed, signifies *subdue, conquer*.

<sup>7</sup> *Damn*, *i. e.* *condemn*. The word had not then the vile vulgar use that has since been made of it.



*Cleo.* Perchance,—nay, and most like,  
 You must not stay here longer, your dismissal  
 Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, Antony.—  
 Where's Fulvia's process ? Cæsar's, I would say ?—  
 Both ?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,  
Thou blushest, Antony ; and that blood of thine  
Is Cæsar's homager : else so thy cheek pays shame.  
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

*Ant.* Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch  
Of the rang'd<sup>9</sup> empire fall! Here is my space;  
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike  
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life  
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair, [*Embracing.*  
And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind,  
On pain of punishment, the world to weet<sup>10</sup>,  
We stand up peerless.

*Cleo.* Excellent Falsehood !  
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her ?—  
I'll seem the fool I am not ; Antony  
Will be himself.

*Ant.* But<sup>11</sup> stirr'd by Cleopatra.—  
Now, for the love of Love<sup>12</sup>, and her soft hours,

<sup>8</sup> *Process* here means *summons*. "Lawyers call that the *processe* by which a man is called into the court, and no more. To serve with *processe* is to *cite*, to *summon*."—*Minsheu*.

<sup>9</sup> The *rang'd* empire is the *well arranged, well ordered* empire. Shakespeare uses the expression again in *Coriolanus*:—

"bury all which yet distinctly *ranges*

In heaps and piles of ruins."

<sup>10</sup> To *weet* is to *know*.

<sup>11</sup> I think that Johnson has entirely mistaken the meaning of this passage, and believe Mason's explanation nearly correct. Cleopatra means to say that "Antony will act like himself," (*i. e.* nobly), without regard to the mandates of Cæsar or the anger of Fulvia. To which he replies, "*But stirr'd by Cleopatra,*" *i. e.* "*Add if moved to it by Cleopatra.*" This is a compliment to her. Johnson was wrong in supposing *but* to be used here in its exceptive sense.

<sup>12</sup> That is, "for the sake of the Queen of Love." See *Comedy of Errors*, vol. ii. p. 163, note 9.

Let's not confound<sup>13</sup> the time with conference harsh :  
 There's not a minute of our lives should stretch  
 Without some pleasure now : What sport to-night ?

*Cleo.* Hear the ambassadors.

*Ant.*

Fye, wrangling queen !

Whom every thing becomes<sup>14</sup>, to chide, to laugh,  
 To weep ; whose<sup>15</sup> every passion fully strives  
 To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd !  
 No messenger ; but thine and all alone,  
 To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note  
 The qualities of people<sup>16</sup>. Come, my queen ;  
 Last night you did desire it :—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEO. with their Train.*]

*Dem.* Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight ?

*Phi.* Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,  
 He comes too short of that great property  
 Which still should go with Antony.

*Dem.*

I'm full sorry,

That he approves the common liar<sup>17</sup>, who  
 Thus speaks of him at Rome : But I will hope  
 Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy !

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>13</sup> To *confound* the time, is to *consume* it, to *lose* it. See vol. v. p. 25, note 13.

<sup>14</sup> " Quicquid enim dicit, seu facit, omne decet."

*Marullus*, lib. ii.

See Shakespeare's 150th Sonnet.

<sup>15</sup> The folio, 1623, reads, *who* every, &c. corrected in the folio, 1632.

<sup>16</sup> " Sometime also when he would goe up and down the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peere into poor mens windows and their shops, and scold and brawl with them within the house ; Cleopatra would be also in a chambermaid's array, and amble up and down the streets with him."—*Life of Antonius in North's Plutarch.*

<sup>17</sup> i. e. " That he *confirms* the common liar, *Fame*, in his case to be a true reporter." Shakespeare frequently uses *approve* or *prove*, and *aproof* for *proof*.

SCENE II. *The same. Another Room.*

*Enter* CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a* Soothsayer.

*Char.* Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands<sup>1</sup>!

*Alex.* Soothsayer.

*Sooth.* Your will?

*Char.* Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?

*Sooth.* In nature's infinite book of secrecy,  
A little I can read.

*Alex.* Show him your hand.

*Enter* ENOBARBUS.

*Eno.* Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough.  
Cleopatra's health to drink.

*Char.* Good sir, give me good fortune.

*Sooth.* I make not, but foresee.

*Char.* Pray then, foresee me one.

*Sooth.* You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

*Char.* He means, in flesh.

*Iras.* No, you shall paint when you are old.

*Char.* Wrinkles forbid!

*Alex.* Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

*Char.* Hush!

*Sooth.* You shall be more loving, than beloved.

*Char.* I had rather heat my liver with drinking<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> The old copies read, "change his horns," &c. A similar error of *change* for *charge* is also found in *Coriolanus*.

<sup>2</sup> The liver being considered the seat of love, Charmian says she would rather heat her liver with drinking than with love's fire. A heated liver was supposed to make a pimpled face.

*Alex.* Nay, hear him.

*Char.* Good now, some excellent fortune ! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all : let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage<sup>3</sup> : find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

*Sooth.* You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

*Char.* O excellent ! I love long life better than figs.

*Sooth.* You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

*Char.* Then, belike, my children shall have no names<sup>4</sup> : Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have ?

*Sooth.* If every of your wishes had a womb,  
And fertile<sup>5</sup> every wish, a million.

*Char.* Out, fool ; I forgive thee for a witch<sup>6</sup>.

*Alex.* You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

*Char.* Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

*Alex.* We'll know all our fortunes.

*Eno.* Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

<sup>3</sup> "This," says Johnson, "is one of Shakespeare's natural touches. Few circumstances are more flattering to the fair sex, than breeding at an advanced period of life." Charmian wishes for a son too who may arrive at such power and dominion that the proudest and fiercest monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke. It should be remembered that Herod of Jewry was a favourite character in the mysteries of the old stage, and that he was always represented a fierce, haughty, blustering tyrant.

<sup>4</sup> That is, prove bastards. Thus in the Rape of Lucrece :—

"Thy issue blurr'd with *nameless bastardy*."

And Launce, in the third act of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :—  
"That's as much as to say *bastard* virtues, that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore *have no names*." A *fairer fortune* means a *more serene* or *more prosperous fortune*.

<sup>5</sup> The old copy reads, *foretel*. Warburton has the merit of the emendation.

<sup>6</sup> This has allusion to the common proverbial saying, "You'll never be burnt for a witch," spoken to a silly person, who is indeed no conjuror.

*Iras.* There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

*Char.* Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

*Iras.* Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

*Char.* Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication<sup>7</sup>, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

*Sooth.* Your fortunes are alike.

*Iras.* But how, but how? give me particulars.

*Sooth.* I have said.

*Iras.* Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

*Char.* Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

*Iras.* Not in my husband's nose.

*Char.* Our worser thoughts heavens mend! *Alexas*<sup>a</sup>,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet *Isis*, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good *Isis*, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good *Isis*, I beseech thee!

*Iras.* Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear *Isis*, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

*Char.* Amen.

*Alex.* Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

*Eno.* Hush! here comes Antony.

*Char.* Not he, the queen.

This prognostic is alluded to in *Othello*:—

“This hand is moist, my lady:—

This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart.”

<sup>a</sup> In the folios *Alexas* is printed as if he were the speaker of what follows.

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

*Cleo.* Saw<sup>a</sup> you my lord?

*Eno.* No, lady.

*Cleo.* Was he not here?

*Char.* No, madam.

*Cleo.* He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden  
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

*Eno.* Madam.

*Cleo.* Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's  
Alexas?

*Alex.* Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

*Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.*

*Cleo.* We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS,  
IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Atten-  
dants.*]

*Mess.* Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

*Ant.* Against my brother Lucius?

*Mess.* Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state  
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst  
Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,  
Upon the first encounter, drave<sup>8</sup> them.

*Ant.*

Well,

What worst?

*Mess.* The nature of bad news infects the teller.

*Ant.* When it concerns the fool or coward.—On:  
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus;  
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,  
I hear him as he flatter'd.

<sup>a</sup> The first folio misprints *saw* for *saw*. It was corrected in the second.

<sup>8</sup> *Drave* is the ancient preterite of the verb to *drive*, and frequently occurs in the Bible.

Mess.

Labienus

(This is stiff<sup>9</sup> news) hath, with his Parthian force,  
 Extended<sup>10</sup> Asia from Euphrātes;  
 His conquering banner shook, from Syria  
 To Lydia, and to Ionia; whilst——

Ant. Antony, thou would'st say,—

Mess.

O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general  
 tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:  
 Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase: and taunt my faults  
 With such full licence, as both truth and malice  
 Have power to utter. O! then we bring forth weeds,  
 When our quick minds<sup>11</sup> lie still: and our ills told us,

<sup>9</sup> *Stiff news is hard news.* As in Shakespeare's Rape of Lucrece:—

“Fearing some *hard news* from the warlike band.”

<sup>10</sup> *Extended Asia from Euphrātes.*

To *extend* is a law term for to *seize*. Thus in Selimus, Emperor of the Turks, 1594:—

“Ay, though on all the world we *make extent*

From the south pole unto the northern bear.”

So Massinger in A New Way to Pay Old Debts:—

“This manor is *extended* to my use.”

The poet has used the word in its legal signification more than once. Thus in As You Like It:—

“And let my officers of such a nature

Make an *extent* upon his house and lands.”

And in Twelfth Night:—

“This uncivil and unjust *extent*

Against thy peace.”

Plutarch tells us that Labienus was by the Parthian king made general of his troops, and had overrun Asia from Euphrates, and Syria to Lydia and Iona.

Our ancient writers generally give us Euphrātes instead of Euphrātes. Thus Drayton, Polyolb. Song 21:—

“That gliding go in state, like swelling Euphrātes.”

<sup>11</sup> The old copy reads, “quick *winds*;” the same error of *wind* for *mind* is found in King John, Act v. Sc. 7. Warburton made the correction. Our *quick minds* means our *lively apprehensive minds*; which, when they lie idle, bring forth vices instead of virtues, weeds instead of flowers and fruits; to tell us of our faults is, as it were, the first culture of the mind, and is the way to kill

Is as our earring. Fare thee well a while.

*Mess.* At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

*Ant.* From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

*1 Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such a one?

*2 Att.* He stays upon your will.

*Ant.* Let him appear,—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

*Enter another Messenger.*

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

*2 Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

*Ant.* Where died she?

*2 Mess.* In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious  
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*

*Ant.* Forbear me.— [*Exit Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone: Thus did I desire it:

What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself<sup>12</sup>: she's good, being gone;

The hand could<sup>13</sup> pluck her back, that shov'd her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off;

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch.—Ho, Enobarbus<sup>14</sup>!

these weeds. Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier retain *winds*; which, to me, in conjunction with the pronoun *our*, affords no meaning.

<sup>12</sup> *i.e.* "The pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain."

<sup>13</sup> *Could* is here used with an optative meaning. *Could, would, and should* are often used by our old writers, in what appears to us an indiscriminate manner, and yet appear to have been so employed rather by choice than chance.

<sup>14</sup> The old copies have "How now," an evident error, as Antony merely summons Enobarbus into his presence. As Mr. Dyce observes, *Ho* is frequently spelt *How*, and *now* is the gratuitous addition of the transcriber or compositor.



*Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* What's your pleasure, sir?

*Ant.* I must with haste from hence.

*Eno.* Why, then, we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them: if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

*Ant.* I must be gone.

*Eno.* Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment<sup>15</sup>: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

*Ant.* She is cunning past man's thought.

*Eno.* Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

*Ant.* 'Would, I had never seen her!

*Eno.* O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work: which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Sir?

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Fulvia?

*Ant.* Dead.

*Eno.* Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth;

<sup>15</sup> i. e. for less reason, upon a weaker motive.

comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented; this grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

*Ant.* The business she hath broached in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

*Eno.* And the business you have broach'd here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

*Ant.* No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience<sup>16</sup> to the queen, And get her love<sup>17</sup> to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea: our slippery people (Whose love is never link'd to the deserver, Till his deserts are past), begin to throw Pompey the Great, and all his dignities, Upon his son: who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier: whose quality, going on, The sides o' the world may danger: Much is breeding, Which, like the courser's<sup>18</sup> hair, hath yet but life,

<sup>16</sup> i. e. *expedition*.

<sup>17</sup> I think with Mason that we should read *leave* instead of *love*.

<sup>18</sup> This alludes to the ancient vulgar error, that a horse-hair dropped into corrupted water would become animated. Dr. Lister, in the Philosophical Transactions, showed that these animated horse-hairs were real thread worms, and displayed the fallacy of the popular opinion. It was asserted that these worms moved like serpents, and were poisonous to swallow. Coleridge says that it

And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,  
To such whose place is under us, requires  
Our quick remove from hence<sup>19</sup>.

*Eno.* I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Same.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

*Cleo.* Where is he?

*Char.* I did not see him since.

*Cleo.* See where he is, who's with him, what he  
does:—

I did not send you<sup>1</sup>;—If you find him sad,  
Say, I am dancing: if in mirth, report  
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[*Exit* ALEX.

*Char.* Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,  
You do not hold the method to enforce  
The like from him.

*Cleo.* What should I do I do not<sup>a</sup>?

*Char.* In each thing give him way, cross him in  
nothing.

*Cleo.* Thou teachest, like a fool, the way to lose him.

*Char.* Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;  
In time we hate that which we often fear.

is a common experiment with boys in Cumberland and Westmoreland to lay a horsehair in water, which, when removed after a time, will twirl round the finger and sensibly compress it; becoming, as he thinks, the supporter of an immense number of small slimy water-lice.

<sup>19</sup> "Say to those whose place is under us (*i. e.* to our attendants), that our pleasure requires us to remove in haste from hence."

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* "You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge." So in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

"We met by chance; you did not find me here."

<sup>a</sup> We must understand *that* as supplied:—

"What should I do *that* I do not?"

*Enter ANTONY.*

But here comes Antony.

*Cleo.* I am sick, and sullen.

*Ant.* I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

*Cleo.* Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall ;  
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature  
Will not sustain it<sup>2</sup>.

*Ant.* Now, my dearest queen,—

*Cleo.* Pray you, stand farther from me.

*Ant.* What's the matter ?

*Cleo.* I know, by that same eye, there's some good  
news.

What says the married woman ?— You may go ;

'Would, she had never given you leave to come !

Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,

I have no power upon you ; hers you are.

*Ant.* The gods best know,—

*Cleo.* O, never was there queen  
So mightily betray'd ! Yet, at the first,  
I saw the treasons planted.

*Ant.* Cleopatra,—

*Cleo.* Why should I think, you can be mine, and  
true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,  
Who have been false to Fulvia ? Riotous madness,  
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,  
Which break themselves in swearing !

*Ant.* Most sweet queen,—

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,  
But bid farewell, and go : when you sued staying,  
Then was the time for words : No going then ;—  
Eternity was in our lips and eyes ;

<sup>2</sup> Thus in *Twelfth Night* :—

“ There is no woman's *sides*

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion.”

Bliss in our brows' bent<sup>3</sup>; none our parts so poor,  
 But was a race<sup>4</sup> of heaven: They are so still,  
 Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,  
 Art turn'd the greatest liar.

*Ant.* How now, lady!

*Cleo.* I would I had thy inches; thou should'st know  
 There were a heart in Egypt.

*Ant.* Hear me, queen;

The strong necessity of time commands  
 Our services a while; but my full heart  
 Remains in use<sup>5</sup> with you. Our Italy  
 Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius  
 Makes his approaches to the port<sup>6</sup> of Rome:  
 Equality of two domestick powers  
 Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to  
     strength,  
 Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,  
 Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace  
 Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd  
 Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;  
 And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge  
 By any desperate change: My more particular,  
 And that which most with you should safe<sup>7</sup> my going,  
 Is Fulvia's death.

*Cleo.* Though age from folly could not give me  
     freedom,

<sup>3</sup> *Our brows' bent*, is the *bending* or *inclination* of our brows. The brow is that part of the face which expresses most fully the mental emotions. So in King John:—

"Why do you *bend* such solemn brows on me."

<sup>4</sup> i. e. of heavenly mould.

"Divinæ stirpis alumnus."

<sup>5</sup> The poet here means, "in *pledge*," the use of a thing is the possession of it. Thus in *The Merchant of Venice*:—

"I am content, so he will let me have  
     The other half *in use*."

<sup>6</sup> *The port*, i. e. gate.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. render my going not dangerous.

It does from childishness :—Can Fulvia die<sup>8</sup>?

*Ant.* She's dead, my queen :

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read  
The garboils she awak'd<sup>9</sup> ; at the last, best :  
See, when, and where she died.

*Cleo.*

O most false love :

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill  
With sorrowful water<sup>10</sup> ? Now I see, I see,  
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

*Ant.* Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know  
The purposes I bear ; which are, or cease,  
As you shall give the advice : By the fire,  
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,  
Thy soldier, servant ; making peace, or war,  
As thou affect'st.

*Cleo.*

Cut my lace, Charmian, come ;—

But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well,  
So Antony loves.

*Ant.*

My precious queen, forbear ;

And give true evidence to his love, which stands  
An honourable trial.

*Cleo.*

So Fulvia told me.

I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her ;  
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears  
Belong to Egypt<sup>11</sup> : Good now, play one scene  
Of excellent dissembling ; and let it look  
Like perfect honour.

<sup>8</sup> Cleopatra apparently means to say, " Though age could not exempt me from folly, at least it frees me from a childish and ready belief of every assertion. Is it possible that Fulvia is dead ? I cannot believe it."

<sup>9</sup> i. e. *the commotion she occasioned*. *Garboils*, which is probably from the Italian *Garbuglio*, was in familiar use in Shakespeare's time ; but Hall, Sat. vi. B. 1, ridicules the use of it by Stanihurst in his hexameter version of the *Æneid*.

<sup>10</sup> Alluding to the lachrymatory vials filled with tears, which the Romans placed in the tomb of a departed friend.

<sup>11</sup> *To me, the queen of Egypt.*

*Ant.* You'll heat my blood ; no more.

*Cleo.* You can do better yet ; but this is meetly.

*Ant.* Now, by my sword,—

*Cleo.* And target,—Still he mends ;

But this is not the best : Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,

How this Herculean Roman<sup>12</sup> does become

The carriage of his chafe.

*Ant.* I'll leave you, lady.

*Cleo.* Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it :

Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it ;

That you know well : Something it is I would,—

O, my oblivion<sup>13</sup> is a very Antony,

And I am all forgotten.

*Ant.* But that your royalty  
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you  
For idleness itself<sup>14</sup>.

*Cleo.* 'Tis sweating labour,  
To bear such idleness so near the heart  
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me ;  
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not  
Eye well to you<sup>15</sup> : Your honour calls you hence ;  
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,  
And all the gods go with you ! upon your sword  
Sit laurel'd<sup>16</sup> victory ! and smooth success

<sup>12</sup> Antony traced his descent from Anton, a son of Hercules.

<sup>13</sup> *Oblivion* is used for *oblivious memory*, a memory apt to be deceitful.

<sup>14</sup> An antithesis seems intended between *royalty* and *subject*. *i. e.* "But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, I should suppose you, from this idle discourse, to be the very genius of idleness itself."

<sup>15</sup> "That which would seem to become me most, is hateful to me when it is not acceptable in your sight." There is perhaps an allusion to what Antony said in the first scene:—

"Wrangling queen,

Whom every thing becomes."

<sup>16</sup> The old copy, *laurel*.

Be strew'd before your feet !

*Ant.*

Let us go. Come ;

Our separation so abides, and flies,

That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,

And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee<sup>17</sup>.

Away !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Rome. *An Apartment in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.*

*Cæs.* You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,  
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate  
Our great competitor<sup>1</sup>: From Alexandria  
This is the news ; He fishes, drinks, and wastes  
The lamps of night in revel : is not more manlike  
Than Cleopatra ; nor the queen of Ptolemy  
More womanly than he : hardly gave audience, or  
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners : You shall find  
there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults  
That all men follow.

*Lep.*

I must not think, there are

<sup>17</sup> A strikingly similar thought occurs in Drayton's " Idea " Sonnet 14:—

" So much is mine that doth with you remain  
That taking what is mine, with me I take you."

And in Sidney's *Arcadia*, b. i.—

" She went, they staid ; or rightly for to say  
She staid with them, they went in thought with her."

Thus also in the *Mercator* of Plautus:—" Si domi sum, foris est animus ; sin foris sum, animus domi est."

<sup>1</sup> The old copy reads, " *One great competitor.*" Dr. Johnson proposed the emendation. So Menas says:—

" These three world-sharers, these *competitors*  
Are in thy vessel."

And Cæsar, speaking of Antony in another place, says:—

" That thou my brother, my *competitor*  
In top of all design, my mate in empire."



Evils enough to darken all his goodness :  
 His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,  
 More fiery by night's blackness<sup>2</sup> ; hereditary,  
 Rather than purchas'd<sup>3</sup> ; what he cannot change,  
 Than what he chooses.

*Cæs.* You are too indulgent : Let's grant it is not  
 Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy ;  
 To give a kingdom for a mirth ; to sit  
 And keep the turn of tippling with a slave ;  
 To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet  
 With knaves that smell of sweat : say, this becomes him,  
 (As his composure must be rare indeed,  
 Whom these things cannot blemish), yet must Antony  
 No way excuse his foils<sup>4</sup> ; when we do bear  
 So great weight in his lightness<sup>5</sup>. If he fill'd  
 His vacancy with his voluptuousness,  
 Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,  
 Fall on him<sup>6</sup> for't : but to confound such time,  
 That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud  
 As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid  
 As we rate boys ; who, being mature in knowledge,  
 Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,  
 And so rebel to judgement.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Lep.*

Here's more news.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* "As the stars or spots of heaven appear more bright and prominent from the darkness of the night, so the faults of Antony seem enlarged and aggravated by his goodness, which gives relief to his faults, and makes them show out more prominent and conspicuous."

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* *procured by his own fault.*

<sup>4</sup> Thus the old copy, but we should most probably read, "his soils," which would correspond with *blemish* in the lines above.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* *his trifling levity throws so much burden upon us.*

<sup>6</sup> The old copies have, "Call on him for't." *i. e.* "If Antony followed his debaucheries at times of leisure only, I should leave him to be punished," says Cæsar, "by their natural consequences, by surfeits and dry bones ; but to *consume* such time," &c.

*Mess.* Thy biddings have been done: and every hour,  
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report  
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;  
And it appears, he is belov'd of those  
That only have fear'd Cæsar<sup>7</sup>: to the ports  
The discontents<sup>8</sup> repair, and men's reports  
Give him much wrong'd.

*Cæs.* I should have known no less:—  
It hath been taught us from the primal state,  
That he, which is, was wish'd until he were;  
And the ebb'd man ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,  
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd<sup>9</sup>. This common body,  
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide<sup>10</sup>,  
To rot itself with motion.

*Mess.* Cæsar, I bring thee word,  
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,  
Make the sea serve them; which they ear<sup>11</sup> and wound  
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads  
They make in Italy: the borders maritime  
Lack blood<sup>12</sup> to think on't, and flush<sup>13</sup> youth revolt:

<sup>7</sup> i. e. "Those whom not *love* but *fear* made adherents to Cæsar, now show their affection for Pompey."

<sup>8</sup> That is, *the malecontents*. So in King Henry VI. Part I. Act v. Sc. 1:—

"That may please the eye

Of fickle changelings and poor *discontents*."

<sup>9</sup> The old copy reads, "Comes *fear'd* by being lack'd." Warburton made the correction, which was necessary to the sense. Coriolanus says:—

"I shall be *lov'd* when I am *lack'd*."

We should perhaps read in the preceding line:—

"Ne'er lov'd till *not* worth love."

<sup>10</sup> The folio reads, "*lacking* the varying tide." The emendation, which is well supported by Steevens, was made by Theobald. Perhaps *another Messenger* should be noted as entering here with fresh news.

<sup>11</sup> *Ear*, i. e. *plough*.

<sup>12</sup> *Lack blood*, i. e. *turn pale*.

<sup>13</sup> *Flush youth* is "youth ripened to manhood; youth whose blood is at the flow."

No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon  
Taken as seen ; for Pompey's name strikes more,  
Than could his war resisted.

*Cæs.*

Antony,

Leave thy lascivious wassals<sup>14</sup>. When thou once  
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st  
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel  
Did famine follow ; whom thou fought'st against,  
Though daintily brought up, with patience more  
Than savages could suffer : Thou didst drink  
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle<sup>15</sup>  
Which beasts would cough at : thy palate then did  
deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge ;  
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,  
The barks of trees thou browsedst<sup>a</sup> ; on the Alps  
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,  
Which some did die to look on : And all this  
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now),  
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek  
So much as lank'd not.

*Lep.*

'Tis pity of him.

*Cæs.* Let his shames quickly

Drive him to Rome : 'Tis time we twain  
Did show ourselves i'the field ; and, to that end,  
Assemble we<sup>16</sup> immediate council : Pompey  
Thrives in our idleness.

*Lep.*

To-morrow, Cæsar,

I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly  
Both what by sea and land I can be able,  
To 'front this present time.

<sup>14</sup> *Wassals*, or *wassails*, is here put for *intemperance in general*.  
See vol. ix. p. 32, note 13. The folio has, *wassails*.

<sup>15</sup> All these circumstances of Antony's distress are literally  
taken from Plutarch.

<sup>a</sup> The first folio has "thou brows'd." The second *browsedst*.

<sup>16</sup> The old copy reads, *Assemble me*.

*Cæs.* Till which encounter,  
It is my business too. Farewell.

*Lep.* Farewell, my lord : What you shall know  
mean time

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,  
To let me be partaker.

*Cæs.* Doubt not, sir ;  
I knew it for my bond<sup>17</sup>. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS,  
and MARDIAN.*

*Cleo.* Charmian,—

*Char.* Madam.

*Cleo.* Ha, ha !

Give me to drink mandragora<sup>1</sup>.

*Char.* Why, madam ?

*Cleo.* That I might sleep out this great gap of time,  
My Antony is away.

*Char.* You think of him  
Too much.

*Cleo.* O, 'tis treason !

*Char.* Madam, I trust, not so.

*Cleo.* Thou, eunuch ! Mardian !

*Mar.* What's your highness' pleasure ?

*Cleo.* Not now to hear thee sing ; I take no pleasure  
In aught an eunuch has : 'Tis well for thee,  
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts

<sup>17</sup> That is, to be my bounden duty.

<sup>1</sup> A plant, of which the infusion was supposed to procure sleep. Thus in Adlington's translation of *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius : —“ I gave him no poyson but a doling drink of *mandragoras*, which is of such force, that it will cause any man to sleepe as though he were dead.” See Pliny's *Natural History* by Holland, 1601 ; and Plutarch's *Morals*, 1602, p. 19.

May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

*Mar.* Yes, gracious madam.

*Cleo.* Indeed?

*Mar.* Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing

But what indeed is honest to be done:

Yet have I fierce affections, and think,

What Venus did with Mars.

*Cleo.*

O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm

And burgonet<sup>2</sup> of men.—He's speaking now,

Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"

For so he calls me: Now I feed myself

With most delicious poison<sup>3</sup>:—Think on me,

That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,

And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar<sup>4</sup>,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was

A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey

Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;

There would he anchor his aspect, and die

With looking on his life.

*Enter ALEXAS.*

*Alex.*

Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

*Cleo.* How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath

With his tinct gilded thee<sup>5</sup>.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

<sup>2</sup> A *burgonet* is a helmet, a head piece.

<sup>3</sup> Hence perhaps Pope's *Eloisa*:—

"Still drink *delicious poison* from thine eye."

<sup>4</sup> *Broad-fronted*, in allusion to Cæsar's baldness.

<sup>5</sup> Alluding to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch converts base metal into gold. The alchymists call the matter, what-

*Alex.* Last thing he did, dear queen,  
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,  
This orient pearl :—His speech sticks in my heart.

*Cleo.* Mine ear must pluck it thence.

*Alex.* Good friend, quoth he,  
Say, "The firm Roman to great Egypt sends  
This treasure of an oyster ; at whose foot  
To mend the petty present, I will piece  
Her opulent throne with kingdoms : All the east,"  
Say thou, "shall call her mistress." So he nodded,  
And soberly did mount an arrogant<sup>6</sup> steed,  
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke  
Was beastly dumb<sup>7</sup> by him.

ever it be, by which they perform transmutation a *medicine*. Thus Chapman in his *Shadow of Night*, 1594 :—

"O then, thou *great elixir* of all treasures."

And on this passage he has the following note :—"The philosopher's stone, or *philosophica medicina*, is called the *great elixir*."

<sup>6</sup> The old copy reads, "an *arm-gaunt* steed," upon which conjecture has been vainly employed. Steevens adopted Monck Mason's suggestion of "*a termagant* steed," with high commendation. A striking objection to that reading, which escaped Mr. Steevens in adopting it, is that *an* could never stand before *termagant*. The epithet now admitted into the text is the happy suggestion of Mr. Boaden, and is to be preferred both on account of its more striking propriety, and because it admits of the original article *an* retaining its place before it. That it is an epithet fitly applied to the steed of Antony, may be shown by high poetical authority. In the *Auraco Domado* of Lope de Vega, the reader will find the following passage :—

"Y el *cavallo arrogante*, en que subido  
El hombre parecia  
Monstruosa fiera que sies pies tenia."

*Termagant*, it should be observed, is *furious* : *arrogant*, which answers to the Latin *ferox*, is only *fierce*, *proud*. Shakespeare "of imagination all compact," is the greatest master of poetic diction the world has yet produced ; he could not have any knowledge of the Spanish poet, but has anticipated him in the use of this expressive epithet. The word *arrogant*, as written in old MSS. might easily be mistaken for *arm-gaunt*.

<sup>7</sup> The old copy has *dumbe* ; which was altered by Theobald to *dumb'd* without necessity. The *arrogant* steed, says Alexas, would let no sound be heard but his own, he neighed so loud that what

*Cleo.* What, was he sad, or merry?

*Alex.* Like to the time o' the year, between the extremes

Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

*Cleo.* O well-divided disposition!—Note him,  
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him;  
He was not sad; for he would shine on those  
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;  
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay  
In Egypt with his joy: but between both;  
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,  
The violence of either thee becomes;  
So<sup>8</sup> does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

*Alex.* Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:  
Why do you send so thick<sup>9</sup>?

*Cleo.* Who's born that day  
When I forget to send to Antony,  
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—  
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,  
Ever love Cæsar so?

*Char.* O that brave Cæsar!

*Cleo.* Be chok'd with such another emphasis!  
Say, the brave Antony.

*Char.* The valiant Cæsar!

*Cleo.* By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,  
If thou with Cæsar paragon again  
My man of men.

*Char.* By your most gracious pardon,  
I sing but after you.

I would have spoke was made unintelligible, no better than the sound of a dumb animal. *Dumbe* is the past tense of the A. S. verb *ðenman*. It was formerly written *domme*, and *dumme*, without the *b*. Neither Mr. Collier nor Mr. Knight notice the variation from the old copy, which they have, as it seems to me unnecessarily adopted.

<sup>8</sup> So is here probably used for *So as*. The first folio misprints *mans* for *man*.

<sup>9</sup> *i. e. in such quick succession.* See vol. ix. p. 17, note 16.

*Cleo.* My sallad days :  
 When I was green in judgement :—Cold in blood<sup>10</sup>,  
 To say, as I said then !—But, come, away :  
 Get me ink and paper : he shall have every day  
 A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. Messina. *A Room in Pompey's House.*

*Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.*

*Pompey.*

**I**F the great gods be just, they shall assist  
 The deeds of justest men.

*Mene.* Know, worthy Pompey,  
 That what they do delay, they not deny.

*Pom.* Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays  
 The thing we sue for<sup>1</sup>.

*Mene.* We, ignorant of ourselves,  
 Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers  
 Deny us for our good ; so find we profit,  
 By losing of our prayers.

*Pom.* I shall do well :  
 The people love me, and the sea is mine ;  
 My power's a crescent<sup>2</sup>, and my auguring hope  
 Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony  
 In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make  
 No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money where

<sup>10</sup> The old copy has—

“When I was green in judgement, cold in blood,  
 To say as I said then.”

Warburton pointed the passage as it now stands, making “Cold in blood” an upbraiding expostulation to her maid

<sup>1</sup> i. e. “While we are praying, the thing for which we pray is losing its value.”

<sup>2</sup> Old copy, “My powers are crescent,” &c. The judicious emendation was made by Theobald. The construction, with the words “it will come to the full,” shows that this must be the true reading



He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,  
Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,  
Nor either cares for him.

*Men.* Cæsar and Lepidus  
Are in the field ; a mighty strength they carry.

*Pom.* Where have you this ? 'tis false.

*Men.* From Silvius, sir.

*Pom.* He dreams ; I know they are in Rome together,  
Looking for Antony : But all the charms of love  
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd<sup>3</sup> lip !  
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !  
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,  
Keep his brain fuming : Epicúrean cooks,  
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;  
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,  
Even till<sup>4</sup> a Lethe'd dulness.—How now, Varrius ?

*Enter VARRIUS.*

*Var.* This is most certain that I shall deliver :  
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome  
Expected ; since he went from Egypt, 'tis  
A space for farther travel<sup>5</sup>.

*Pom.* I could have given less matter  
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,  
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm  
For such a petty war : his soldiership  
Is twice the other twain : But let us rear

<sup>3</sup> *thy wan'd lip*, i. e. *waned*, declined somewhat from its perfection, Cleopatra's beauty being compared to the moon past the full.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. "Delay his sense of honour from exerting itself till he is become habitually sluggish ; *till* was anciently used for *to*. So in *Candlemas Day*, 1512, p. 13 :—

"This lurdeyn take heed what I sey the *tyll*."  
And in George Cavendish's *Metrical Visions*, p. 19 :—

"I espied certeyn persons coming me *tyll*."

<sup>5</sup> i. e. "since he quitted Egypt a space of time has elapsed in which a longer journey might have been performed than from Egypt to Rome.

The higher our opinion, that our stirring  
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow<sup>6</sup> pluck  
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

*Men.* I cannot hope<sup>7</sup>,  
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together :  
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar ;  
His brother warr'd<sup>8</sup> upon him ; although, I think,  
Not mov'd by Antony.

*Pom.* I know not, Menas,  
How lesser enmities may give way to greater,  
Were't not that we stand up against them all :  
'Twere pregnant they should square<sup>9</sup> between them-  
selves ;

For they have entertained cause enough  
To draw their swords : but how the fear of us  
May cement their divisions, and bind up  
The petty difference, we yet not know.  
Be it as our gods will have't ! It only stands  
Our lives upon<sup>10</sup>, to use our strongest hands.  
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rome. *A Room in the House of Lepidus.*

*Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.*

*Lep.* Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,  
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain  
To soft and gentle speech.

*Eno.* I shall entreat him

<sup>6</sup> Julius Cæsar had married Cleopatra to young Ptolemy, who was afterwards drowned.

<sup>7</sup> *i. e.* *I cannot expect.* So Chaucer in *The Reve's Tale*, v. 4027 :— " Our manciple I *hope* he wol be ded."

<sup>8</sup> The first folio here again misprints *wand* for *warr'd*, which is the reading of the second folio.

<sup>9</sup> *Square, i. e. quarrel.* See vol. ii. p. 352, note 9.

<sup>10</sup> *i. e. it is incumbent upon us for the preservation of our lives.* See vol. iv. p. 454, note 12.

To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,  
 Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,  
 And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,  
 Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,  
 I would not shave't to-day<sup>1</sup>.

*Lep.* 'Tis not a time

For private stomaching.

*Eno.* Every time

Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

*Lep.* But small to greater matters must give way.

*Eno.* Not if the small come first.

*Lep.* Your speech is passion:

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes  
 The noble Antony.

*Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.*

*Eno.* And yonder, Cæsar.

*Ant.* If we compose<sup>2</sup> well here, to Parthia:  
 Hark you<sup>a</sup>, Ventidius.

*Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.*

*Cæs.* I do not know,

Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

*Lep.* Noble friends,

That which combin'd us was most great, and let not  
 A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,  
 May it be gently heard: When we debate  
 Our trivial difference loud, we do commit

<sup>1</sup> i.e. "I would meet him undressed, without any show of respect." Plutarch mentions that Antony, "after the overthrow he had at Modena, suffered his beard to grow at length, and never clipt it, that it was marvellous long." Perhaps this circumstance was in Shakespeare's thoughts.

<sup>2</sup> That is, *if we come to a lucky composition, or agreement.* So afterwards:—

"I crave our *composition* may be written."

<sup>a</sup> *You* is wanting in the old copies, but seems necessary to the sense, and improves the metre.

Murder in healing wounds : Then, noble partners  
 (The rather, for I earnestly beseech),  
 Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,  
 Nor curstness<sup>3</sup> grow to th' matter.

*Ant.* 'Tis spoken well :  
 Were we before our armies, and to fight,  
 I should do thus. [*Takes him by the hand.*]

*Cæs.* Welcome to Rome.

*Ant.* Thank you.

*Cæs.* Sit.

*Ant.* Sit, sir<sup>4</sup>.

*Cæs.* Nay,

Then—

*Ant.* I learn, you take things ill, which are not so ;  
 Or, being, concern you not.

*Cæs.* I must be laugh'd at,  
 If, or for nothing, or a little, I  
 Should say myself offended ; and with you  
 Chiefly i' the world : more laugh'd at, that I should  
 Once name you derogately, when to sound your name  
 It not concern'd me.

*Ant.* My being in Egypt, Cæsar, what was't to you ?

*Cæs.* No more than my residing here at Rome  
 Might be to you in Egypt : Yet, if you there  
 Did practise<sup>5</sup> on my state, your being in Egypt  
 Might be my question<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. "Let not *ill humour* be added to the real *subject* of our difference."

<sup>4</sup> A note of admiration here was added by Steevens, who thinks that Antony is meant to resent the invitation Cæsar gives him to be seated, as indicating a consciousness of superiority in his too successful partner in power. It seems more probable, as Malone suggests, that each desires the other to be seated, and to put an end to ceremonious contention Cæsar takes his seat with the words, "Nay, then."

<sup>5</sup> To *practise* is to use unwarrantable arts or stratagems. The word is frequently applied to traitorous designs against those in power, by old writers. See *Measure for Measure*, Act v. Sc. 1, note 13.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. *theme* or *subject of conversation*.

*Ant.* How intend you, practis'd ?

*Cæs.* You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,  
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,  
Made wars upon me : and their contestation  
Was theme for you<sup>7</sup>, you were the word of war.

*Ant.* You do mistake your business ; my brother  
never

Did urge me in his act<sup>8</sup> : I did inquire it ;  
And have my learning from some true reports<sup>9</sup>,  
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather  
Discredit my authority with yours ;  
And make the wars alike against my stomach,  
Having alike your cause ? Of this, my letters  
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,  
As matter whole you've not to make it with<sup>10</sup>,  
It must not be with this.

*Cæs.* You praise yourself  
By laying defects of judgement to me ; but  
You patch'd up your excuses.

*Ant.* Not so, not so ;  
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,  
Very necessity of this thought, that I,  
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,  
Could not with graceful eyes<sup>11</sup> attend those wars

<sup>7</sup> This passage has been misunderstood, erroneously explained, and considered corrupt. Its meaning evidently is, "You were the theme or subject for which your wife and brother made their contestation ; you were the word of war." Mason supposed some words had been transposed, and that the passage ought to stand thus :—

"And for contestation

Their theme was you ; you were the word of war."

<sup>8</sup> *i. e.* never did make use of my name as a pretence for the war.

<sup>9</sup> *Reports*, *i. e.* reporters.

<sup>10</sup> The first folio reads :—

"As matter whole you have to make it with."

Rowe inserted the negative, which is absolutely necessary to make sense of the passage. The later folios have "to take it with."

<sup>11</sup> *i. e.* could not look graciously upon them, could not approve them. 'Fronted is affronted, opposed.

Which 'fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,  
I would you had her spirit in such another :  
The third o' the world is yours ; which with a snaffle  
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

*Eno.* 'Would we had all such wives, that the men  
might go to wars with the women !

*Ant.* So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,  
Made out of her impatience (which not wanted  
Shrewdness of policy too), I grieving grant,  
Did you too much disquiet : for that, you must  
But say, I could not help it.

*Cæs.* I wrote to you,  
When rioting in Alexandria ; you  
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts  
Did gibe my missive<sup>12</sup> out of audience.

*Ant.* Sir,  
He fell upon me, ere admitted ; then  
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want  
Of what I was i' the morning : but, next day,  
I told him of myself<sup>13</sup> : which was as much,  
As to have ask'd him pardon : Let this fellow  
Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend,  
Out of our question wipe him.

*Cæs.* You have broken  
The article of your oath ; which you shall never  
Have tongue to charge me with.

*Lep.* Soft, Cæsar.

*Ant.* No,  
Lepidus, let him speak ;  
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,  
Supposing that I lack'd it<sup>14</sup> : But on, Cæsar :

<sup>12</sup> *Missive*, i. e. *messenger*.

<sup>13</sup> i. e. "I told him the condition I was in when he had his last audience."

<sup>14</sup> i. e. "The theme of honour which he now speaks of, namely, the religion of an oath, for which he supposes me not to have a

The article of my oath,—

*Cæs.* To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd  
them ;

The which you both denied.

*Ant.* Neglected, rather ;

And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up  
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,  
I'll play the penitent to you : but mine honesty  
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power  
Work without it<sup>15</sup> : Truth is, that Fulvia,  
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here ;  
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do  
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour  
To stoop in such a case.

*Lep.* 'Tis nobly spoken.

*Mec.* If it might please you, to enforce no further  
The griefs<sup>16</sup> between ye : to forget them quite,  
Were to remember that the present need  
Speaks to atone<sup>17</sup> you.

*Lep.* Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

*Eno.* Or, if you borrow one another's love for the  
instant, you may, when you hear no more words of  
Pompey, return it again : you shall have time to  
wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

*Ant.* Thou art a soldier only ; speak no more.

*Eno.* That truth should be silent, I had almost  
forgot.

*Ant.* You wrong this presence, therefore speak no  
more.

*Eno.* Go to then ; your considerate stone<sup>18</sup>.

due regard, is sacred ; it is a tender point, and touches my character nearly. Let him therefore urge his charge, that I may vindicate myself."

<sup>15</sup> i. e. *nor my greatness work without mine honesty.*

<sup>16</sup> *Griefs*, i. e. *grievances.*

<sup>17</sup> *Atone*, i. e. *reconcile you.* See vol. iii. p. 108, note 12.

<sup>18</sup> i. e. "Go to then, henceforward I will be as mute as a marble

*Cæs.* I do not much dislike the matter, but  
The manner of his speech : for't cannot be,  
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions  
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew  
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge  
O'the world I would pursue it<sup>19</sup>.

*Agr.* Give me leave, Cæsar,—

*Cæs.* Speak, Agrippa.

*Agr.* Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,  
Admir'd Octavia : great Mark Antony  
Is now a widower.

*Cæs.* Say not so, Agrippa ;  
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof  
Were well deserv'd of rashness<sup>20</sup>.

*Ant.* I am not married, Cæsar : let me hear  
Agrippa further speak.

*Agr.* To hold you in perpetual amity,  
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts  
With an unslipping knot, take Antony  
Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claims  
No worse a husband than the best of men ;  
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak  
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,  
All little jealousies, which now seem great,  
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,

statue, which seems to think, though it can say nothing."

" *Statua taciturnior exit*

*Plurimumque et risum populi quatit.*"

*Horace.*

*As mute as a stone*, and *As silent as a stone*, are common expressions.

<sup>19</sup> "I do not (says Cæsar) think the man wrong, but too free of his interposition ; for it cannot be, we shall remain in friendship : yet if it were possible, I would endeavour it."

<sup>20</sup> That is, "You might be reprov'd for your rashness, and would well deserve it." The old copies read "proof;" and there are other palpable misprints in this short speech, *say* for *so*, &c. Warburton made the emendation.



Would then be nothing : truths would be but  
tales<sup>21</sup>,

Where now half tales be truths : her love to both,  
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,  
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke ;  
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,  
By duty ruminated.

*Ant.* Will Cæsar speak ?

*Cæs.* Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd  
With what is spoke already.

*Ant.* What power is in Agrippa,  
If I would say, " Agrippa, be it so,"  
To make this good ?

*Cæs.* The power of Cæsar, and  
His power unto Octavia.

*Ant.* May I never  
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,  
Dream of impediment !—Let me have thy hand :  
Further this act of grace ; and, from this hour,  
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,  
And sway our great designs !

*Cæs.* There's my hand.  
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother  
Did ever love so dearly : Let her live  
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts ; and never  
Fly off our loves again !

*Lep.* Happily, amen !

*Ant.* I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst  
Pompey ;  
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,  
Of late upon me : I must thank him only<sup>22</sup>,  
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;

<sup>21</sup> *But* is not in the old copy, and seems required both for sense and metre. It was supplied by Hanmer.

<sup>22</sup> *i. e.* " Lest I be thought too willing to forget benefits, I must barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him."

At heel of that, defy him.

*Lep.*

Time calls upon us :

Of us must Pompey presently be sought,

Or else he seeks out us.

*Ant.*

Where lies he ?

*Cæs.* About the Mount Misenum.

*Ant.*

What's his strength

By land ?

*Cæs.* Great, and increasing : but by sea

He is an absolute master.

*Ant.*

So is the fame.

'Would, we had spoke together ! Haste we for it :

Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we

The business we have talk'd of.

*Cæs.*

With most gladness ;

And do invite you to my sister's view,

Whither straight I'll lead you.

*Ant.*

Let us, Lepidus,

Not lack your company.

*Lep.*

Noble Antony,

Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt CÆSAR, ANTONY, and*  
*LEPIDUS.*

*Mec.* Welcome from Egypt, sir.

*Eno.* Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas !  
—my honourable friend, Agrippa !—

*Agr.* Good Enobarbus !

*Mec.* We have cause to be glad, that matters are so  
well digested. You stayed well by't in Egypt.

*Eno.* Ay, sir ; we did sleep day out of countenance,  
and made the night light with drinking.

*Mec.* Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast,  
and but twelve persons there ; Is this true ?

*Eno.* This was but as a fly by an eagle : we had  
much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily  
deserved noting.

*Mec.* She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square<sup>23</sup> to her.

*Eno.* When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart upon the river of Cydnus<sup>24</sup>.

*Agr.* There she appeared indeed ; or my reporter devised well for her.

*Eno.* I will tell you :

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne<sup>25</sup>,  
 Burnt on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;  
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that  
 The winds were lovesick with them : the oars were  
 silver ;  
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made

<sup>23</sup> i. e. if report quadrates, or suits with her merits.

<sup>24</sup> Enobarbus is made to say that Cleopatra gained Antony's heart on the river Cydnus ; but it appears from the conclusion of his own description, that Antony had never seen her there ; that whilst she was on the river, Antony was sitting alone, enthroned in the market-place, whistling to the air, all the people having left him to gaze upon her : and that when she landed he sent to her to invite her to supper.

<sup>25</sup> The reader will be pleased to have it in his power to compare Dryden's description with that of Shakespeare :—

“ Her galley down the silver Cydnus row'd,  
 The tackling, silk, the streamers way'd with gold,  
 The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails :  
 Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were plac'd,  
 Where she, another seaborne Venus, lay.—  
 She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,  
 And cast a look so languishingly sweet,  
 As if secure of all beholders' hearts,  
 Neglecting she could take 'em : Boys, like Cupids,  
 Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds  
 That play'd about her face : But if she smil'd,  
 A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad  
 That man's desiring eyes were never wearied,  
 But hung upon the object : To soft flutes  
 The silver oars kept time ; and while they play'd,  
 The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,  
 And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or somewhat more ;  
 For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds  
 Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath  
 To give their welcome voice ”

The water, which they beat, to follow faster,  
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
 It beggar'd all description : she did lie  
 In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),  
 O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see  
 The fancy outwork nature : on each side her,  
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
 With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem  
 To glow<sup>26</sup> the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
 And what they undid, did.

*Ag.*

O, rare for Antony !

*Eno.* Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
 So many mermaids, tended her i' th' guise<sup>27</sup>,  
 And made their bends adornings : at the helm  
 A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackle  
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
 That rarely frame<sup>29</sup> the office. From the barge  
 A strange invisible pérfume hits the sense  
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
 Her people out upon her ; and Antony,  
 Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,  
 Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,  
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
 And made a gap in nature.

<sup>26</sup> The folios misprint "To *glow*."

<sup>27</sup> The old copy has "tended her i' th' eyes," which has been thought to mean *waited upon her looks, discovered her will by her looks* ; but this seems to me strained and improbable, and that *eyes* is a misprint for *guise*, as Mason suggested, which the passage in Plutarch supports :—" Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them, were *apparelled* like nymphes Nereides (which are the mermaids of the water," &c. The subsequent line, "A seeming mermaid steers," clearly point out the meaning of the word *guise*, i. e. the guise or form of mermaids. The words, *made their bends adornings*, would then signify that they made the flexure of their forms, in their assumed character, ornamental by their graceful deportment.

<sup>29</sup> *Rarely frame*, i. e. *readily perform*.

*Agr.* Rare Egyptian !

*Eno.* Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
Invited her to supper : she replied,  
It should be better, he became her guest ;  
Which she entreated : Our courteous Antony,  
Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard speak,  
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast ;  
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,  
For what his eyes eat only.

*Agr.* Royal wench !  
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed ;  
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

*Eno.* I saw her once  
Hop forty paces through the publick street :  
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,  
That she did make defect, perfection,  
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

*Mec.* Now Antony must leave her utterly.

*Eno.* Never ; he will not ;  
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety<sup>30</sup> : Other women cloy  
The appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry  
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things  
Become themselves in her ; that the holy priests  
Bless her, when she is riggish<sup>31</sup>.

*Mec.* If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle  
The heart of Antony, Octavia is

<sup>30</sup> Cleopatra, as appears from the tetradrachms of Antony, was no Venus ; and indeed the majority of ladies who most successfully enslaved the hearts of princes, are known to have been less remarkable for personal than mental attractions. The reign of insipid beauty is seldom lasting ; but permanent must be the rule of a woman who can diversify the sameness of life by an inexhausted variety of accomplishments.

<sup>31</sup> *Riggish* is *wanton*, *immodest*. Dryden has emulated Shakespeare in this, as well as the passage before cited ; it should be remembered, however, that Shakespeare furnished him with his most striking images.

A blessed lottery<sup>32</sup> to him.

*Agr.*

Let us go.—

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,  
Whilst you abide here.

*Eno.*

Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between  
them ; and Attendants.*

*Ant.* The world, and my great office, will sometimes  
Divide me from your bosom.

*Octa.*

All which time  
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers<sup>1</sup>  
To them for you.

*Ant.*

Good night, sir.—My Octavia,  
Read not my blemishes in the world's report :  
I have not kept my square ; but that to come  
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.

*Octa.* Good night, sir<sup>2</sup>.

*Cæs.* Good night. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

*Enter a Soothsayer.*

*Ant.* Now, sirrah ! you do wish yourself in Egypt ?

*Sooth.* 'Would I had never come from thence, nor  
you

Thither !

*Ant.* If you can, your reason ?

<sup>32</sup> *Lottery* for allotment.

<sup>1</sup> The same construction is found in *Coriolanus*, Act i. Sc. 1,  
“*Shouting their emulation.*” And in *King Lear*, Act ii. Sc. 2,  
“*Smile you my speeches ?*”

<sup>2</sup> The folio, 1623, makes this a continuation of Antony's speech,  
it is corrected in the second folio.

*Sooth.* I see't in  
My motion, have it not in my tongue : But yet  
Hie you to Egypt again.

*Ant.* Say to me,  
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine ?

*Sooth.* Cæsar's.  
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side :  
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,  
Where Cæsar's is not ; but near him, thy angel  
Becomes afraid<sup>3</sup>, as being o'erpower'd ; therefore  
Make space enough between you.

*Ant.* Speak this no more.  
*Sooth.* To none but thee ; no more, but when to thee.  
If thou dost play with him at any game,  
'Thou art sure to lose ; and, of that natural luck,  
He beats thee 'gainst the odds : thy lustre thickens<sup>4</sup>,  
When he shines by : I say again, thy spirit  
Is all afraid to govern thee near him ;  
But, he away, 'tis noble<sup>5</sup>.

*Ant.* Get thee gone :  
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him :  
[Exit Soothsayer.

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,  
He hath spoken true : The very dice obey him :  
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints  
Under his chance : if we draw lots, he speeds :  
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,

<sup>3</sup> The old copy has "*becomes a feare*," but the whole thought is borrowed from North's translation of Plutarch. "For thy Demon," said he, (that is, thy good angel and spirit that keepeth thee) is *affraid* of his : and being courageous and high when he is alone, becometh *feareful* and timorous when he cometh neare unto the other." The next speech of the Soothsayer has, "I say again thy spirit is all *afraid*," &c.

<sup>4</sup> So in Macbeth, "*light thickens*."

<sup>5</sup> The first folio has, by error, "But he *alway* 'tis noble," which the second makes "But he *alway is* noble."

When it is all to nought ; and his quails<sup>5</sup> ever  
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt :  
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

*Enter VENTIDIUS.*

I' the east my pleasure lies :—O, come, Ventidius,  
You must to Parthia ; your commission's ready :  
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Street.*

*Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.*

*Lep.* Trouble yourselves no further : pray you, hasten  
Your generals after.

*Agr.* Sir, Mark Antony  
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

*Lep.* Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,  
Which will become you both, farewell.

*Mec.* We shall,  
As I conceive the journey, be at Mount<sup>1</sup>  
Before you, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your way is shorter,  
My purposes do draw me much about ;  
You'll win two days upon me.

*Mec. Agr.* Sir, good success !

*Lep.* Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>5</sup> Shakespeare derived this from Plutarch. The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks. Julius Pollux relates that a circle was made in which the birds were placed, and he whose quail was first driven out of this circle lost the stake. We are told by Mr. Marsden that the Sumatrans practise these quail combats. The Chinese have always been extremely fond of quail fighting. Mr. Douce has given a print, from an elegant Chinese miniature painting, which represents some ladies engaged at this amusement, where the quails are actually *inhooped*. See *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 87.

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* "Mount Misenum." The folio, 1632, "At the Mount."



SCENE V. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and  
ALEXAS.

*Cleo.* Give me some musick ; musick, moody<sup>2</sup> food  
Of us that trade in love.

*Attend.* The musick, ho !

*Enter* MARDIAN.

*Cleo.* Let it alone ; let's to billiards<sup>3</sup> :  
Come, Charmian.

*Char.* My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

*Cleo.* As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,  
As with a woman ;—Come, you'll play with me, sir ?

*Mar.* As well as I can, madam.

*Cleo.* And when good will is show'd, though't come  
too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now :—  
Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river : there,  
My musick playing far off, I will betray  
Tawny-finn'd fishes<sup>4</sup> ; my bended hook shall pierce  
Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,  
I'll think them every one an Antony,  
And say, Ah, ha ! you're caught.

*Char.* 'Twas merry, when  
You wager'd on your angling ; when your diver  
Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he  
With fervency drew up<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> Moody here means melancholy. Cotgrave explains *moody* by the French words *morne, triste*.

<sup>3</sup> It is scarcely necessary to remark that this is an anachronism. *Billiards* were not known to the ancients.

<sup>4</sup> The folios have "Tawney-fine." Theobald made the correction.

<sup>5</sup> This circumstance is from Plutarch : Antony had fished unsuccessfully in Cleopatra's presence, and she laughed at him. The

*Cleo.* That time!—O times!—  
 I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night  
 I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,  
 Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;  
 Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst  
 I wore his sword Philippan<sup>6</sup>.

*Enter a Messenger*

O! from Italy;  
 Rain<sup>7</sup> thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,  
 That long time have been barren.

*Mess.* Madam, madam,—

*Cleo.* Antony's dead!—If thou say so, villain,  
 Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,  
 If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here  
 My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings  
 Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

*Mess.* First, madam, he's well.

*Cleo.* Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark;  
 we use  
 To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,  
 The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour  
 Down thy ill-uttering throat.

next time, therefore, he directed the boatman to dive under water, and attach a fish to his hook. The queen perceived the stratagem, but affecting not to notice it, congratulated him on his success. Another time, however, she determined to laugh at him once more, and gave orders to her own people to get the start of his divers, and put some dried *salt fish* on his hook.

<sup>6</sup> The battle of Philippi being the greatest action of Antony's life, it was an adroit piece of flattery to name his sword from it. It does not, however, appear to be perfectly in costume; the dignifying of weapons with names in this manner had its origin in later times. The swords of the heroes of romance have generally pompous names.

<sup>7</sup> The old copy reads "*Rumme* thou," &c. *Rain* agrees better with the epithets fruitful and barren. So in *Timon*:—

"*Rain* sacrificial whisperings in his ear."  
 The error might easily arise.

*Mess.* Good madam, hear me.

*Cleo.* Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony  
Be free, and healthful,—so tart a favour  
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,  
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,  
Not like a formal man<sup>8</sup>.

*Mess.* Will't please you hear me?

*Cleo.* I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:  
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,  
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,  
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail  
Rich pearls upon thee<sup>9</sup>.

*Mess.* Madam, he's well.

*Cleo.* Well said.

*Mess.* And friends with Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Thou'rt an honest man.

*Mess.* Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

*Cleo.* Make thee a fortune from me.

*Mess.* But yet, madam,—

*Cleo.* I do not like *but yet*, it does allay  
The good precedence; fye upon *but yet*:  
*But yet* is as a gaoler to bring forth  
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,  
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,  
The good and bad together: He's friends with Cæsar;  
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

*Mess.* Free, madam! no; I made no such report:

<sup>8</sup> *i. e.* "not like a man in form, not in your own proper shape."  
Thus in *A Mad World my Masters*, by Middleton, 1608:—

"The very devil assum'd thee *formally*."

<sup>9</sup> That is, "I will give thee a kingdom," it being the eastern ceremony at the coronation of their kings to powder them with gold dust and seed pearl. So Milton:—

"the gorgeous cast, with liberal hand,

Showers on her kings barbaric *pearl* and *gold*."

See the *Life of Timur Bec, or Tamerlane*, by M. Petit de la Croix,  
liv. ii. c. 2.

He's bound unto Octavia.

*Cleo.* For what good turn?

*Mess.* For the best turn i' the bed.

*Cleo.* I am pale, Charmian.

*Mess.* Madam, he's married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

*Mess.* Good madam, patience.

*Cleo.* What say you?—Hence,

[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,  
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

*Mess.* Gracious madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

*Cleo.* Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,  
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst  
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;  
And I will boot<sup>10</sup> thee with what gift beside  
Thy modesty can beg.

*Mess.* He's married, madam.

*Cleo.* Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a Dagger.*]

*Mess.* Nay, then I'll run:—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*]

*Char.* Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;  
The man is innocent.

*Cleo.* Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—  
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures  
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again:  
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call

*Char.* He is afeard to come.

<sup>10</sup> Boot thee, i. e. profit thee, recompense thee.

*Cleo.* I will not hurt him :—  
 These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
 A meaner than myself<sup>11</sup> ; since I myself  
 Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

*Re-enter Messenger.*

Though it be honest, it is never good  
 To bring bad news : Give to a gracious message  
 An host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell  
 Themselves, when they be felt.

*Mess.* I have done my duty.

*Cleo.* Is he married ?  
 I cannot hate thee worser than I do,  
 If thou again say, Yes.

*Mess.* He's married, madam.

*Cleo.* The gods confound thee ! dost thou hold there  
 still ?

*Mess.* Should I lie, madam ?

*Cleo.* O, I would thou didst ;  
 So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made  
 A cistern for scald snakes ! Go, get thee hence ;  
 Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me  
 Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married ?

*Mess.* I crave your highness' pardon.

*Cleo.* He is married ?

*Mess.* Take no offence, that I would not offend you :  
 To punish me for what you make me do,  
 Seems much unequal : He's married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,  
 That art not ! What thou'rt sure of't ? Get thee hence<sup>12</sup> :

<sup>11</sup> This thought seems to be borrowed from the laws of chivalry, which forbade a knight to engage with his inferior.

<sup>12</sup> This line stands in the old editions thus :—

“That art not what thou'rt sure of. Get thee hence.”

I follow Mason's reading. Cleopatra has already made the Messenger repeat his tidings over and over again, and this is the climax, “What ! thou'rt sure of't ?” Whoever looks at the tenor

The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome,  
Are all too dear for me ; Lie they upon thy hand,  
And be undone by 'em ! *[Exit Messenger.]*

*Char.* Good your highness, patience.

*Cleo.* In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

*Char.* Many times, madam.

*Cleo.* I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence,

I faint ; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter ;—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas ; bid him

Report the feature<sup>13</sup> of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair :—bring me word quickly.—

*[Exit ALEXAS.]*

Let him for ever go :—Let him not—Charmian<sup>14</sup>,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way he's a Mars :—Bid you Alexas

*[To MARDIAN.]*

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

*[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE VI. *Near Misenum.*

*Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one side, with Drum and Trumpet : at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.*

*Pom.* Your hostages I have, so have you mine ;  
And we shall talk before we fight.

*Cæs.*

Most meet

of the whole dialogue, must be convinced that this is the true interpretation.

<sup>13</sup> *Feature* was anciently used for the form or fashion of the whole body. See vol. i. p. 135, note 5.

<sup>14</sup> Cleopatra is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but of Antony.

That first we come to words ; and therefore have we  
 Our written purposes before us sent ;  
 Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know  
 If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword ;  
 And carry back to Sicily much tall<sup>1</sup> youth,  
 That else must perish here.

*Pom.* To you all three,  
 The senators alone of this great world,  
 Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,  
 Wherefore my father should revengers want,  
 Having a son and friends : since Julius Cæsar,  
 Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted<sup>2</sup>,  
 There saw you labouring for him. What was't,  
 That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire ? And what  
 Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman Brutus,  
 With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,  
 To drench the Capitol ; but that they would  
 Have one man but a man ? And that is it,  
 Hath made me rig my navy : at whose burden  
 The anger'd ocean foams ; with which I meant  
 To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome  
 Cast on my noble father.

*Cæs.* Take your time.

*Ant.* Thou canst not fear<sup>3</sup> us, Pompey, with thy  
 sails,  
 We'll speak with thee at sea : at land, thou know'st  
 How much we do o'ercount thee.

*Pom.* At land, indeed,  
 Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house<sup>4</sup> :

<sup>1</sup> *Tall*, i. e. *brave, courageous*.

<sup>2</sup> This verb is used by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pref. p. 22, ed. 1632 :—"What madnesse *ghosts* this old man? but what madnesse *ghosts* us all?"

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *Thou canst not affright us with thy numerous navy*. So in Measure for Measure :—

"Setting it up to *fear* the birds of prey."

<sup>4</sup> i. e. "At land indeed thou dost exceed me in possessions, having added to thy own my father's house." *O'ercount* seems

But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,  
Remain in't as thou may'st<sup>5</sup>.

*Lep.* Be pleas'd to tell us  
(For this is from the present<sup>6</sup>), how you take  
The offers we have sent you.

*Cæs.* There's the point.

*Ant.* Which do not be entreated to, but weigh  
What it is worth embrac'd.

*Cæs.* And what may follow,  
To try a larger fortune.

*Pom.* You have made me offer  
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must  
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send  
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,  
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back  
Our targes undinted.

*Cæs. Ant. Lep.* That's our offer.

*Pom.* Know then,  
I came before you here, a man prepar'd  
To take this offer: But Mark Antony  
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose  
The praise of it by telling. You must know,  
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,  
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find  
Her welcome friendly.

*Ant.* I have heard it, Pompey;  
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,  
Which I do owe you.

to be used equivocally, and Pompey perhaps is meant to insinuate that Antony not only *outnumbered*, but had *overreached* him. The circumstance of Antony's obtaining the house of Pompey's father the poet had from Plutarch.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e.* "Since, like the cuckoo, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can."

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* *foreign to the object of our present discussion.* Shakespeare uses the *present* as a substantive many times. See *The Tempest*, Act i. Sc. 1, note 3.



*Pom.* Let me have your hand :  
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

*Ant.* The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,  
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;  
For I have gain'd by it.

*Cæs.* Since I saw you last,  
There's a change upon you.

*Pom.* Well, I know not  
What counts<sup>7</sup> harsh fortune casts upon my face;  
But in my bosom shall she never come,  
To make my heart her vassal.

*Lep.* Well met here.

*Pom.* I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed :  
I crave, our composition may be written,  
And seal'd between us.

*Cæs.* That's the next to do.

*Pom.* We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let's  
Draw lots who shall begin.

*Ant.* That will I, Pompey.

*Pom.* No, Antony, take the lot: but, first,  
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery  
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar  
Grew fat with feasting there.

*Ant.* You have heard much.

*Pom.* I have fair meanings, sir.

*Ant.* And fair words to them.

*Pom.* Then so much have I heard :—  
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

*Eno.* No more of that :—He did so.

*Pom.* What, I pray you?

*Eno.* A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress<sup>8</sup>.

*Pom.* I know thee now;—How far'st thou, soldier?

<sup>7</sup> A metaphor from making *marks* or *lines* in casting accounts in arithmetic.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. to *Julius Cæsar*. This is derived from the margin of North's Plutarch, 1579 :—" *Cleopatra* trussed up in a *mattresse*, and so brought to Cæsar upon *Apollodorus'* backe."

*Eno.*

Well ;

And well am like to do ; for, I perceive,  
Four feasts are toward.

*Pom.*

Let me shake thy hand ;  
I never hated thee : I have seen thee fight,  
When I have envied thy behaviour.

*Eno.*

Sir,

I never lov'd you much : but I have prais'd you,  
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much  
As I have said you did.

*Pom.*

Enjoy thy plainness,  
It nothing ill becomes thee.—  
Aboard my galley I invite you all :  
Will you lead, lords ?

*Cæs. Ant. Lep.* Show us the way, sir.

*Pom.*

Come.

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

*Men.* Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made  
this treaty.—[*Aside.*.]—You and I have known<sup>9</sup>, sir.

*Eno.* At sea, I think.

*Men.* We have, sir.

*Eno.* You have done well by water.

*Men.* And you by land.

*Eno.* I will praise any man that will praise me<sup>10</sup> :  
though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

*Men.* Nor what I have done by water.

*Eno.* Yes, something you can deny for your own  
safety : you have been a great thief by sea.

<sup>9</sup> *Known*, i. e. *been acquainted*. So in *Cymbeline* :—"Sir, we have *known together* at Orleans."

<sup>10</sup> "The poet's art in delivering this humorous sentiment (which gives so very true and natural a picture of the commerce of the world) can never be sufficiently admired. The confession could come from none but a frank and rough character, like the speaker's : and the moral lesson insinuated under it, that flattery can make its way through the most stubborn manners, deserves our serious reflection."—*Warburton*.

*Men.* And you by land.

*Eno.* There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

*Men.* All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

*Eno.* But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

*Men.* No slander; they steal hearts.

*Eno.* We came hither to fight with you.

*Men.* For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

*Eno.* If he do, sure he cannot weep't back again.

*Men.* You've said, sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

*Eno.* Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

*Men.* True, sir; she was the wife of Cains Marcellus.

*Eno.* But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

*Men.* Pray ye, sir?

*Eno.* 'Tis true.

*Men.* Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

*Eno.* If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

*Men.* I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

*Eno.* I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation<sup>11</sup>.

*Men.* Who would not have his wife so?

*Eno.* Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then

<sup>11</sup> *Conversation is behaviour, manner of acting in common life. "He useth no vertue or honest conversation at all: Nec habet ullum cum virtute commercium."*—*Baret*.

shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

*Men.* And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

*Eno.* I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

*Men.* Come; let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *On Board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum.*

*Musick.* Enter Two or Three Servants with a Banquet<sup>1</sup>.

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants<sup>2</sup> are ill rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink almsdrink<sup>3</sup>.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition<sup>4</sup>, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

<sup>1</sup> A *banquet* here is a refection, similar to our *dessert*. See vol. iii. p. 227, note 2.

<sup>2</sup> *Plants*, besides its common meaning, is used here for the *foot*, from the Latin. Thus in Chapman's version of the sixteenth Iliad:—

“Even to the low *plants* of his feete his forme was altered.”  
The French still use *plante du pied* for the sole of the foot.

<sup>3</sup> “A phrase,” says Warburton, “among good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companions drink to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy.”

<sup>4</sup> Warburton explains this phrase as equivalent to one still in use, of “Touching one in a sore place.”

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan<sup>5</sup> I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be. which pitifully disaster the cheeks<sup>6</sup>.

*A Sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.*

*Ant.* Thus do they, sir: [*To CÆSAR.*] They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,  
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,  
Or foizon<sup>7</sup>, follow: The higher Nilus swells,  
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman  
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,  
And shortly comes to harvest<sup>8</sup>.

*Lep.* You have strange serpents there.

*Ant.* Ay, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

<sup>5</sup> A *partizan* was a weapon between a *pike* and a *halberd*, not being so long, it was made use of in mounting a breach, &c.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* "To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it, is a sight as unseemly as the holes where the eyes should be, without the animating presence of the eye to fill them." The *sphere* in which the eye moves is an expression Shakespeare has used more than once:—

"How have mine eyes out of their *spheres* been fitted."

*Sonnet 119.*

"Make thy two eyes like stars start from their *spheres*."

*Hamlet.*

<sup>7</sup> *Foizon* is plenty, abundance. See *The Tempest*, Act ii. Sc. 1, note 13.

<sup>8</sup> Shakespeare seems to have derived his information respecting the Nilometer from Pliny, b. v. c. ix. Holland's translation. Or from Leo's History of Africa, translated by John Pery, 1600.

*Ant.* They are so.

*Pom.* Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

*Lep.* I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

*Eno.* Not till you have slept: I fear me, you'll be in till then.

*Lep.* Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramises<sup>9</sup> are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

*Men.* Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*

*Pom.* [*Aside.*] Say in mine ear: What is't?

*Men.* Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,  
[*Aside.*

And hear me speak a word.

*Pom.* [*Aside.*] Forbear me till anon.—  
This wine for Lepidus.

*Lep.* What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

*Ant.* It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

*Lep.* What colour is it of?

*Ant.* Of its own colour too.

*Lep.* 'Tis a strange serpent.

*Ant.* 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

*Cæs.* Will this description satisfy him?

*Ant.* With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

*Pom.* [*To MENAS aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang!

Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

*Men.* If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,

<sup>9</sup> *Pyramis* for *pyramid* was in common use formerly: from this word Shakespeare formed the plural *pyramises*, to mark the indistinct pronunciation of a man nearly intoxicated, whose tongue is now beginning "to split what it speaks." The usual ancient plural was *pyramides*.

Rise from thy stool.

[*Aside.*

*Pom.* I think thou'rt mad. The matter?

[*Rises, and walks aside.*

*Men.* I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

*Pom.* Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's else to say?—

Be jolly, lords.

*Ant.* These quicksands, Lepidus,

Keep off them, for you sink.

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

*Pom.* What say'st thou?

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

*Pom.* How should that be?

*Men.* But entertain it,

And although thou think me poor, I am the man  
Will give thee all the world.

*Pom.* Hast thou drunk well?

*Men.* No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.  
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:  
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips<sup>10</sup>,  
Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

*Pom.* Show me which way.

*Men.* These three world-sharers, these competitors<sup>11</sup>,

Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable;  
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:  
All there is thine.

*Pom.* Ah, this thou should'st have done,  
And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villainy;  
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,  
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;  
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue

<sup>10</sup> *Inclips*, i. e. *encloses* and *embraces*.

<sup>11</sup> *Competitors*, i. e. *confederates*. See Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. Sc. 6, note 4, and the present play, Act i. Sc. 4, note 1.

Hath so betray'd thine act : Being done unknown,  
I should have found it afterwards well done ;  
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

*Men.* For this, *[Aside.*

I'll never follow thy pall'd<sup>12</sup> fortunes more,—  
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,  
Shall never find it more.

*Pom.* This health to Lepidus.

*Ant.* Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him,  
Pompey.

*Eno.* Here's to thee, Menas.

*Men.* Enobarbus, welcome.

*Pom.* Fill, till the cup be hid.

*Eno.* There's a strong fellow, Menas.

*[Pointing to the Attendant who carries off*  
**LEPIDUS.**

*Men.* Why?

*Eno.* He bears

The third part of the world, man ; Seest not ?

*Men.* The third part then is drunk<sup>a</sup> : 'Would it  
were all,

That it might go on wheels !

*Eno.* Drink thou ; increase the reels<sup>13</sup>.

*Men.* Come.

*Pom.* This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

*Ant.* It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels<sup>14</sup>, ho

<sup>12</sup> *Palled* is *vapid*, past its time of excellence ; *palled* wine is wine that has lost its sprightliness.

<sup>a</sup> The old copy has, "The third part, then *he* is drunk," &c.

<sup>13</sup> Difficulties have been made about this passage, in which I must confess I see none. Menas says, "The third part of the world is drunk (meaning Lepidus, one of the *triumvirs*), would it were all so, that it might go on wheels, i. e. turn round or change." To which Enobarbus replies, "Drink thou ; increase the reels," i. e. increase its giddy course.

<sup>14</sup> *Strike the vessels*, i. e. *tap them*, *brouch them*. So in the last scene of Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas* :—"Home, Launce, and strike a fresh piece of wine, the town's ours." See Cotgrave in v. *Tapper*.



Here's to Cæsar.

*Cæs.* I could well forbear't.

It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain,  
An it grow fouler.

*Ant.* Be a child o'the time.

*Cæs.* Possess it, I'll make answer: but I had rather  
fast

From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

*Eno.* Ha, my brave emperor! [To ANTONY.  
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,  
And celebrate our drink?

*Pom.* Let's ha't, good soldier.

*Ant.* Come, let's all take hands<sup>15</sup>;  
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense  
In soft and delicate Lethe.

*Eno.* All take hands.—  
Make battery to our ears with the loud musick;—  
The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing;  
The holding<sup>16</sup> every man shall bear, as loud  
As his strong sides can volley.

[Musick plays. ENOBARBUS places them  
hand in hand.

### SONG.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,  
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne<sup>17</sup>:*

<sup>15</sup> The half line omitted in this place may be supplied with words resembling those in Milton's *Comus*:—

"Come let us all take hands, and beat the ground,  
Till," &c.

<sup>16</sup> The old copy reads, "The holding every man shall beat." Theobald corrected it. The *holding* is the burden or *under-song*, what we should now call the *chorus*. Thus in the *Serving Man's Comfort*, 1598, 4to. "Where a song is to be sung the *under-song* or *holding* whereof is—

It is merrie in haul,  
When beards wag all."

<sup>17</sup> *Pink eyne* are *small eyes*. "Some have mighty yies and some be *pinkyied*. Quidam pergrandis sunt luminibus, quidam peti."

*In thy vats our cares be drown'd ;  
 With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd ;  
 Cup us, till the world go round ;  
 Cup us, till the world go round !*

*Cæs.* What would you more?—Pompey, good night  
 Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business  
 Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part ;  
 You see, we have burnt our cheeks : strong Enobarbe  
 Is weaker than the wine ; and mine own tongue  
 Splits<sup>18</sup> what it speaks : the wild disguise hath almost  
 Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good  
 night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

*Pom.* I'll try you on the shore.

*Ant.* And shall, sir : give's your hand.

*Pom.* O, Antony,

You have my father's house<sup>19</sup>,—But what? we are  
 friends :

Come down into the boat.

*Eno.* Take heed you fall not.—

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, and  
 Attendants.*]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

*Men.* No, to my cabin<sup>20</sup>.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

*Horman's Vulgaria*, 1519. The flower called a *pink* is in French *œillet*, or *little eye*. To *pink* and *wink* is to contract the eyes and peep out of the lids. Hence *pinky* for tipsy, from the peculiar expression of the eyes of persons in liquor. The epithet is therefore well appropriated to the god of wine.

<sup>18</sup> The folios have *Spleets*.

<sup>19</sup> See note 4 on the previous scene.

<sup>20</sup> These words and the three following lines are part of the speech of Enobarbus in the folio 1623.

To these great fellows : Sound, and be hang'd ! sound  
out ! [*A Flourish of Trumpets, with Drums.*

*Eno.* Ho ! says 'a :—There's my cap.

*Men.*

Ho !—noble captain !

Come.

[*Exeunt.*

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. *A Plain in Syria.*

*Enter VENTIDIUS, as after Conquest, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers ; the dead Body of PACORUS borne before him.*

*Ventidius.*

**N**OW, darting Parthia, art thou struck<sup>1</sup> ; and  
now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death  
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body  
Before our army :—Thy Pacorus, Orodes<sup>2</sup>,  
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

*Sil.*

Noble Ventidius,

Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,  
The fugitive Parthians follow ; spur through Media,  
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither  
The routed fly : so thy grand captain Antony  
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and  
Put garlands on thy head.

*Ven.*

O Silius, Silius,

I have done enough : A lower place, note well,  
May make too great an act : For learn this, Silius ;  
Better to leave undone, than by our deed  
Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's away.  
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won

<sup>1</sup> *Struck* alludes to *darting*. Thou, whose darts have often struck others, art struck now thyself.

<sup>2</sup> *Pacorus* was the son of *Orodes*, king of Parthia.

More in their officer, than person : Sossius,  
 One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,  
 For quick accumulation of renown,  
 Which he achiev'd by th' minute, lost his favour.  
 Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,  
 Becomes his captain's captain : and ambition,  
 The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,  
 Than gain which darkens him.  
 I could do more to do Antonius good,  
 But 'twould offend him ; and in his offence  
 Should my performance perish.

*Sil.* Thou hast, Ventidius, that

Without the which a soldier, and his sword,  
 Grants<sup>3</sup> scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

*Ven.* I'll humbly signify what in his name,  
 That magical word of war, we have effected ;  
 How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,  
 The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia  
 We have jaded out o' the field.

*Sil.* Where is he now ?

*Ven.* He purposeth to Athens: whither with what  
 haste

The weight we must convey with's will permit,  
 We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Rome. *An Antechamber in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter AGRIPPA, and ENOBARBUS, meeting.*

*Agr.* What, are the brothers parted ?

<sup>3</sup> *Grants* for *affords*. “Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless.” This was wisdom, or knowledge of the world. Ventidius had told him why he did not pursue his advantages; and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight.—*Warburton.* There is somewhat the same idea in Coriolanus:—

“Who sensible *outdares* his senseless sword.”

*Eno.* They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;  
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps  
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,  
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled  
With the green-sickness.

*Agr.* 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

*Eno.* A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

*Agr.* Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

*Eno.* Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

*Agr.* What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

*Eno.* Spake you of Cæsar? How? the noupareil!

*Agr.* O Antony! O thou Arabian bird<sup>1</sup>!

*Eno.* Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go  
no further.

*Agr.* Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent  
praises.

*Eno.* But he loves Cæsar best;—Yet he loves Antony:  
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot  
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho,  
His love to Antony<sup>2</sup>. But as for Cæsar,  
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

*Agr.* Both he loves.

*Eno.* They are his shards<sup>3</sup>, and he their beetle. So,—  
[*Trumpets.*

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

*Agr.* Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. *The phoenix*. So again in *Cymbeline*:—

“She is alone the *Arabian bird*, and I  
Have lost my wager.”

<sup>2</sup> A similar arrangement of words was much affected in the age of Shakespeare, even by the first writers. Thus in Daniel's 11th Sonnet:—

“Yet will I weep, vow, pray to cruel shee;

Flint, frost, disdain, weares, melts, and yields we see.”

And Sir Philip Sidney's Excellent Sonnet of a Nymph, printed in England's Helicon, is a tissue of this kind.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. “They are the *wings* that raise this *heavy lumpish insect* from the ground.” So in *Macbeth*, “The *shard-borne beetle*.” See vol. ix. p. 260, note 7.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.*

*Ant.* No further, sir.

*Cæs.* You take from me a great part of myself ;  
Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife  
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band<sup>4</sup>  
Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,  
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set  
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,  
To keep it builded<sup>5</sup>, be the ram, to batter  
The fortress of it : for better might we  
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts  
This be not cherish'd.

*Ant.* Make me not offended  
In your distrust.

*Cæs.* I have said.

*Ant.* You shall not find,  
Though you be therein curious<sup>6</sup>, the least cause  
For what you seem to fear : So, the gods keep you,  
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends !  
We will here part.

*Cæs.* Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well ;  
The elements<sup>7</sup> be kind to thee, and make  
Thy spirits all of comfort ! fare thee well.

*Octa.* My noble brother !—

*Ant.* The April's in her eyes : it is love's spring,  
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

<sup>4</sup> *Band* and *bond* were synonymous in Shakespeare's time. See Comedy of Errors, Act iv. Sc. 2, note 12.

<sup>5</sup> "And ruin'd *love*, when it is *built* anew,  
Grows fairer than at first."

*Shakespeare, 119th Sonnet.*

<sup>6</sup> i. e. *scrupulous, particular*. So in the Taming of the Shrew :—  
"For *curious* I cannot be with you."

<sup>7</sup> It is singular that this passage could by any means have been misunderstood. Octavia was going to sail with Antony from Rome to Athens, and her brother wishes that the elements may be kind to her ; in other words, that she may have a prosperous voyage.

*Octa.* Sir, look well to my husband's house ; and—

*Cæs.* What,

Octavia ?

*Octa.* I'll tell you in your ear.

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can  
Her heart inform her tongue : the swan's down feather,  
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,  
And neither way inclines.

*Eno.* Will Cæsar weep ? [*Aside to AGRIPPA.*

*Agr.* He has a cloud in's face<sup>8</sup>.

*Eno.* He were the worse for that, were he a horse ;  
So is he, being a man.

*Agr.* Why, Enobarbus ?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,  
He cried almost to roaring : and he wept  
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

*Eno.* That year, indeed, he was troubled with a  
rheum ;  
What willingly he did confound<sup>9</sup>, he wail'd :  
Believe't, till I wept<sup>10</sup> too.

*Cæs.* No, sweet Octavia,

You shall hear from me still ; the time shall not

<sup>8</sup> A horse is said to have a *cloud in his face*, when he has a dark coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes. This gives him a sour look, and being supposed to indicate an ill temper, is of course looked upon as a great blemish. Burton has applied the phrase to the look of a female :—" Every lover admires his mistress, though she be very deformed of herself—thin, leane, chitty-face, have *clouds in her face*, be crooked," &c.—*Anatomy of Melancholy*, p. 524, ed. 1632.

<sup>9</sup> *To confound* is to *consume*, to *destroy*. See Minshew's Dictionary, 1617, in voce. See vol. v. p. 25, note 13, vol. viii. p. 355.

<sup>10</sup> The old copies have "till I *weep* too." Theobald reads, "till I wept too." Mr. Steevens endeavours to give a meaning to the old reading :—"Believe," says Enobarbus, "that he wept over such an event, till you see me weeping on the same occasion, when I shall be obliged to you for putting such a construction on my tears, which, in reality (like his), will be tears of joy." I must confess I prefer the emendation of Theobald to the explanation of Steevens.

Outgo my thinking on you.

*Ant.* Come, sir, come ;

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love :

Look, here I have you ; thus I let you go,

And give you to the gods.

*Cæs.* Adieu ; be happy !

*Lep.* Let all the number of the stars give light  
To thy fair way !

*Cæs.* Farewell, farewell ! [*Kisses OCTAVIA.*

*Ant.* Farewell !

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and  
ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Where is the fellow ?

*Alex.* Half afeard to come.

*Cleo.* Go to, go to :—Come hither, sir.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Alex.* Good majesty,  
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,  
But when you are well pleas'd.

*Cleo.* That Herod's head  
I'll have : But how ? when Antony is gone  
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou  
near.

*Mess.* Most gracious majesty,—

*Cleo.* Didst thou behold  
Octavia ?

*Mess.* Ay, dread queen.

*Cleo.* Where ?

*Mess.* Madam, in Rome  
I look'd her in the face ; and saw her led



Between her brother and Mark Antony.

*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me?

*Mess.* She is not, madam.

*Cleo.* Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd,  
or low?

*Mess.* Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.

*Cleo.* That's not so good: he cannot like her long.

*Char.* Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

*Cleo.* I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and  
dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,  
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

*Mess.* She creeps;

Her motion and her station<sup>1</sup> are as one:

She shows a body rather than a life;

A statue, than a breather.

*Cleo.* Is this certain?

*Mess.* Or I have no observance.

*Char.* Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

*Cleo.* He's very knowing,

I do perceive't:—There's nothing in her yet:—

The fellow has good judgement.

*Char.* Excellent.

*Cleo.* Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

*Mess.* Madam,

She was a widow.

*Cleo.* Widow?—Charmian, hark<sup>2</sup>.

*Mess.* And I do think, she's thirty.

*Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long, or  
round?

*Mess.* Round even to faultiness.

<sup>1</sup> *Station* here means the act of standing. So in Hamlet:—

“A station like the herald Mercury.”

<sup>2</sup> Cleopatra rejoices in this circumstance, as it sets Octavia on a level with herself, who was no virgin, when she fell to the lot of Antony.

*Cleo.* For the most part too, they are foolish that are so<sup>3</sup>.——

Her hair, what colour?

*Mess.* Brown, madam.

*Cleo.* And her forehead<sup>4</sup>?

*Mess.* As low as she would wish it.

*Cleo.* There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:

I will employ thee back again; I find thee

Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;

Our letters are prepar'd. [Exit Messenger.

*Char.* A proper man.

*Cleo.* Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,  
That so I harry'd<sup>5</sup> him. Why, methinks, by him,  
This creature's no such thing.

*Char.* Nothing, madam.

*Cleo.* The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

*Char.* Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,  
And serving you so long!

*Cleo.* I have one thing more to ask him yet, good  
Charmian:

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me  
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

*Char.* I warrant you, madam. [Exeunt.

<sup>3</sup> This is from the old writers on physiognomy. Thus in Hill's Pleasant History, &c. 1613:—"The head *very round*, to be forgetful and *foolish*." Again:—"The *head long*, to be prudent and wary." "A low forehead," &c. p. 218.

<sup>4</sup> These words form part of the Messenger's speech in the folio, but they evidently belong to Cleopatra.

<sup>5</sup> *To harry* is *to harass*, *to worry*, *to use roughly*, *to vex*, or *molest*, from the old Norman-French *harier* of the same meaning. The word occurs frequently in our old writers. Thus in The Revengers' Tragedy, 1607:—

"He *harry'd* her amidst a nest of pandars."

So Nash, in his Lenten Stuff:—"As if he were *harrying* and chasing his enemies."

SCENE IV. Athens. *A Room in Antony's House.**Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.*

*Ant.* Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—  
 That were excusable, that, and thousands more  
 Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd  
 New wars 'gainst Pompey : made his will, and read it  
 To publick ear<sup>1</sup> :  
 Spoke scantily of me ; when perforce he could not  
 But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly  
 He vented them ; most narrow measure lent me :  
 When the best hint was given him, he not took't,  
 Or did it from his teeth<sup>2</sup>.

*Oct.* O my good lord,  
 Believe not all : or, if you must believe,  
 Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,  
 If this division chance, ne'er stood between,  
 Praying for both parts : the good gods will mock me  
 presently,  
 When I shall pray<sup>3</sup>, "O bless my lord and husband !"   
 Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,  
 "O, bless my brother !" Husband win, win brother,  
 Prays, and destroys the prayer ; no midway

<sup>1</sup> According to Plutarch, the offence was his reading Antony's will, which he obtained unfairly.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *to appearance only, not seriously*. Thus Dryden in his *Wild Gallant* :—"I am confident she is only angry *from the teeth outward*." So Chapman, in his version of the fifteenth Iliad :—  
 "She laught, but *meerly from her lips*."

And Fuller, in his *Holie Warre*, b. iv. c. 17 :—"This bad breath, though it came but *from the teeth* of some, yet proceeded from the corrupt lungs of others." And in *Withal's Dictionarie for Children*, 1616, p. 562. "*Lingua amicus*: A friend from the teeth outward." This passage is very incorrectly printed in the folio. Thus we have *look't* for *took't*, then for *them*, &c.

<sup>3</sup> The situation and sentiments of Octavia resemble those of Lady Blanch in *King John*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

'Twixt these extremes at all.

*Ant.*

Gentle Octavia,

Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks  
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,  
I lose myself: better I were not yours,  
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,  
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,  
I'll raise the preparation of a war  
Shall stain<sup>4</sup> your brother; Make your soonest haste  
So your desires are yours.

*Oct.*

Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak  
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be  
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men  
Should solder up the rift.

*Ant.* When it appears to you where this begins,  
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults  
Can never be so equal, that your love  
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;  
Choose your own company, and command what cost  
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Boswell suggests that, perhaps, we should read, "Shall *stay* your brother." But there seems to me no necessity for change. To *stain* is not here used for to *shame* or *disgrace*, as Johnson supposed; but for to *eclipse*, *extinguish*, throw into the shade, to *put out*; from the old French *esteindre*. In this sense it is used in all the examples cited by Steevens:—

"Here at hand approacheth one  
Whose face will *stain* you all."

*Tottel's Miscellany*, 1568.

"So Shore's wife's face made fowle Brownetta blush,  
As pearle *staynes* pitch, or gold surmounts a rush."

*Shore's Wife, by Churchyard*, 1593

"Whose beautie *staines* the faire Helen of Greece."

*Churchyard's Charitie*, 1595.

"The praise and yet the *stain* of all womankind."

*Sidney's Arcadia*.

SCENE V. *The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.*

*Eno.* How now, friend Eros?

*Eros.* There's strange news come, sir.

*Eno.* What, man?

*Eros.* Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

*Eno.* This is old; What is the success?

*Eros.* Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry<sup>1</sup>! would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal<sup>2</sup>, seizes him: So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

*Eno.* Then, world<sup>3</sup>, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more<sup>4</sup>;

And throw between them all the food thou hast,  
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

*Eros.* He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns  
The rush that lies before him; cries, "Fool Lepidus!"  
And threatens the throat of that his officer,  
That murder'd Pompey.

*Eno.* Our great navy's rigg'd.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. *equal rank*. In Hamlet Horatio and Marcellus are styled by Bernardo "the *rivals*" of his watch.

<sup>2</sup> *Appeal* here means *accusation*. Cæsar seized Lepidus without any other proof than Cæsar's accusation.

<sup>3</sup> The folio reads, "Then *would*;" and in the last line of this speech, "They'll grind the other," omitting *the one*; palpable errors corrected by Johnson.

<sup>4</sup> *No more* does not signify *no longer*; but has the same meaning as if Shakespeare had written *and no more*: "Thou hast now a pair of chaps, and *only* a pair. Cæsar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey on between them."

*Eros.* For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius;  
My lord desires you presently: my news  
I might have told hereafter.

*Eno.* 'Twill be naught:

But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

*Eros.* Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Rome. *A Room in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.*

*Cæs.* Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and  
more,

In Alexandria:—here's the manner of it,—  
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd<sup>1</sup>,  
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold  
Were publickly enthron'd: at the feet, sat  
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;  
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust  
Since then hath made between them. Unto her  
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her  
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,  
Absolute queen.

*Mec.* This in the publick eye?

*Cæs.* I' the common show-place, where they exercise.  
His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings<sup>2</sup>:  
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,  
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd  
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She  
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis  
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience  
As 'tis reported, so.

*Mec.* Let Rome be thus  
Inform'd.

<sup>1</sup> This is closely copied from the old translation of Plutarch.

<sup>2</sup> The old copy has *hither* instead of *he there*, and *King* instead of *Kings*.

*Agr.* Who, queasy with his insolence  
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

*Cæs.* The people know it: and have now receiv'd  
His accusations.

*Agr.* Whom does he accuse?

*Cæs.* Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily  
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him  
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me  
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,  
That Lepidus of the triumvirate  
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain  
All his revenue.

*Agr.* Sir, this should be answer'd.

*Cæs.* 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.  
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;  
That he his high authority abus'd,  
And did deserve his change; for what I have conquer'd,  
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,  
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I  
Demand the like.

*Mec.* He'll never yield to that.

*Cæs.* Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

*Enter OCTAVIA, with her Train.*

*Oct.* Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear  
Cæsar!

*Cæs.* That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

*Oct.* You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

*Cæs.* Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You  
come not

Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony  
Should have an army for an usher, and  
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,  
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way,  
Should have borne men; and expectation faint'd,  
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust

Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,  
 Rais'd by your populous troops : But you are come  
 A market-maid to Rome ; and have prevented  
 The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown  
 Is often left unlov'd : we should have met you  
 By sea, and land ; supplying every stage  
 With an augmented greeting.

*Oct.* Good my lord,  
 To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it  
 On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony  
 Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted  
 My grieved ear withal ; whereon, I begg'd  
 His pardon for return.

*Cæs.* Which soon he granted,  
 Being an obstruct<sup>3</sup> 'tween his lust and him.

*Oct.* Do not say so, my lord.

*Cæs.* I have eyes upon him,  
 And his affairs come to me on the wind.  
 Where is he now ?

*Oct.* My lord, in Athens.

*Cæs.* No, my most wronged sister ; Cleopatra  
 Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire  
 Up to a whore ; who now are levying<sup>4</sup>  
 The kings o' the earth for war : He hath assembled  
 Bocchus, the king of Libya ; Archelaus,  
 Of Cappadocia ; Philadelphos, king  
 Of Paphlagonia ; the Thracian king, Adallas :  
 King Malchus of Arabia ; king of Pont ;

<sup>3</sup> The old copy reads, *abstract*. The alteration was made by Warburton. Mr Knight retains and defends the old reading ; but an *abstract between* is surely nonsense.

<sup>4</sup> That is, *which two persons are now levying*, &c. Upton observes, that there are some errors in the enumeration of the auxiliary kings : but it is probable that the poet did not care to be scrupulously accurate. He proposed to read :—

“ Polemon and Amintus,  
 Of Lycaonia, and the king of Mede ; ”  
 which obviates all impropriety.



Herod of Jewry ; Mithridates, king  
Of Comagene ; Polemon and Amintas,  
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia, with a  
More larger list of sceptres.

*Oct.* Ah me, most wretched,  
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,  
That do afflict each other !

*Cæs.* Welcome hither :  
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth ;  
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wronged<sup>5</sup>,  
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart :  
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives  
O'er your content these strong necessities ;  
But let determin'd things to destiny  
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome :  
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd  
Beyond the mark of thought : and the high gods,  
To do you justice, make their ministers<sup>6</sup>  
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort<sup>7</sup> ;  
And ever welcome to us.

*Agr.* Welcome, lady.

*Mec.* Welcome, dear madam.  
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you :  
Only the adulterous Antony, most large  
In his abominations, turns you off ;  
And gives his potent regiment to a trull<sup>8</sup>,

<sup>5</sup> The old copy misprints *wrong led* for *wronged*.

<sup>6</sup> The first folio has, "*makes his ministers*." The second, "*make his ministers*," which Mr. Collier adopts, notwithstanding the false concord ; for it is impossible to conceive with him that the reference is to justice, which is not here personified, and, had it been, *his* would have been inapplicable.

<sup>7</sup> This elliptical phrase is merely an expression of endearment addressed to Octavia—"Thou best of comfort to thy loving brother."

<sup>8</sup> *And gives his potent regiment to a trull*.

*Regiment* is government, authority ; he puts his power and his empire into the hands of a harlot. *Regiment* is used for *regimen* or government by most of our ancient writers. Thus Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, b. ii. c. 10 :—

That noises<sup>9</sup> it against us.

*Oct.*

Is it so, sir?

*Cæs.* Most certain. Sister, welcome. Pray you,  
Be ever known to patience: My dear'st sister!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Antony's Camp, near the Promontory  
of Actium.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.*

*Cleo.* I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

*Eno.* But why, why, why?

*Cleo.* Thou hast forespoke<sup>1</sup> my being in these wars;  
And say'st, it is not fit.

*Eno.*

Well, is it, is it?

*Cleo.* If not<sup>2</sup> denounc'd against us, why should not  
we  
Be there in person?

"So when he had resigned his *regiment*."

And in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:—

"Or Hecate in Pluto's *regiment*."

<sup>9</sup> Milton has used this uncommon verb in *Paradise Regained*,  
b. iv.—

"Though *noising* loud,  
And threatening nigh."

<sup>1</sup> To *forespeak* here is to *speak against*, to *gainsay*, to *contradict*;  
as to *forbid* is to order negatively. The word had, however, the  
meaning, anciently, of to *charm* or *bewitch*, like *forbid* in *Macbeth*.  
See vol. iv. p. 14, note 6. Thus in the *Arraignment of Paris*,  
1584:—"Thy life *forespoke* by love." And in Drayton's *Epistle*  
from Elinor Cobham to Duke Humphrey:—

"Or to *forspeak* whole flocks as they did feed."

Steevens erroneously explains these instances: the first he makes  
to mean *contradicted*; the last, to *curse*. Substitute *bewitched*  
and to *bewitch*, and we have the true meaning. Thus Baret:—  
"To *forespeake*, or *bewitch*; fascinare."

<sup>2</sup> Thus the old copy. Steevens reads, "*Is't not? Denounce*  
against us, why," &c. But change is unnecessary. Cleopatra  
means to say, "If we are not interdicted by proclamation, why  
should we not be there in person?" To *denounce* is most fre-

*Eno.* [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply ;—  
If we should serve with horse and mares together,  
The horse were merely<sup>3</sup> lost ; the mares would bear  
A soldier, and his horse.

*Cleo.* What is't you say ?

*Eno.* Your presence needs must puzzle Antony ;  
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time  
What should not then be spar'd. He is already  
Traduc'd for levity ; and 'tis said in Rome,  
That Photinus a eunuch, and your maids,  
Manage this war.

*Cleo.* Sink Rome ; and their tongues rot,  
That speak against us ! A charge we bear i' the war,  
And, as the president of my kingdom, will  
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it ;  
I will not stay behind.

*Eno.* Nay, I have done :  
Here comes the emperor.

*Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.*

*Ant.* Is't not strange, Canidius,  
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,  
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,  
And take in<sup>4</sup> Toryne ?—You have heard on't, sweet ?

*Cleo.* Celerity is never more admir'd,  
Than by the negligent.

*Ant.* A good rebuke,  
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,  
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we  
Will fight with him by sea.

*Cleo.* By sea ! What else ?

quently used for to *pronounce* or *proclaim* by the poet. See Measure for Measure, Act i. Sc. iii. note 5.

<sup>3</sup> *Merely*, i. e. *entirely*, *absolutely*.

<sup>4</sup> *Take in*, i. e. *take*, *subdue*. This phrase occurs frequently in Shakespeare and has been already explained.

*Can.* Why will my lord do so?

*Ant.* For that<sup>5</sup> he dares us to't.

*Eno.* So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

*Can.* Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,  
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these offers,  
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;  
And so should you.

*Eno.* Your ships are not well mann'd:  
Your mariners are muleteers<sup>6</sup>, reapers, people  
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet  
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:  
Their ships are yare<sup>7</sup>; yours, heavy. No disgrace  
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,  
Being prepar'd for land.

*Ant.* By sea, by sea.

*Eno.* Most worthy sir, you therein throw away  
The absolute soldiership you have by land;  
Distract your army, which doth most consist  
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted  
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego  
The way which promises assurance; and  
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,  
From firm security.

*Ant.* I'll fight at sea.

*Cleo.* I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

*Ant.* Our overplus of shipping will we burn;  
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of  
Actium

<sup>5</sup> *For that*, i. e. *cause that*, or *that is the cause*. See *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i. Sc. 3, note 12; vol. iii. p. 312, note 6.

<sup>6</sup> The folio has *militers*, but *muleteers* was sometimes spelt *muliters*, and so it appears in the second folio, and in North's *Plutarch*.

<sup>7</sup> *Yare* is *quick, nimble, ready*. So in *The Tempest*, Act v. Sc. 1:—"Our ship is tight and *yare*." The word seems to have been much in use with sailors formerly. "The lesser [ship] will come and go, leave and take, and is *yare*; whereas the greater is slow."—*Raleigh*. "Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, high and great, &c.; but they were light of *garage*."—*North's Plutarch*.

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,  
We then can do't at land.—

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thy business?

*Mess.* The news is true, my lord; he is descried;  
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

*Ant.* Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;  
Strange, that his power should be<sup>8</sup>.—Canidius,  
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,  
And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to our ship;  
Away, my Thetis<sup>9</sup>!—

*Enter a Soldier.*

How now, worthy soldier?

*Sold.* O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;  
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt  
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians,  
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking: we  
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,  
And fighting foot to foot.

*Ant.* Well, well, away!

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and  
ENOBARBUS.

*Sold.* By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

*Can.* Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows  
Not in the power on't<sup>10</sup>: So our leader's led,  
And we are women's men.

*Sold.* You keep by land  
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

<sup>8</sup> i. e. *Strange that his forces should be there.*

<sup>9</sup> Antony may address Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph, because she had just promised him assistance in his naval expedition; or perhaps in allusion to her voyage down the Cydnus, when she appeared, like Thetis, surrounded by the Nereids.

<sup>10</sup> i. e. "His whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength (namely his *land force*), but on the caprice of a woman, who wishes that he should fight by sea."

*Can.* Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justei-  
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea :  
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's  
Carries<sup>11</sup> beyond belief.

*Sold.* While he was yet in Rome,  
His power went out in such distractions<sup>12</sup>, as  
Beguil'd all spies.

*Can.* Who's his lieutenant, hear you ?

*Sold.* They say, one Taurus.

*Can.* Well I know the man.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The emperor calls Canidius.

*Can.* With news the time's with labour ; and throes<sup>13</sup>  
forth,

Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VIII. *A Plain near Actium.*

*Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and Others.*

*Cæs.* Taurus,—

*Taur.* My lord.

*Cæs.* Strike not by land ; keep whole :  
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.  
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll :  
Our fortune lies upon this jump<sup>1</sup>. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

*Ant.* Set we our squadrons on yon' side o' the hill,  
In eye of Cæsar's battle ; from which place

<sup>11</sup> i. e. *Passes all belief*. I should not have noticed this, but for Steevens's odd notion of its being a phrase from archery.

<sup>12</sup> *Distractions*, i. e. *detachments, separate bodies*.

<sup>13</sup> The old copies have *throwes*, but this was merely the mode of spelling *throes*.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. *this hazard*. Thus in Macbeth :—

“ We'd jump the life to come.”

We may the number of the ships behold,  
And so proceed accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his Land Army one Way over the Stage; and TAURUS, the Lieutenant of Cæsar, the other Way. After their going in, is heard the Noise of a Sea-fight.*

*Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:

The Antoniad<sup>2</sup>, the Egyptian admiral,  
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;  
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter SCARUS.*

*Scar.* Gods and goddesses,  
All the whole synod of them!

*Eno.* What's thy passion?

*Scar.* The greater cantle<sup>3</sup> of the world is lost  
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away  
Kingdoms and provinces.

*Eno.* How appears the fight?

*Scar.* On our side like the token'd pestilence<sup>4</sup>,  
Where death is sure. Yon' ribaudred hag<sup>5</sup> of Egypt,

<sup>2</sup> "The Antoniad," Plutarch says, "was the name of Cleopatra's ship."

<sup>3</sup> A cantle is a portion, a scantling: it also signified a corner, and a quarter-piece of any thing. It is from the old French *chantel*, or *eschantille*.

<sup>4</sup> The death of those visited by the plague was certain, when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*. See vol. ii. p. 299, note 48.

<sup>5</sup> The old copy reads, "*ribaudred nag*," which was altered by Steevens and Malone into "*ribald-rid nag*," but quite unnecessarily. *Ribaudred* is *obscene*, indecent in words or acts. Thus Baret:—"A *ribaudrous* and filthie tongue; os obscænum et impudicum. *Ribaudrie*, vilanie in actes or wordes, filthiness, uncleanness." And in Horman's *Vulgaria*:—"Refrayne fro suche

Whom leprosy o'ertake ! i' the midst o' the fight,—  
 When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,  
 Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—  
 The brize<sup>6</sup> upon her, like a cow in June,  
 Hoists sails, and flies.

*Eno.*

That I beheld :

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not  
 Endure a further view.

*Scar.*

She once being loof'd<sup>7</sup>,

The noble ruin of her magick, Antony,  
 Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,  
 Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :  
 I never saw an action of such shame ;  
 Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before  
 Did violate so itself.

*Eno.*

Alack, alack !

*Enter CANIDIUS.*

*Can.* Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,  
 And sinks most lamentably. Had our general  
 Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :  
 O, he has given example for our flight,  
 Most grossly, by his own.

foule and *rebaudry* wordes." Mr. Tyrwhitt saw that the context required we should read *hag* instead of *nag*, which was an easy typographical error. The poet would surely not have called Cleopatra a *nag* ! and what follows shows that *hag* was in his mind :—

" She once being loof'd,

The noble ruin of her magick, Antony,  
 Claps on his sea-wing."

It is somewhat surprising that Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight should have adopted the uncalled for alteration of Steevens, which is a much wider departure from the old copy than many they have indignantly censured.

<sup>6</sup> *The brize is the æstrum, or gadfly, so troublesome to cattle in the summer months.*

<sup>7</sup> *To loof is to bring a ship close to the wind.* This expression is in the old translation of Plutarch. It also frequently occurs in Hackluyt's Voyages.



*Eno.* Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night  
Indeed. [*Aside.*

*Can.* Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

*Scar.* 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend  
What further comes.

*Can.* To Cæsar will I render  
My legions, and my horse; six kings already  
Show me the way of yielding.

*Eno.* I'll yet follow  
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason  
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTONY, and Attendants.*

*Ant.* Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,  
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither.  
I am so lated<sup>1</sup> in the world, that I  
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship  
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,  
And make your peace with Cæsar.

*Att.* Fly! not we.

*Ant.* I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards  
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;  
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,  
Which has no need of you; be gone:  
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O!  
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:  
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white  
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them  
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone! you shall  
Have letters from me to some friends, that will  
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. *belated*, *benighted*. So in *Macbeth*:—

“Now spurs the *lated* traveller apace.”

Nor make replies of loathness : take the hint  
 Which my despair proclaims ; let that be left  
 Which leaves itself : to the seaside straightway :  
 I will possess you of that ship and treasure.  
 Leave me, I pray, a little : 'pray you now :—  
 Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I have lost command,  
 Therefore I pray you :—I'll see you by and by.

[*Sits down.*]

*Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN  
 and IRAS.*

*Eros.* Nay, gentle madam, to him ;—Comfort him.

*Iras.* Do, most dear queen.

*Char.* Do ! why, what else ?

*Cleo.* Let me sit down. O Juno !

*Ant.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Eros.* See you here, sir ?

*Ant.* O fye, fye, fye !

*Char.* Madam,—

*Iras.* Madam ; O good empress —

*Eros.* Sir, sir,—

*Ant.* Yes, my lord, yes ;—He, at Philippi, kept  
 His sword e'en like a dancer<sup>2</sup> : while I struck  
 The lean and wrinkled Cassius : and 'twas I,  
 That the mad Brutus ended : he alone

<sup>2</sup> The meaning appears to be, that Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. It is alluded to in *All's Well that Ends Well* : Bertram, lamenting that he is kept from the wars, says :—

“ I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,  
 Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,  
 Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,  
 But one to dance with.”

And in *Titus Andronicus* :—

“ Our mother unadvised  
 Gave you a dancing rapier by your side.”

Dealt on lieutenantry<sup>3</sup>, and no practice had  
In the brave squares of war ; Yet now—No matter.

*Cleo.* Ah, stand by.

*Eros.* The queen, my lord, the queen.

*Iras.* Go to him, madam, speak to him ;  
He is unqualitied<sup>4</sup> with very shame.

*Cleo.* Well then,—Sustain me :—Oh !

*Eros.* Most noble sir, arise ; the queen approaches ;  
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her ; but<sup>5</sup>  
Your comfort makes the rescue.

*Ant.* I have offended reputation ;  
A most unnoble swerving.

*Eros.* Sir, the queen.

*Ant.* O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt ? See,  
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes<sup>6</sup>  
By looking back what I have left behind  
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

*Cleo.* O my lord, my lord !  
Forgive my fearful sails ! I little thought,  
You would have follow'd.

*Ant.* Egypt, thou knew'st too well,  
My heart was to thy rudder tied by th' strings,

<sup>3</sup> *Dealt on lieutenantry*, probably means only *fought by proxy*, made war by his lieutenants, or *on the strength of his lieutenants*. In a former scene Ventidius says :—

“ Cæsar and Antony have ever won  
More in their officer, than person.”

To “ deal on any thing ” is an expression often used by old writers. In Plutarch's *Life of Antony*, Shakespeare found the following words :—“ They were always more fortunate when *they made warre by their lieutenants* than by themselves.”

<sup>4</sup> *Unqualitied* seems to mean here *unsoldiered*, *quality* being used for *profession* by Shakespeare and his cotemporaries. Steevens says, “ perhaps *unqualitied* only signifies *unmanned* in general, disarmed of his usual faculties.”

<sup>5</sup> *But* is here used in its execeptive sense. See vol. i. p. 14, note 15.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* “ How by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your sight.”

And thou should'st tow me after : O'er my spirit  
Thy<sup>7</sup> full supremacy thou knew'st ; and that  
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods  
Command me.

*Cleo.*

O, my pardon.

*Ant.*

Now I must

To the young man send humble treaties, dodge  
And palter in the shifts of lowness ; who  
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,  
Making and marring fortunes. You did know,  
How much you were my conqueror ; and that  
My sword, made weak by my affection, would  
Obey it on all cause.

*Cleo.*

Pardon, pardon.

*Ant.* Fall not a tear, I say ; one of them rates<sup>8</sup>  
All that is won and lost : Give me a kiss ;  
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,  
Is he come back ?—Love, I am full of lead :—  
Some wine within there, and our viands :—Fortune  
knows

We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE X. *Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt.*

*Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and Others.*

*Cæs.* Let him appear that's come from Antony.—  
Know you him ?

*Dol.*

Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster<sup>1</sup> :

An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither  
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,

<sup>7</sup> The folios read *The*, which Mr. Collier retains. They also misprint *stow* for *tow* in the line above.

<sup>8</sup> *Rates*, i. e. *values*.

<sup>1</sup> *Euphronius*, schoolmaster to Antony's children by Cleopatra. He is styled Ambassador in the folio.

Which had superfluous kings for messengers,  
Not many moons gone by.

*Enter EUPHRONIUS.*

*Cæs.* Approach, and speak.

*Eup.* Such as I am, I come from Antony :

I was of late as petty to his ends,  
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf  
To his grand sea<sup>2</sup>.

*Cæs.* Be it so ; Declare thine office.

*Eup.* Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and  
Requires to live in Egypt : which not granted,  
He lessens his requests ; and to thee sues  
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,  
A private man in Athens : This for him.  
Next Cleopatra does confess thy greatness ;  
Submits her to thy might ; and of thee craves  
The circle<sup>3</sup> of the Ptolemies for her heirs,  
Now hazarded to thy grace.

*Cæs.* For Antony,

I have no ears to his request. The queen  
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail : so she  
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend<sup>4</sup>,  
Or take his life there : This if she perform,  
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

*Eup.* Fortune pursue thee !

*Cæs.* Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time : Despatch ;  
From Antony win Cleopatra : promise,

[*To THYREUS.*

<sup>2</sup> *His grand sea* appears to mean *the sea from which the dew-drop is exhaled*. The poet may have considered the sea as the source of dews as well as rain. *His*, in the poet's time, was used for *its*.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *the diadem, the crown*.

<sup>4</sup> *Friend* here means *paramour*. See *Cymbeline*, Act i. Sc. 5.

And in our name, what she requires ; add more,  
 From thine invention, offers : women are not,  
 In their best fortunes, strong ; but want will perjure  
 The ne'er-touch'd vestal<sup>5</sup> : Try thy cunning, Thyreus ;  
 Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we  
 Will answer as a law.

*Thyr.*

Cæsar, I go.

*Cæs.* Observe how Antony becomes his flaw ;  
 And what thou think'st his very action speaks  
 In every power that moves.

*Thyr.*

Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,  
 and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* What shall we do, Enobarbus ?

*Eno.*

Think, and die<sup>1</sup>.

*Cleo.* Is Antony, or we, in fault for this ?

*Eno.* Antony only, that would make his will  
 Lord of his reason. What though you fled  
 From that great face of war, whose several ranges  
 Frighted each other ? why should he follow ?  
 The itch of his affection should not then  
 Have nick'd<sup>2</sup> his captainship ; at such a point,

<sup>6</sup> " O opportunity ! thy guilt is great,  
 Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath."

*Rape of Lucrece.*

<sup>1</sup> *To think, or take thought, was anciently synonymous with to grieve.* Thus in *Julius Cæsar*, Act ii. Sc. 1 :—

" All that he can do

Is to himself *take thought*, and die for Cæsar."

So Viola "*pined in thought.*" And in *The Beggar's Bush* of Beaumont and Fletcher :—

" Can I not *think away* myself and die ?"

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *set the mark of folly upon it.* So in *The Comedy of Errors* :—

When half to half the world oppos'd, he being  
 The mered question<sup>3</sup>: 'Twas a shame no less  
 Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,  
 And leave his navy gazing.

*Cleo.*

Pr'ythee, peace.

*Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.*

*Ant.* Is that his answer?

*Eup.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* The queen shall then have courtesy, so she  
 Will yield us up.

*Eup.* He says so.

*Ant.* Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,  
 And he will fill thy wishes to the brim  
 With principalities.

*Cleo.* That head, my lord?

*Ant.* To him again; Tell him, he wears the rose  
 Of youth upon him; from which the world should note  
 Something particular: his coin, ships, legions  
 May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail  
 Under the service of a child, as soon  
 As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore  
 To lay his gay caparisons apart,  
 And answer me, declin'd<sup>4</sup> sword against sword,

“And the while

His man with scissors *nicks* him like a fool.”

<sup>3</sup> *Mered* is *limited*, *ounded*. The old copies print it *meered*, and Johnson would have changed it to *mooted*, but without necessity.

<sup>4</sup> The old copies have “his *gay comparisons*,” which Johnson attempted to explain, and mistook the meaning of the word *declined*. The next speech gives as an equivalent “unstate his happiness”—let him take off his imperial trappings. *Declined* must mean inclined, *sloped*, as swords are sloped one against another at the commencement of a combat. The word is technical, and we have it elsewhere twice. Hamlet, Act ii. Sc. 11, and Troilus and Cressida, Act iv. Sc. 5:—

“When thou hast hung thy advanc'd sword i' the air,  
 Not letting it *decline* on the declined.”

Ourselves alone ; I'll write it ; follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.]

*Eno.* Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will  
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show<sup>5</sup>,  
Against a sworder. I see, men's judgements are  
A parcel<sup>6</sup> of their fortunes ; and things outward  
Do draw the inward quality after them,  
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,  
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will  
Answer his emptiness !—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd  
His judgement too.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* A messenger from Cæsar.

*Cleo.* What, no more ceremony ?—See, my women !—  
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,  
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

*Eno.* Mine honesty, and I, begin to square<sup>7</sup>.

[*Aside.*

The loyalty, well held to fools, does make  
Our faith mere folly :—Yet he, that can endure  
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,  
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,  
And earns a place i' the story.

*Enter* THYREUS.

*Cleo.* Cæsar's will ?

*Thyr.* Hear it apart.

*Cleo.* None but friends ; say boldly.

*Thyr.* So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

*Eno.* He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has :  
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master

<sup>5</sup> i. e. *be exhibited, like conflicting gladiators, to the public gaze.*

<sup>6</sup> i. e. *Are of a piece with them.*

<sup>7</sup> *To square is to quarrel.* See vol. i. p. 352, note 9, and p. 208, ante. Enobarbus is deliberating upon desertion.



Will leap to be his friend : For us, you know,  
Whose he is, we are ; and that's Cæsar's.

*Thyr.*

So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd ; Cæsar entreats,  
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,  
Further than he is Cæsar<sup>8</sup>.

*Cleo.*

Go on : Right royal.

*Thyr.* He knows that you embrace not Antony  
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

*Cleo.*

O !

*Thyr.* The scars upon your honour, therefore, he  
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,  
Not as deserv'd.

*Cleo.*

He is a god, and knows

What is most right : Mine honour was not yielded,  
But conquer'd merely.

*Eno.*

To be sure of that, [*Aside.*

I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,  
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for  
Thy dearest quit thee.

[*Exit ENOBARBUS.*

*Thyr.*

Shall I say to Cæsar

What you require of him ? for he partly begs  
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him  
That of his fortunes you should make a staff  
To lean upon : but it would warm his spirits,  
To hear from me you had left Antony,  
And put yourself under his shroud,  
The universal landlord.

*Cleo.*

What's your name ?

*Thyr.* My name is Thyreus.

*Cleo.*

Most kind messenger,

<sup>8</sup> Thus the second folio. The first folio has, "Than he is Cæsar's," which brings obscurity with it. We have a clear meaning in the present reading: "Cæsar entreats, that at the same time you consider your desperate fortunes, you would consider he is Cæsar: that is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to restore them."

Say to great Cæsar this: In deputation<sup>9</sup>  
 I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt  
 To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel:  
 Tell him, from his all-obeying<sup>10</sup> breath I hear  
 The doom of Egypt.

*Thyr.* 'Tis your noblest course.  
 Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
 If that the former dare but what it can,  
 No chance may shake it. Give me grace<sup>11</sup> to lay  
 My duty on your hand.

*Cleo.* Your Cæsar's father  
 Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in<sup>12</sup>,  
 Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,  
 As it rain'd kisses.

*Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

*Ant.* Favours, by Jove that thunders!—  
 What art thou, fellow?

*Thyr.* One, that but performs  
 The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest  
 To have command obey'd.

*Eno.* You will be whipp'd.

*Ant.* Approach, there:—Ah, you kite;—Now gods  
 and devils!  
 Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cried, *ho!*

<sup>9</sup> The folios read:—

“ Say to great Cæsar this in *disputation*,  
 I kiss his conqu'ring hand.”

*Deputation* was suggested by Warburton, and to me seems absolutely necessary. Cleopatra is *disputing* nothing, and the word will hardly bear any other sense than that of contending against. What I conceive is meant by *In deputation* is *by deputy*, i. e. “ through you I kiss his conquering hand in token of *entire submission*.” This is the whole tenor of her speech.

<sup>10</sup> i. e. *breath which all obey*. Obeying for obeyed; in other places we have *delighted for delighting*, *guiled for guiling*, &c.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. *Grant me the favour*.

<sup>12</sup> See note 4, p. 257, Act iii. Sc. 7, ante.

Like boys unto a muss<sup>13</sup>, kings would start forth,  
And cry, "Your will?" Have you no ears? I am

*Enter Attendants.*

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

*Eno.* 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,  
Than with an old one dying.

*Ant.* Moon and stars!

Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries  
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them  
So saucy with the hand of she here (what's her name,  
Since she was Cleopatra<sup>14</sup>)—Whip him, fellows,  
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,  
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

*Thyr.* Mark Antony,—

*Ant.* Tug him away: being whipp'd,  
Bring him again: This<sup>a</sup> Jack of Cæsar's shall  
Bear us an errand to him.—

*[Exeunt Attend. with THYREUS.]*

You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!  
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,  
Forborne the getting of a lawful race<sup>b</sup>,  
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd  
By one that looks on feeders<sup>15</sup>.

<sup>13</sup> A muss is a scramble.

"Nor are they thrown  
To make a muss among the gamesome suitors."

*Jonson's Magnetick Lady.*

Dryden uses the word in the Prologue to Widow Ranter:—

"Bauble and cap no sooner are thrown down,  
But there's a muss of more than half the town."

<sup>14</sup> That is, *Since she ceased to be Cleopatra.*

<sup>a</sup> The folios have *The*.

<sup>b</sup> In point of fact Antony did have issue by Octavia.

<sup>15</sup> i. e. on menials. Servants are called *eaters* and *feeders* by several of our old dramatic writers. Morose, in the *Silent Woman*, of Ben Jonson, says:—"Where are all my *eaters*, my mouths, now? Bar up my doors, you varlets." And in *The Wits*, by Sir W. Davenant:—

"Tall *eaters* in blue coats sans number."

Thus also in Fletcher's *Nice Valour*, Act iii. Sc. 1:—

*Cleo.*

Good my lord,—

*Ant.* You have been a boggler ever :

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,  
(O misery on't ! ) the wise gods seel<sup>16</sup> our eyes ;  
In our own filth drop our clear judgements ; make us  
Adore our errors ; laugh at's, while we strut  
To our confusion.

*Cleo.*

O, is't come to this ?

*Ant.* I found you as a morsel, cold upon  
Dead Cæsar's trencher : nay, you were a fragment  
Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides what hotter hours,  
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have  
Luxuriously<sup>17</sup> pick'd out : For, I am sure,  
Though you can guess what temperance should be,  
You know not what it is.

*Cleo.*

Wherefore is this ?

*Ant.* To let a fellow that will take rewards,  
And say, " God quit you ! " be familiar with  
My playfellow, your hand ; this kingly seal,  
And plighter of high hearts ! O, that I were  
Upon the hill of Basan<sup>18</sup>, to outroar  
The horned herd ! for I have savage cause ;  
And to proclaim it civilly, were like  
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank

" *Servants* he has, lusty tall *feeders*."

" Have I," says Antony, " abandoned Octavia, a gem of women, to be abused by a woman so base as to look on servants ! " We are indebted to Mr. Gifford for fully establishing this explanation, and showing that Steevens gave the true meaning of the passage ; thereby overthrowing Johnson's misconception, and Malone's pertinacious support of it. See *The Works of Ben Jonson*, vol. iii. p. 408.

<sup>16</sup> *Seel*, i. e. *close up*. See p. 84, note 31.

<sup>17</sup> *Luxuriously*, i. e. *Wantonly*.

<sup>18</sup> This is an allusion to the Psalms :—" An high hill as the hill of Basan." The idea of the *horned herd* is also from the same source :—" Many *oxen* are come about me : fat *bulls* of Basan close me in on every side." Probably Antony caught it from his friend Herod, or picked it up when he was at Jerusalem with Cleopatra, as he once was.

For being yare<sup>19</sup> about him.—Is he whipp'd?

*Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.*

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

*Ant.* Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?

1 *Att.* He did ask favour.

*Ant.* If that thy father live, let him repent  
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry  
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since  
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth,  
The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to Cæsar,  
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,  
He makes me angry with him: for he seems  
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am;  
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;  
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;  
When my good stars, that were my former guides,  
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
Into the abism of hell. If he mislike  
My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has  
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom  
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,  
As he shall like, to quit<sup>20</sup> me: Urge it thou:  
Hence, with thy stripes, begone. [*Exit THYREUS.*]

*Cleo.* Have you done yet?

*Ant.* Alack, our terrene moon  
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone  
The fall of Antony!

*Cleo.* I must stay his time.

*Ant.* To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes  
With one that ties his points<sup>21</sup>?

<sup>19</sup> *Yare*, i. e. *ready, nimble, active*. See Act iii. Sc. 8, note 6, p. 258, ante.

<sup>20</sup> i. e. *to repay me this insult, to requite me*.

<sup>21</sup> i. e. *With a menial attendant*. The reader will doubtless remember that *points* were the laces with which our ancestors fastened their trunk-hose.

*Cleo.* Not know me yet?

*Ant.* Cold-hearted toward me?

*Cleo.* Ah, dear, if I be so,

From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,  
And poison it in the source; and the first stone  
Drop in my neck: as it determines<sup>22</sup>, so  
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion<sup>23</sup> smite!  
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,  
Together with my brave Egyptians all,  
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,  
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile  
Have buried them for prey!

*Ant.* I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where  
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land  
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too  
Have knit again, and fleet<sup>24</sup>, threat'ning most sealike.  
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear,  
lady?

If from the field I shall return once more  
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;  
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;  
There's hope in't yet.

*Cleo.* That's my brave lord!

*Ant.* I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,  
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours  
Were nice<sup>25</sup> and lucky, men did ransom lives

<sup>22</sup> That is, "as the hailstone *dissolves* or wastes away." So in King Henry VI. Part II.:—

"Till his friend sickness hath *determin'd* me."

<sup>23</sup> i. e. *Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar*. The folios print erroneously *smile* for *smite*, and below *discandering* for *discandying*. Mr. Knight retains the corrupted word for reasons to me far from satisfactory or conclusive, and would have us read *dissquandering*!

<sup>24</sup> To *fleet* and to *float* were anciently synonymous. Thus Baret:—"To *fleet* above the water: flotter." Steevens has adduced numerous examples from old writers.

<sup>25</sup> *Nice* is here equivalent to *soft*, *tender*, *wanton*, or *luxurious*.

"In *softer* and more fortunate hours."

See vol. iii. p. 182, note 5.

Of me for jests ; but now, I'll set my teeth,  
 And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,  
 Let's have one other gaudy<sup>26</sup> night : call to me  
 All my sad captains, fill our bowls once more ;  
 Let's mock the midnight bell.

*Cleo.*

It is my birthday :

I had thought t' have held it poor ; but, since my lord  
 Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

*Ant.* We will yet do well.

*Cleo.* Call all his noble captains to my lord.

*Ant.* Do so, we'll speak to them ; and to-night I'll  
 force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my  
 queen ;

There's sap in't yet.—The next time I do fight,  
 I'll make death love me ; for I will contend  
 Even with his pestilent scythe<sup>27</sup>.

[*Exeunt ANT. CLEO. and Attendants.*]

*Eno.* Now he'll out-stare the lightning<sup>28</sup>. To be  
 furious,

Is, to be frightened out of fear : and in that mood,  
 The dove will peck the estridge<sup>29</sup> ; and I see still,  
 A diminution in our captain's brain

<sup>26</sup> Feast days, in the colleges of either university, are called  
*gaudy* days, as they were formerly in the Inns of Court. " From  
*gaudium*," says Blount, " because, to say truth, they are days of  
 joy, as bringing good cheer to the hungry students."

<sup>27</sup> This may have been caught from Harington's Ariosto, b.  
 xii. :—

" Death goeth about the field, rejoicing mickle

To see a sword that so surpass'd his sickle."

Death is armed with a weapon in Statius, Theb. i. 633 :—

" Mors fila sororum

Ense metit."

<sup>28</sup> Plutarch says of Antony, " He used a manner of phrase in  
 his speeche called Asiatick, which carried the best grace at that  
 time, and was much like to him in his manners and life ; for it  
 was full of ostentation, foolish braverie, and vaine ambition."—  
*North's Translation.*

<sup>29</sup> i. e. the estridge falcon.

Restores his heart : When valour preys on reason<sup>30</sup>,  
 It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek  
 Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, reading a Letter; AGRIPPA, MÆCENAS, and Others.*

*Cæsar.*

**H**E calls me boy; and chides as he had power  
 To beat me out of Egypt : my messenger  
 He hath whipp'd with rods ; dares me to  
 personal combat,  
 Cæsar to Antony : Let the old ruffian know,  
 I have many other ways to die<sup>1</sup> ; mean time,  
 Laugh at his challenge.

*Mec.*

Cæsar must think,  
 When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted  
 Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now  
 Make boot<sup>2</sup> of his distraction : Never anger  
 Made good guard for itself.

*Cæs.*

Let our best heads  
 Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles  
 We mean to fight :—Within our files there are  
 Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,  
 Enough to fetch him in. See it done ;

<sup>30</sup> In the folios it is, "*prays in reason.*"

<sup>1</sup> Upton would read :—

"*He hath many other ways to die : mean time  
 I laugh at his challenge.*"

This is certainly the sense of Plutarch, and given so in modern translations ; but Shakespeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one :—"Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight him : Cæsar answered, that he had many other ways to die than so."

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *Take advantage of, profit by it.*



And feast the army : we have store to do't,  
 And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony !  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and *Others.*

*Ant.* He will not fight with me, Domitius.

*Eno.* No.

*Ant.* Why should he not ?

*Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,  
 He is twenty men to one.

*Ant.* To-morrow, soldier,  
 By sea and land I'll fight : or I will live,  
 Or bathe my dying honour in the blood  
 Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well ?

*Eno.* I'll strike ; and cry, " Take all<sup>1</sup>."

*Ant.* Well said ; come on.  
 Call forth my household servants ; let's to-night

*Enter* Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,  
 Thou hast been rightly honest ;—so hast thou ;—  
 Thou,—and thou,—and thou :—you have serv'd me  
well,

And kings have been your fellows.

*Cleo.* What means this ?

*Eno.* 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow  
shoots [*Aside.*]

Out of the mind.

*Ant.* And thou art honest too.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. let the survivor take all ; no composition ; victory or death.  
 So in King Lear :—

" Unbonneted he runs,  
 And bids what will, take all."

I wish I could be made so many men ;  
 And all of you clapp'd up together in  
 An Antony ; that I might do you service,  
 So good as you have done.

*Serv.* The gods forbid !

*Ant.* Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night :  
 Scant not my cups ; and make as much of me,  
 As when mine empire was your fellow too,  
 And suffer'd my command.

*Cleo.* What does he mean ?

*Eno.* To make his followers weep.

*Ant.* Tend me to-night ;

May be, it is the period of your duty :  
 Haply, you shall not see me more ; or if,  
 A mangled shadow<sup>2</sup> : perchance, to-morrow  
 You'll serve another master. I look on you,  
 As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,  
 I turn you not away ; but, like a master  
 Married to your good service, stay till death :  
 Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,  
 And the gods yield<sup>3</sup> you for't !

*Eno.* What mean you, sir,  
 To give them this discomfort ? Look, they weep ;  
 And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd<sup>4</sup> ; for shame,  
 Transform us not to women.

*Ant.* Ho, ho, ho<sup>5</sup> !  
 Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus !

<sup>2</sup> " *Or if you see me more, you will see me a mangled shadow, only the external form of what I was.*" The thought is, as usual, taken from North's translation of Plutarch.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *God reward you.* See vol. ix. p. 29, note 3.

<sup>4</sup> We have a similar allusion in Act i. Sc. 2 :—" The tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow."

<sup>5</sup> Mr. Boswell says, " These words may have been intended to express an hysterical laugh, in the same way as Cleopatra exclaims, in Act i. Sc. 5 :—

*' Ha ! ha !*

*Give me to drink mandragora.'*"

Grace grow where those drops fall<sup>6</sup>! My hearty friends,  
 You take me in too dolorous a sense :  
 For I spake to you for your comfort : did desire you  
 To burn this night with torches : Know, my hearts,  
 I hope well of to-morrow ; and will lead you,  
 Where rather I'll expect victorious life,  
 Than death and honour. Let's to supper ; come,  
 And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter Two Soldiers, to their Guard.*

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night : to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way : fare you well.  
 Heard you of nothing strange about the streets ?

1 *Sold.* Nothing : What news ?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour :  
 Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

*Enter Two other Soldiers.*

2 *Sold.* Soldiers,  
 Have careful watch.

3 *Sold.* And you : Good night, good night.

[*The first Two place themselves at their Posts.*]

4 *Sold.* Here we : [*They take their Posts.*] and if  
 to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope  
 Our landmen will stand up.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,  
 And full of purpose.

[*Musick of Hautboys under the Stage.*]

4 *Sold.* Peace, what noise ?

<sup>6</sup> " *Here did she drop a tear ; here, in this place,  
 I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace.*"

*King Richard II.*

1 *Sold.*

List, list !

2 *Sold.* Hark !

4 *Sold.* Musick i' the air<sup>1</sup>.

3 *Sold.*

Under the earth.

4 *Sold.*

It signs<sup>2</sup> well,

Does't not ?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean ?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,  
Now leaves him<sup>3</sup>.

1 *Sold.* Walk ; let's see if other watchmen  
Do hear what we do. [*They advance to another Post.*]

2 *Sold.*

How now, masters ?

*Sold.*

How now ?

How now ? do you hear this ?

[*Several speaking together.*]

1 *Sold.*

Ay ; Is't not strange ?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters ? do you hear ?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter ;  
Let's see how't will give off.

*Sold.* [*Several speaking.*] Content : 'Tis strange !

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> This speech is given to the first Soldier in the old copies, but it is clear from the course of the dialogue that it belongs to the fourth, as he is answered by the third soldier ; they are at different posts.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. it bodes well.

<sup>3</sup> This is from the old translation of Plutarch :—" Within a little of midnight, when all the citie was quiet, full of feare, and sorrowe, thinking what would be the issue and end of this warre, it is saide that sodainely they heard a marvellous sweete harmonie of sundry sortes of instruments of musicke, with the cry of a multitude of people as they had beene dauncinge, and had sung as they use in Bacchus feastes, with movinges and turnings after the manner of the satyres : and it seemed that this daunce went through the city unto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the troupe that made this noise they heard went out of the city at that gate. Now such as in reason sought the interpretation of this wonder, thought that it was the god unto whom Antonius bare singular devotion to counterfeate and resemble him, that did forsake them."

SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN and Others attending.*

*Ant.* Eros! mine armour, Eros!

*Cleo.* Sleep a little.

*Ant.* No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

*Enter EROS, with Armour*

Come, good fellow, put mine<sup>1</sup> iron on:—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

*Cleo.* Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

*Ant.* Ah, let be, let be! thou art

The armourer of my heart:—False, false; this, this.

*Cleo.* Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be<sup>2</sup>.

*Ant.* Well, well;

We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?

Go, put on thy defences.

*Eros.* Briefly<sup>3</sup>, sir.

*Cleo.* Is not this buckled well?

*Ant.* Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To doff't for our repose, shall bear<sup>4</sup> a storm.—

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire

More tight at this, than thou: Despatch.—O love,

<sup>1</sup> It is *thine* in the old copies, but Antony afterward says to Eros, "Go, put on *thy* defences."

<sup>2</sup> This and the two preceding speeches are printed as one in the folio, and given to Cleopatra; Hammer made the correction. But finding Antony's name after "I'll help too," he gave the next words, "What's this for?" to Antony.

<sup>3</sup> *Briefly*, that is, "*quickly*, sir."

<sup>4</sup> The old copy here again misprints *hear* for *bear*.

That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st  
The royal occupation ; thou should'st see  
A workman in't.—

*Enter an armed Soldier.*

Good morrow to thee ; welcome :  
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge :  
To business that we love we rise betime,  
And go to't with delight.

*Sold.* A thousand, sir,  
Early though it be, have on their riveted trim<sup>5</sup>,  
And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*

*Enter Captains, and Soldiers.*

*Capt.* The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

*All.* Good morrow, general.

*Ant.* 'Tis well blown, lads.  
This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—  
So, so ; come, give me that : this way ; well said.  
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me :  
This is a soldier's kiss ; rebukable, [*Kisses her.*  
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand  
On more mechanick compliment ; I'll leave thee  
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,  
Follow me close ; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, EROS, Officers, and  
Soldiers.

*Char.* Please you, retire to your chamber ?

*Cleo.* Lead me,  
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might  
Determine this great war in single fight :  
Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>5</sup> So in King Henry V.—

“The armourers accomplishing the knights,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up.”

SCENE V. *Antony's Camp near Alexandria.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a Soldier meeting them.*

*Sold.* The gods make this a happy day to Antony<sup>1</sup>!

*Ant.* 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

*Sold.* Had'st thou done so,  
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier  
That has this morning left thee, would have still  
Follow'd thy heels.

*Ant.* Who's gone this morning?

*Sold.* Who?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,  
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp  
Say, "I am none of thine."

*Ant.* What say'st thou?

*Sold.* Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

*Eros.* Sir, his chests and treasure

He has not with him.

*Ant.* Is he gone?

*Sold.* Most certain.

*Ant.* Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;  
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him  
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:  
Say, that I wish he never find more cause  
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have  
Corrupted honest men:—Despatch:—Enobarbus<sup>2</sup>!  
[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> This and some subsequent speeches are given to Eros in the folios. Theobald assigned them to the soldier, at the suggestion of Thirlby.

<sup>2</sup> So the first folio. The second: "Eros dispatch." Antony

SCENE VI. *Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.*

*Flourish. Enter CÆSAR with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, and Others.*

*Cæs.* Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight :  
Our will is, Antony be took alive ;  
Make it so known.

*Agr.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit AGRIPPA.*

*Cæs.* The time of universal peace is near :  
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world  
Shall bear the olive freely<sup>1</sup>.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Antony  
Is come into the field.

*Cæs.* Go, charge Agrippa,  
Plant those that have revolted in the van,  
That Antony may seem to spend his fury  
Upon himself. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*

*Eno.* Alexas did revolt ; and went to Jewry,  
On affairs of Antony ; there did persuade<sup>2</sup>  
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,  
And leave his master Antony : for this pains,

may be supposed to address the word Dispatch impatiently to Eros, and then by a burst of involuntary emotion to utter the name of his revolted friend.

<sup>1</sup> The meaning is, "that *the world* shall then enjoy the blessings of peace undisturbed." The following passages may serve as illustrations :—

"Come the *three corners of the world* in arms,  
And we shall shock them." *King John.*

"There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,  
But peace puts forth her olive every where."

*King Henry VI. Part II. Act iv. Sc. 4.*

<sup>2</sup> The folio has *dissuade*, which the context shows must evidently be wrong ; but Mr. Collier retains it. Malone has shown from the passage in North's Plutarch that *persuade* was the poet's word.



Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest  
That fell away, have entertainment, but  
No honourable trust. I have done ill,  
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,  
That I will joy no more.

*Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.*

*Sold.* Enobarbus, Antony

Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with  
His bounty overplus : The messenger  
Came on my guard ; and at thy tent is now,  
Unloading of his mules.

*Eno.* I give it you.

*Sold.* Mock not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true : Best you saf'd the bringer<sup>3</sup>  
Out of the host ; I must attend mine office,  
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor  
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit Soldier.*]

*Eno.* I am alone the villain of the earth,  
And feel I am so most. O Antony,  
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid  
My better service, when my turpitude  
Thou dost so crown with gold ! This blows<sup>4</sup> my heart :  
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean  
Shall outstrike thought : but thought will do't, I feel.

<sup>3</sup> The only other instance of the use of *safe* as a verb was pointed out by Steevens in Chapman's translation of the *Odyssey*, b. iv.—

“ And make all his craft

Sail with his ruin, for his father *saf*'t.”

<sup>4</sup> “ This generosity,” says Enobarbus, “ *swells* my heart, so that it will quickly break, if *thought* break it not.” *Blown* is used for *puffed* or *swelled* in the last scene :—

“ On her breast

There is a vent of blood, and something *blown*.”

And in *Lear* :—

“ No *blown* ambition doth our arms excite.”

*Thought* here also signifies *grief*.

I fight against thee !—No : I will go seek  
 Some ditch, wherein to die ; the foul'st best fits  
 My latter part of life. [Exit.

SCENE VII. *Field of Battle between the Camps.*

*Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, and Others.*

*Agr.* Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far :  
 Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression<sup>1</sup>  
 Exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt.

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS wounded.*

*Scar.* O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed .  
 Had we done so at first, we had driven them home  
 With clouts about their heads.

*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace

*Scar.* I had a wound here that was like a T,  
 But now 'tis made an H.

*Ant.* They do retire.

*Scar.* We'll beat'em into bench-holes<sup>2</sup> ; I have yet  
 Room for six scotches more.

*Enter EROS.*

*Eros.* They are beaten, sir ; and our advantage serves  
 For a fair victory.

*Scar.* Let us score their backs,  
 And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind ;  
 'Tis sport to maul a runner.

*Ant.* I will reward thee

<sup>1</sup> *Our oppression means the force by which we are oppressed or overpowered.*

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* "The hole in a bench," *ad levandum alvum*. Thus in Cecil's Secret Correspondence, published by Lord Hailes, 1766 :—"And beside, until a man be sure that this embryo is likely to receive life, I will leave it like an abort in a bench-hole."

Once for thy spritely comfort, and tenfold  
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

*Scar.* I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Under the Walls of Alexandria.*

*Alarum.* Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS, and  
*Forces.*

*Ant.* We have beat him to his camp; Run one before,

And let the queen know of our gestic<sup>1</sup>.—To-morrow,  
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood  
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;  
For doughty-handed are you: and have fought  
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as't had been  
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.  
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,  
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears  
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss  
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;  
[*To SCARUS.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.*

To this great fairy<sup>2</sup> I'll commend thy acts,  
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world,  
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,  
Through proof of harness<sup>3</sup> to my heart, and there  
Ride on the pants triúmphing.

*Cleo.*

Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from

<sup>1</sup> The folios have *quests*, but *gests*, i. e. our *deeds*, are evidently meant. The correction is from a copy with MS. notes of Steevens's edition given by Reed in 1785.

<sup>2</sup> Beauty, united with power, was the popular characteristic of fairies generally considered. Such was that of The Fairy Queen of Spenser, and Titania in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *armour of proof.* Harnois, Fr.; *arnese*, Ital.

The world's great snare<sup>4</sup> uncaught?

*Ant.* My nightingale,  
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though  
gray

Do something mingle with our younger brown;  
Yet have we a brain that nourishes our nerves,  
And can get goal for goal of youth<sup>5</sup>. Behold this man;  
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand<sup>6</sup>;—  
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,  
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had  
Destroy'd in such a shape.

*Cleo.* I'll give thee, friend,  
An armour all of gold: it was a king's.

*Ant.* He has deserv'd it; were it carbuncled  
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;  
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;  
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them<sup>7</sup>:  
Had our great palace the capacity  
To camp this host, we all would sup together;  
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,  
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,  
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;  
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines<sup>8</sup>;  
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds to-  
gether,  
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>4</sup> i. e. *the war*. So in the 116th Psalm:—"The snares of death compass me round about." Thus also Statius:—

"Circum undique lethi

Vallavere *plage*."

<sup>5</sup> At all plays of barriers the boundary is called a *goal*; to win a *goal* is to be a superior in a contest of activity.

<sup>6</sup> The folios have "*savouring hand*."

<sup>7</sup> i. e. "With spirit and exultation, such as becomes the brave warriors that *own* them." That is, who bore them when they were being hacked, not like men who carry the arms of others and were not in the fray.

<sup>8</sup> *Tabourines* were small drums.

SCENE IX. *Cæsar's Camp.*

Sentinels on their Post. Enter ENOBARBUS.

1 *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,  
We must return to th' court of guard<sup>1</sup>: The night  
Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle  
By the second hour i' the morn.

2 *Sold.* This last day was  
A shrewd one to us.

*Eno.* O, bear me witness, night,—

3 *Sold.* What man is this?

2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list him.

*Eno.* Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon!  
When men revolted shall upon record  
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did  
Before thy face repent.—

1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!

3 *Sold.* Peace;  
Hark further.

*Eno.* O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,  
The poisonous damp of night disponge<sup>2</sup> upon me;  
That life, a very rebel to my will,  
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault<sup>3</sup>;  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,  
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony!  
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,  
Forgive me in thine own particular;  
But let the world rank me in register

<sup>1</sup> *The court of guard is the guard-room, the place where the guard musters. The phrase is used again in Othello.*

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *discharge*, as a *sponge* when squeezed discharges the moisture it had imbibed.

<sup>3</sup> Steevens has justly observed, that Shakespeare is kept in countenance by his cotemporaries. We have something similar in Daniel's 118th Sonnet, ed. 1594:—

“Still must I whet my young desires abated,  
Upon the flint of such a heart rebelling.”

A master-leaver, and a fugitive :

O Antony ! O Antony !

[*Dies.*

2 *Sold.*

Let's speak

To him.

1 *Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks  
May concern Cæsar.

3 *Sold.*

Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 *Sold.* Swoons rather ; for so bad a prayer as his  
Was never yet 'fore<sup>4</sup> sleep.

2 *Sold.*

Go we to him.

3 *Sold.* Awake, sir, awake ! speak to us.

2 *Sold.*

Hear you, sir ?

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught<sup>5</sup> him. Hark !  
the drums [Drums afar off.

Demurely<sup>6</sup> wake the sleepers. Let's bear him  
To th'court of guard ; he is of note : our hour  
Is fully out.

3 *Sold.*

Come on then ;

He may recover yet.

[*Exeunt with the Body.*

### SCENE X. *Between the two Camps.*

*Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces, marching.*

*Ant.* Their preparation is to-day by sea ;  
We please them not by land.

<sup>4</sup> The old copies have *for*.

<sup>5</sup> *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb to *reach*. In Pierce Penniless it is erroneously used for the past tense of *to reave*. Ritson was wrong in supposing it used in that sense by Shakespeare in the Second Part of King Henry VI. Act ii. Sc. 3. See note there.

<sup>6</sup> Thus the old copies. But what can *demurely* mean, as applied to the "spirit stirring" drum? We should surely read *clam'rously*, a word easily mistaken for it in the MS. of the poet's time. So in King John, Act v. Sc. 2 :—

"Do but start

An echo with the clamour of thy drum."

It has been proposed to read "*do early*," but this appears to me feeble and inexpressive.

*Scar.* For both, my lord.

*Ant.* I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or i' the air ;  
We'd fight there too. But this it is ; Our foot  
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,  
Shall stay with us :—order for sea is given ;  
They have put forth the haven<sup>1</sup>—  
Where their appointment we may best discover,  
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces, marching.*

*Cæs.* But<sup>2</sup> being charg'd, we will be still by land,  
Which, as I take't, we shall ; for his best force  
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,  
And hold our best advantage ! [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.*

*Ant.* Yet they are not join'd :—  
Where yond' pine does stand, I shall discover all.  
I'll bring thee word straight how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

*Scar.* Swallows have built  
In Cleopatra's sails their nests : the augurers<sup>3</sup>  
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell ;—look grimly,

<sup>1</sup> The words *Let's seek a spot*, were here added by Malone, supposing that something had been omitted in the defective line. Rowe had previously added the words "*Further on.*" But by marking the sentence—

"Order for sea is given ;

They have put forth the haven."

—as a parenthesis this is unnecessary. Antony says that the foot soldiers shall stay with him upon the hills adjoining to the city, "Where their appointment we may best discover."

<sup>2</sup> *But*, in its exceptive sense, for *be out*, i. e. *without*. Steevens has adduced a passage from the MS. *Romanee of Guillaume de Palerne*, in the Library of King's Coll. Cambridge, in which the orthography almost explains the word :—

"I sayle now in the see as schip *boute mast*,

*Boute anker*, or *ore*, or any *semlych sayle*."

See vol. i. p. 14, note 15.

<sup>3</sup> The old copy reads, *auguries*. *Augurers* was substituted by Malone. See vol. ix. p. 69, note 18.

And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony  
Is valiant, and dejected ; and, by starts,  
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,  
Of what he has, and has not.

*Alarum afar off, as at a Sea-Fight. Re-enter ANTONY.*

*Ant.* All is lost ;  
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me :  
My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder  
They cast their caps up, and carouse together.  
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore<sup>4</sup> ! 'tis  
thou  
Hast sold me to this novice ; and my heart  
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly ;  
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,  
I have done all :—Bid them all fly ; be gone !  
[*Exit SCARUS.*  
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more :  
Fortune and Antony part here ; even here  
Do we shake hands.—All come to this ?—The hearts  
That spaniel'd<sup>5</sup> me at heels, to whom I gave  
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is bark'd,  
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am :  
O this false spell of Egypt ! this grand charm<sup>6</sup>,  
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home ;  
Whose bosom was my crownet<sup>7</sup>, my chief end,

<sup>4</sup> Cleopatra first belonged to Julius Cæsar, then to Antony, and now, as Antony supposes, to Augustus.

<sup>5</sup> The old editions read, *pannelled*. *Spaniel'd* is the happy emendation of Sir Thomas Hanmer. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Helena says to Demetrius :—

“ I am your *spaniel*,—only give me leave,  
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.”

<sup>6</sup> The old copies have *soule* and *graue*, easy misprints for *spell* and *grand*, like *pannelled* above. The correction, which is made in Mr. Collier's folio, is fully warranted by what follows.

<sup>7</sup> i.e. “ That which I looked to as the reward or crown of my



Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose<sup>8</sup>,  
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—  
 What, Eros! Eros!

*Enter* CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

*Cleo.* Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

*Ant.* Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,  
 And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,  
 And hoist thee up to th'shoutings plebeians:  
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
 Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown  
 For poor'st diminutives, for doits<sup>9</sup>; and let  
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
 With her prepared nails. [*Exit* CLEO.] 'Tis well  
 thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live: But better 'twere  
 Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death  
 Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—  
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,  
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:  
 Let me lodge Lichas<sup>10</sup> on the horns o' the moon;  
 And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,  
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;  
 To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall  
 Under this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

endeavours." The allusion is to *finis coronat opus*. In All's Well that Ends Well we have:—"Still the fine's the crown."

<sup>8</sup> The allusion is to the game of *fast and loose*, or *pricking at the belt or girdle*, still practised by juggling cheats at fairs, and which was practised by the gipsies in Shakespeare's time, as appears in an Epigram of Thomas Freeman's, in his collection, called "Run and a great Cast," 1614, which is printed in the Variorum Shakespeare, together with Sir John Hawkins's description of the game. See also Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, 1584, p. 336.

<sup>9</sup> *Doits*, i. e. for the smallest pieces of money. The old copy reads, "for *doits*." Warburton made the correction. At Mr Tyrwhitt's suggestion, Steevens reads, "to doits."

<sup>10</sup> See Ovid's Metamorphosis, b. ix. for the story of Lichas.

SCENE XI. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and  
MARDIAN.*

*Cleo.* Help me, my women ! O, he is more mad  
Than Telamon<sup>1</sup> for his shield ; the boar of Thessaly  
Was never so emboss'd<sup>2</sup>.

*Char.* To the monument ;  
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.  
The soul and body rive not more in parting<sup>3</sup>,  
Than greatness going off.

*Cleo.* To the monument !—  
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself ;  
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,  
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously : Hence,  
Mardian ; and bring me how he takes my death.—  
To the monument ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII. *The same. Another Room.*

*Enter ANTONY and EROS.*

*Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me ?

*Eros.* Ay, noble lord.

*Ant.* Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish<sup>a</sup> ;

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Than *Ajax Telamon* for the armour of *Achilles*, the most valuable part of which was the shield. *The boar of Thessaly* was the boar killed by *Meleager*.

<sup>2</sup> When a hunted animal is so hard run that it foams at the mouth, it is said to be *emboss'd*. See vol. iii. p. 132, note 6.

<sup>3</sup> " It is a sufferance, panging  
As soul and body's severing."

*King Henry VIII.*

<sup>a</sup> " Ἡ δὲ ποτ' ἀναξλέψας εἶδες νεφέλην Κενταύρω ὁμοίαν  
" Ἡ παροδάλει, ἢ λύκω, ἢ ταύρω.

*Aristophanes, Νεφ. v 345.*

" Like to a mass of clouds, that now seem like

A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,  
 A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,  
 A forked mountain or blue promontory  
 With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,  
 And mock our eyes with air : Thou hast seen these  
                   signs ;

They are black vesper's pageants<sup>2</sup>.

*Eros.*

Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* That, which is now a horse, even with a  
                   thought,

The rack dislimns<sup>3</sup>, and makes it indistinct,  
 As water is in water.

*Eros.*

It does, my lord.

*Ant.* My good knave<sup>4</sup>, Eros, now thy captain is  
 Even such a body : here I am Antony ;  
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.  
 I made these wars for Egypt ; and the queen,—  
 Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine ;  
 Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't

An elephant, and straightway like an ox,  
 And then a mouse." *Chapman's Mons. D'Olive.*

" Like empty clouds,  
 In which our faulty apprehensions forge  
 The forms of *dragons*, *lions*, elephants,  
 When they hold no proportion." *Bussy D'Ambois.*

<sup>2</sup> The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakespeare's age. The following apposite passage from a sermon, by Bishop Hall, is cited by Mr. Boswell :—" I feare some of you are like the *pageants* of your great solemnities, wherein there is a show of a solid body, whether of a lion, or elephant, or unicorne ; but if they be curiously look'd into, there is nothing but cloth, and sticks, and ayre."

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *The fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture.*

<sup>4</sup> *Knave* was familiarly used for a boy or a servant. Thus in A Mery Geste of Robyn Hooode :—

" I shall thee lende lyttle John my man,  
 For he shall be thy *knave*."

But it had already begun to have no favourable signification when Palsgrave published his French Grammar in 1530. The transition of the word may be seen in Adelung's German Dictionary, v. *Knecht*.

A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has  
 Pack'd cards<sup>5</sup> with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory  
 Unto an enemy's triumph.—  
 Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us  
 Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

*Enter MARDIAN.*

She has robb'd me of my sword.

*Mar.*

No, Antony;

My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled  
 With thine entirely.

*Ant.*

Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!

She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

*Mar.* Death of one person can be paid but once;  
 And that she has discharg'd: What thou would'st do,  
 Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake  
 Was Antony! most noble Antony!  
 Then in the midst a tearing groan did break  
 The name of Antony; it was divided  
 Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,  
 Thy name so buried in her.

*Ant.*

Dead then?

*Mar.*

Dead.

*Ant.* Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,  
 And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence safe,  
 Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck off;—

[*Exit MARDIAN.*]

The sevenfold shield of Ajax cannot keep

<sup>5</sup> *To pack the cards* was to put them together in an unfair manner. It is often used metaphorically, for contriving together to deceive another. The poet meant to say, that Cleopatra, by collusion, played the great game they were engaged in falsely, so as to sacrifice Antony's fame to that of his enemy. There is an equivoque between *trump* and *triumph*. The game of *trump* (trionphe, Fr.) was then popular; it was a rude prototype of whist. The old copy here again erroneously prints *Cæsar's*, which Mr. Collier again retains, and erroneously asserts that "a *trump* card was not then called a *triumph* card," although Florio, even in the first edition of his dictionary, so explains it.

The battery from my heart<sup>6</sup>. O, cleave, my sides!  
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent<sup>7</sup>,  
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—  
No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;  
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—

[Exit EROS.

I will o’ertake thee, Cleopatra, and  
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now  
All length is torture<sup>8</sup>:—Since the torch is out,  
Lie down, and stray no farther: Now all labour  
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles  
Itself with strength: Seal then<sup>9</sup>, and all is done.—  
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:  
Where souls do couch on flowers, we’ll hand in hand,  
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:  
Dido and her Æneas<sup>10</sup> shall want troops,  
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros! Eros!

*Re-enter EROS.*

*Eros.* What would my lord?

*Ant.*

Since Cleopatra died,  
I have liv’d in such dishonour, that the gods  
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword

<sup>6</sup> *The battery from my heart*, means “the battery proceeding from my heart, which is strong enough to break through the seven-fold shield of Ajax; I wish it were strong enough to cleave my sides and destroy me.”

<sup>7</sup> i. e. *the thing that contains thee*. This is perhaps pathologically accurate, a broken heart being, when it does occur, a rupture of the wall or cell that contains the heart, not of the heart itself.

<sup>8</sup> Steevens thinks that the poet wrote *life*, and not *length*. But *length* may signify *extension or protraction of life*.

<sup>9</sup> A passage in King Henry V. explains this:—

“And so espous’d to death, with blood he seal’d

A testament of noble-ending love.”

<sup>10</sup> Warburton remarks that Dido and Æneas were not likely to be found thus lovingly associated, “where souls do couch on flowers.” Either the poet forgot Virgil’s celebrated description in the sixth book of the Æneid, or confounded Æneas with *Sichæus* inadvertently.

Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back  
 With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack  
 The courage of a woman ; less noble mind<sup>11</sup>  
 Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,  
*I am conqueror of myself.* Thou art sworn, Eros,  
 That, when the exigent should come (which now  
 Is come, indeed), when I should see behind me  
 Th'inevitable prosecution of  
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,  
 Thou then would'st kill me : Do't, the time is come—  
 Thou strik'st not me,—'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.  
 Put colour in thy cheek<sup>12</sup>.

*Eros.* The gods withhold me !  
 Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,  
 Though enemy, lost aim, and could not ?

*Ant.* *Eros,*  
 Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see  
 Thy master thus with pleach'd<sup>13</sup> arms, bending down  
 His corrigible<sup>14</sup> neck, his face subdued  
 To penetrative shame ; whilst the wheel'd seat  
 Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded

<sup>11</sup> *Less noble mind* must be accepted as if it was written *less nobly minded*. The termination *bly* is often written *ble* by old writers, and is frequently to be found so in Shakespeare. *To mind* or *purpose* is a verb extensively used in former times. We have it in the Third Part of King Henry VI.—

“Belike she *minds* to play the amazon.”

And in another place:—

“But if you *mind* to hold your true obedience.”

So Baret:—“I am fully purposed, *mind*ed, or determined so to do.” The passage in North's Plutarch, which Shakespeare copied, runs thus:—“I am sorrie that having beene so great a capitaine and emperour, I am indeede condemned to be judged of *lesse corage and noble minde than a woman*.”

<sup>12</sup> I follow the arrangement of the old copy, which I prefer to that of the Variorum edition.

<sup>13</sup> i. e. *arms folded in each other*.

<sup>14</sup> *Corrigible* for *corrected*, and afterwards *penetrative* for *penetrating*. So Virgil has “*penetrabile frigus*” for “*penetrans frigus*,” in his Georgics.

His baseness that ensu'd<sup>15</sup>?

*Eros.* I would not see't.

*Ant.* Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.  
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn  
Most useful for thy country.

*Eros.* O, sir, pardon me.

*Ant.* When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not  
then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;

Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents un purpos'd. Draw, and come.

*Eros.* Turn from me then that noble countenance,  
Wherein the worship<sup>16</sup> of the whole world lies.

*Ant.* Lo thee. [*Turning from him.*]

*Eros.* My sword is drawn.

*Ant.* Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

*Eros.* My dear master,

My captain, and my emperor! let me say,  
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

*Ant.* 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

*Eros.* Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

*Ant.* Now, *Eros.*

*Eros.* Why, therethen:—[*Falls on his Sword.*] Thus

I do escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*]

*Ant.* Thrice nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant *Eros*, what  
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and *Eros*  
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me  
A nobleness in record: But I will be  
A bridegroom in my death<sup>17</sup>, and run into't

<sup>15</sup> i. e. branded with baseness the poor wretch that followed. This is a little inaccurate; the captives came before the victor in the order of a Roman triumph.

<sup>16</sup> The worship, i. e. the honour, the dignity.

<sup>17</sup> This thought occurs in *Measure for Measure*:—

As to a lover's bed. Come then ; and, Eros,  
Thy master dies thy scholar ; to do thus

[*Falling on his Sword.*]

I learn'd of thee. How ! not dead ? not dead ?—  
The guard !—ho<sup>18</sup> !—O, despatch me.

*Enter DERCETAS and Guard.*

1 *Guard.* What's the noise ?

*Ant.* I have done my work ill, friends ; O, make  
an end

Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

*All.* Alas, and woe !

*Ant.* Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*]

*Der.* Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.  
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,  
Shall enter me with him.

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

*Dio.* Where's Antony ?

*Der.* There, Diomed, there.

*Dio.* Lives he ?

Wilt thou not answer, man ? [*Exit DERCETAS.*]

*Ant.* Art thou there, Diomed ? Draw thy sword,  
and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

*Dio.* Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

*Ant.* When did she send thee ?

“ I will encounter darkness as a *bride*,  
And hug it in my arms.”

<sup>18</sup> The folio has *how* ? which is frequently printed for *ho* in the poet's time.



*Dio.* Now, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is she?

*Dio.* Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass : for when she saw  
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect  
She had dispos'd<sup>19</sup> with Cæsar, and that your rage  
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead ;  
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent  
Me to proclaim the truth ; and I am come,  
I dread, too late.

*Ant.* Too late, good Diomed :—Call my guard, I prythee.

*Dio.* What, ho ! the emperor's guard ! The guard,  
what, ho !

Come, your lord calls.

*Enter some of the Guard.*

*Ant.* Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides ;  
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 *Guard.* Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live  
to wear

All your true followers out.

*All.* Most heavy day !

*Ant.* Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate  
To grace it with your sorrows : bid that welcome  
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it  
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up :  
I have led you oft ; carry me now, good friends,  
And have my thanks for all.

*[Exeunt bearing ANTONY.]*

<sup>19</sup> *Dispos'd*, i. e. *arranged with him, agreed with him.* The word is used in this sense in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii. Sc. 3 :—

“ *Agam.* What's his excuse ?

*Ulyss.* He doth rely on none,  
But carries on the stream of his *dispose*  
Without observance or respect of any.”

SCENE XIII. *The same. A Monument.*

*Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS*<sup>1</sup>.

*Cleo.* O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

*Char.* Be comforted, dear madam.

*Cleo.* No, I will not :

All strange and terrible events are welcome,  
But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,  
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great  
As that which makes it.—

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

How now ? is he dead ?

*Dio.* His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument,  
His guard have brought him thither.

*Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.*

*Cleo.* O sun,

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in<sup>2</sup> !—darkling  
stand

The varying shore o' th' world. O Antony !  
Antony, Antony ! Help, Charmian ; help, Iras, help ;  
Help, friends below ; let's draw him hither.

*Ant.* Peace :

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,  
But Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

<sup>1</sup> Cleopatra is supposed to be in her tomb, elevated at the back of the stage.

<sup>2</sup> It should be remembered that, according to the old philosophy, the sun was accounted a planet, and thought to be whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid sphere in which it was fixed. Supposing this consumed, the sun must wander in endless space, and the earth be involved in endless night.

*Cleo.* So it should be, that none but Antony  
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying; only  
I here impórtune death a while, until  
Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
I lay upon thy lips.—

*Cleo.* I dare not, dear  
(Dear my lord, pardon), I dare not,  
Lest I be taken<sup>3</sup>: not the imperious show  
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall  
Be brooch'd<sup>4</sup> with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have  
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:  
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,  
And still conclusion<sup>5</sup>, shall acquire no honour  
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—  
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—  
Assist, good friends.

*Ant.* O, quick, or I am gone.

*Cleo.* Here's sport, indeed<sup>6</sup>!—How heavy weighs  
my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,  
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,  
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,  
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—  
Wishers were ever fools;—O come, come, come;  
[*They draw ANTONY up.*]

<sup>3</sup> Cleopatra means that she dare not come down out of the monument to Antony.

<sup>4</sup> *Brooch'd* here must mean *ornamented, adorned*. Any ornamental jewel was called a *brooch*:—"Honour's a good *brooch* to wear in a man's hat at all times."—*Ben Jonson's Poetaster*.

"And love to Richard

Is a strange *brooch* in this all-hating world."

*King Richard II.* Act ii, Sc. 5.

<sup>5</sup> "Her still *conclusion*," Johnson explains, "Sedate determination; silent coolness of resolution."

<sup>6</sup> Thus the folio: but we should probably read *support*, for Cleopatra alludes to falling fortunes.

And welcome, welcome ! die, where<sup>7</sup> thou hast liv'd :  
Quicken with kissing ; had my lips that power,  
Thus would I wear them out.

*All.*

A heavy sight !

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying :  
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

*Cleo.* No, let me speak ; and let me rail so high,  
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel<sup>8</sup>,  
Provok'd by my offence.

*Ant.* One word, sweet queen :  
Of Cæsar seek your honour with your safety.—O !

*Cleo.* They do not go together.

*Ant.* Gentle, hear me :  
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

*Cleo.* My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust ;  
None about Cæsar.

*Ant.* The miserable change now at my end,  
Lament nor sorrow at : but please your thoughts,  
In feeding them with those my former fortunes  
Wherein I liv'd the greatest prince o'the world,  
The noblest : and do now not basely die,  
Nor cowardly ; put off my helmet to  
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman  
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going ;  
I can no more. [Dies.

*Cleo.* Noblest of men, woo't die ?  
Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty ?—O, see, my women,  
The crown o'the earth doth melt :—My lord !—

<sup>7</sup> The old copies have *when*, a palpable error for *where*. *Quicken with kissing*, i. e. *revive by my kiss*. To *quicken*, according to Baret, is, "to make livelie and lustie, to make strong and sound, to refresh."

<sup>8</sup> "Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel," &c.

*As You Like It.*

O, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
 The soldier's pole is fallen<sup>9</sup>; young boys and girls,  
 Are level now with men: the odds is gone,  
 And there is nothing left remarkable  
 Beneath the visiting moon<sup>10</sup>. [*She faints.*]

*Char.* O, quietness, lady!

*Iras.* She is dead too, our sovereign.

*Char.* Lady,—

*Iras.* Madam,—

*Char.* O madam, madam, madam!

*Iras.* Royal Egypt!

Empress!

*Char.* Peace, peace, *Iras.*

*Cleo.* No more, but e'en a woman<sup>11</sup>; and com-  
 manded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,  
 And does the meanest chares<sup>12</sup>.—It were for me

<sup>9</sup> That is, *their standard or rallying point is thrown down.* Marlowe concludes his *Faustus* with a similar image:—

"Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,  
 And burned is Apollos laurel bough."

<sup>10</sup> "From this instant

There's nothing serious in mortality:

All is but toys; renown and grace is dead;

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees

Is left this vault to brag on." *Macbeth.*

<sup>11</sup> *Iras* has just said "Royal Egypt, *Empress!*" *Cleopatra* completes the sentence (without taking notice of the intervening words of *Charmian*), *Empress* "no more; but e'en a woman," now on a level with the meanest of my sex. The old copy reads, "but in a woman." Dr. Johnson made the correction.

<sup>12</sup> A *chare*, from the A. S. *cyran*, to turn, is a single turn or bout of work. Hence a charwoman. "She, like a good wife, is teaching her servants sundry *chares*."

*Heywood's Brazen Age*, 1613.

"And at my crummed messe of milke, each night from maid or dame

To do their *chares* as they supposed," &c.

*Warner's Albion's England.*

Thus in Act v. Sc. 2, *Cleopatra* says:—

"When thou hast done this *chare* I'll give thee leave  
 To play till doomsday."

To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods ;  
 To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,  
 Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught ;  
 Patience is sottish ; and impatience does  
 Become a dog that's mad : Then is it sin,  
 To rush into the secret house of death,  
 Ere death dare come to us ?—How do you, women ?  
 What, what ? good cheer ! Why, how now, Charmian ?  
 My noble girls !—Ah, women, women ! look,  
 Our lamp is spent, it's out :—Good sirs, take heart :—  
[To the Guard below.

We'll bury him : and then, what's brave, what's noble,  
 Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away :  
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.  
 Ah women, women ! come ; we have no friend  
 But resolution, and the briefest end.


[*Exeunt ; those above bearing off ANTONY's  
 Body.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS,  
 GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and Others.*

*Cæsar.*

O to him, Dolabella, bid him yield ;  
 Being so frustrate<sup>1</sup>, tell him, he mocks us by  
 The pauses that he makes.

*Dol.*

Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit DOLABELLA.*

<sup>1</sup> *Frustrate* was the language of Shakespeare's time for *frustrated*. So we find *contaminate* for *contaminated*, *consummate* for *consummated*, &c. Thus in *The Tempest* :—

“ And the sea mocks

Our *frustrate* search by land.”

Malone added the words “ *us by*,” at the end of this line, con-

*Enter DERCETAS, with the Sword of ANTONY.*

*Cæs.* Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st

Appear thus to us?<sup>2</sup>

*Der.* I am call'd Dercetas;

Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy  
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,  
He was my master; and I wore my life,  
To spend upon his haters: If thou please  
To take me to thee, as I was to him  
I'll be to Cæsar; If thou pleasest not,  
I yield thee up my life.

*Cæs.* What is't thou say'st?

*Der.* I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

*Cæs.* The breaking of so great a thing should make  
A greater crack: the round world  
Should have shook lions into civil streets<sup>3</sup>,  
And citizens to their dens:—The death of Antony  
Is not a single doom; in the name lay  
A moiety of the world.

*Der.* He is dead, Cæsar;

Not by a publick minister of justice,  
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,

ceiving the metre imperfect. The meaning appears to be, "Tell him the pauses that he makes are a mere mockery of us; frustrated as he is, bid him yield at once."

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *with a drawn and bloody sword in thy hand.*

<sup>3</sup> The second line is evidently defective, some word or words being omitted at the end, as in a former instance. What is lost may be supplied by conjecture thus:—

"The round world *convulsive*."

Johnson thought that there was a line lost: and Steevens proposed to read,—

"A greater crack *than this*: The *ruin'd* world," &c.

Malone thought that the passage might have stood originally thus:—

"The round world should have shook;

*Thrown hungry lions into civil streets,*" &c.

Which writ his honour in the acts it did,  
 Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,  
 Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,  
 I robb'd his wound of it ; behold it stain'd  
 With his most noble blood.

*Cæs.* Look you sad, friends ?  
 The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings  
 To wash the eyes of kings.

*Agr.* And strange it is,  
 That nature must compel us to lament  
 Our most persisted deeds.

*Mec.* His taints and honours  
 Waged<sup>4</sup> equal with him.

*Agr.* A rarer spirit never  
 Did steer humanity : but you, gods, will give us  
 Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

*Mec.* When such a spacious mirror's set before him,  
 He needs must see himself.

*Cæs.* O Antony !  
 I have follow'd thee to this ;—But we do lance<sup>5</sup>  
 Diseases in our bodies : I must perforce  
 Have shown to thee such a declining day,  
 Or look on thine ; we could not stall together  
 In the whole world : But yet let me lament,  
 With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,  
 That thou, my brother, my competitor  
 In top of all design, my mate in empire,  
 Friend and companion in the front of war,  
 The arm of mine own body, and the heart  
 Where mine his<sup>6</sup> thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,  
 Unreconcilable, should divide

<sup>4</sup> *Waged* here must mean to be *opposed*, as equal stakes in a wager : unless we suppose that *weighed* is meant. The second folio reads *way*.

<sup>5</sup> *Launch*, the word in the old copy, is only the obsolete spelling of *lance*.

<sup>6</sup> *His* for *its*. According to the usage of the poet's time.



Our equalness to this<sup>7</sup>.—Hear me, good friends,—  
But I will tell you at some meeter season ;

*Enter a Messenger.*

The business of this man looks out of him,  
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you ?

*Mess.* A poor Egyptian yet<sup>8</sup>. The queen, my  
mistress,  
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,  
Of thy intents desires instruction ;  
That she preparedly may frame herself  
To th' way she's forc'd to.

*Cæs.* Bid her have good heart ;  
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,  
How honourable<sup>9</sup> and how kindly we  
Determine for her : for Cæsar cannot live<sup>10</sup>  
To be ungentle.

*Mess.* So the gods preserve thee ! [*Exit.*

*Cæs.* Come hither, Proculeius ; Go, and say,  
We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts  
The quality of her passion shall require ;  
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke  
She do defeat us : for her life in Rome  
Would be eternal in our triumph<sup>11</sup> : Go,

<sup>7</sup> That is, "should have made us, in our equality of fortune, disagree to a pitch like this, that one of us must die."

<sup>8</sup> i. e. "yet an Egyptian, or subject of the queen of Egypt, though soon to become a subject of Rome."

<sup>9</sup> I have before observed that the termination *ble* was anciently often used for *bly*. This Malone calls using adjectives adverbially, or using *substantives* adjectively, as the case may be. I doubt whether it be any thing more than the laxity of old orthography. We have *honourable* for *honourably* again in Julius Cæsar:—

"Young man, thou could'st not die more *honourable*."

<sup>10</sup> The old copies erroneously have *leave*.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. "if I send her *in triumph to Rome*, her memory and my glory *will be eternal*." Thus in the *Scourge of Venus*, 1614:—

And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,  
And how you find of her.

*Pro.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit PROCULEIUS.*]

*Cæs.* Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,  
To second Proculeius? [*Exit GALLUS.*]

*Agr. Mec.* Dolabella!

*Cæs.* Let him alone, for I remember now  
How he's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.  
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see  
How hardly I was drawn into this war;  
How calm and gentle I proceeded still  
In all my writings: Go with me, and see  
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument*<sup>1</sup>.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* My desolation does begin to make  
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;  
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave<sup>2</sup>,  
A minister of her will; And it is great  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;  
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;  
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung<sup>3</sup>;  
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

“If some foule-swelling ebon cloud would fall  
For her to hide herself *eternal in*.”

<sup>1</sup> As in Scene 13 of the last Act, we must imagine Cleopatra and her attendants in the monument above, at the back of the stage, where they speak all their speeches, till the queen is seized, within the monument.

<sup>2</sup> *Knave*, i. e. *servant*.

<sup>3</sup> “Voluntary death,” says Cleopatra, “is an act *which bolts up change*; it produces a state—

“Which sleeps, and never palates more the *dung*;  
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.”

Which has no longer need of terrene sustenance, and which places

*Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS,  
GALLUS, and Soldiers.*

*Pro.* Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;  
And bids thee study on what fair demands  
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

*Cleo.* [Within.] What's thy name?

*Pro.* My name is Proculeius.

*Cleo.* [Within.] Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you ; but  
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,  
That have no use for trusting. If your master  
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,  
That majesty, to keep decorum, must  
No less beg than a kingdom : if he please  
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,  
He gives me so much of mine own, as I<sup>5</sup>  
Will kneel to him with thanks.

*Pro.* Be of good cheer ;

Y<sup>e</sup> are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing :  
Make your full reference freely to my lord,  
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over  
On all that need : Let me report to him  
Your sweet dependancy ; and you shall find  
A conqueror, that will pray in aid<sup>6</sup> for kindness,  
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

*Cleo.* *[Within.]* Pray you, tell him

Cæsar and the beggar on a level. "The Æthiopian king (in Herodotus, b. iii.) upon hearing a description of the nature of wheat, replied, that he was not at all surprised if men, who eat nothing but *dung*, did not attain a longer life."

<sup>5</sup> Mason would change *as* I, to *and* I; but I have shown in another place that *as* was used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries for *that*.

<sup>6</sup> *Praying in aid* is a term used for "a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question."

I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him  
The greatness he has got<sup>7</sup>. I hourly learn  
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly  
Look him i' the face.

*Pro.* This I'll report, dear lady.  
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied  
Of him that caus'd it.

*Gal.* You see how easily she may be surpris'd;  
[*Here PROCULEIUS, and two of the Guard, ascend  
the Monument by a Ladder placed against a  
Window, and having descended, come behind  
CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard unbar and  
open the Gates*<sup>8</sup>.

Guard her till Cæsar come.

[*To PROCULEIUS and the Guard. Exit  
GALLUS.*

*Iras.* Royal queen!

<sup>7</sup> By these words Cleopatra means, "In yielding to him I only give him that honour which he himself achieved." A kindred idea seems to occur in *The Tempest*:—

"Then as my gift, and thy own acquisition  
Worthily purchased, take thou my daughter."

<sup>8</sup> There is no stage direction in the old copy, that which is now inserted is formed on the old translation of Plutarch:—"Proculeius came to the gates that were very thicke and strong, and surely barred; but yet there were some craneus through the which her voyce might be heard, and so they without understood that Cleopatra demaunded the kingdome of Egypt for her sonnes: and that Proculeius aunswered her, that she should be of good cheere, and not be affrayed to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her aunswere unto Cæsar: who immediately sent Gallus to speak once againe with her, and bad him purposely hold her with talk, whilst Proculeius did set up a ladder against that high windowe, by the which Antonius was tressed up, and came down into the monument with two of his men, hard by the gate, where Cleopatra stood to hear what Gallus said unto her. One of her women shrieked out, O poore Cleopatra, thou art taken. Then when she sawe Proculeius behind her, as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her side. But Proculeius came sodainly upon her, and taking her by

*Char.* O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

*Cleo.* Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a Dagger.*

*Pro.* Hold, worthy lady, hold:

[*Seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this  
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

*Cleo.* What, of death too

That rids our dogs of languish?

*Pro.* Cleopatra,

Do not abuse my master's bounty, by  
The undoing of yourself: let the world see  
His nobleness well acted, which your death  
Will never let come forth.

*Cleo.* Where art thou, death?

Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen  
Worth many babes and beggars!

*Pro.* O, temperance, lady!

*Cleo.* Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir,  
(If idle talk will once be necessary<sup>9</sup>);  
I'll not sleep neither: This mortal house I'll ruin,

both the hands, sayd unto her, Cleopatra, first thou shalt doe thyselfe greate wrong, and secondly unto Cæsar, to deprive him of the occasion and opportunitie openlie to shew his vauntage and mercie, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous and noble prince that ever was, and to appeach him as though he were a cruel and merciless man that were not to be trusted. So even as he spake the word he tooke her dagger from her, and shooke her clothes for fear of any poison hid aboute her." The speech given to Gallus here is given by mistake to Procu-leius in the old copy.

<sup>9</sup> It should be remembered that *once* is used by Shakespeare for *one time*, *some time*, *any time*. I take the meaning of this line, which is evidently parenthetical, to be, "If idle talk be any time necessary about my purposes." Johnson has shown that *will be* is often used in conversation without relation to the future. I have placed this line in a parenthesis, by which the sense of the passage is now rendered sufficiently clear, without having recourse to supplementary words, as Malone and Ritson proposed.

Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I  
 Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court ;  
 Nor once be châstis'd with the sober eye  
 Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,  
 And show me to the shouting varletry  
 Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt  
 Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud  
 Lay me stark-naked, and let the water-flies  
 Blow me into abhorring! rather make  
 My country's high pyramides<sup>10</sup> my gibbet,  
 And hang me up in chains!

*Pro.* You do extend  
 These thoughts of horror further than you shall  
 Find cause in Cæsar.

*Enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* Proculeius,  
 What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,  
 And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,  
 I'll take her to my guard.

*Pro.* So, Dolabella,  
 It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—  
 To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,  
[To CLEOPATRA.]

If you'll employ me to him.

*Cleo.* Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS, and Soldiers.*]

*Dol.* Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

*Cleo.* I cannot tell.

*Dol.* Assuredly, you know me.

*Cleo.* No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.  
 You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;  
 Is't not your trick?

<sup>10</sup> *Pyramides* is so written and used as a quadrisyllable by Sandys and by Drayton.

*Dol.* I understand not, madam.

*Cleo.* I dreamt, there was an emperor Antony ;—  
O, such another sleep, that I might see  
But such another man !

*Dol.* If it might please you,—

*Cleo.* His face was as the heavens ; and therein  
stuck

A sun, and moon ; which kept their course, and  
lighted

The little O, the earth<sup>11</sup>.

*Dol.* Most sovereign creature.

*Cleo.* His legs bestrid the ocean<sup>12</sup> : his rear'd arm  
Crested the world<sup>13</sup> : his voice was propertied  
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;  
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,  
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,  
There was no winter in't ; an autumn<sup>14</sup> 'twas,  
That grew the more by reaping : His delights  
Were dolphin-like ; they show'd his back above  
The element they liv'd in : In his livery  
Walk'd crowns, and crownets ; realms and islands  
were

As plates<sup>15</sup> dropt from his pocket.

<sup>11</sup> Shakespeare uses O for an orb or circle. Thus in King  
Henry V.—

“ Can we cram

Within this wooden O the very casques.”

Again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :—

“ Than all yon fiery *Oes*, and eyes of light.”

<sup>12</sup> So in *Julius Cæsar* :—

“ Why, man, he doth bestride the world

Like a Colussus.”

<sup>13</sup> Dr. Percy thinks that “ this is an allusion to some of the old  
crests in heraldry, where a raised arm on a wreath was mounted  
on the helmet.” To *crest* is to *surmount*.

<sup>14</sup> The folios have “ an *Antony*,” evidently an error. Theobald  
made the correction.

<sup>15</sup> *Plates* mean *silver money* ; *Plata* being its Spanish name :—

“ What's the price of this slave 200 crowns?

Belike he has some new trick for a purse,

*Dol.*

Cleopatra,—

*Cleo.* Think you, there was, or might be, such a man  
As this I dreamt of?

*Dol.*

Gentle madam, no.

*Cleo.* You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.  
But, if there be, or ever were one such,  
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff  
To vie<sup>16</sup> strange forms with fancy; yet, t' imagine  
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,  
Condemning shadows quite.

*Dol.*

Hear me, good madam:  
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it  
As answering to the weight: 'Would, I might never  
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,  
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites<sup>17</sup>  
My very heart at root.

And if he has, he's worth 300 *plates*."

*Marlowe's Jew of Malta.*

In heraldry the *roundlets* in an escutcheon, if *or*, or yellow, are called *besants*; if *argent*, or white, *plates*, which are round flat pieces of silver money, perhaps without any stamp or impress. It is remarkable, after all that the commentators have said against Ben Jonson, that Steevens should have expunged a note which appeared in his edition of 1778, where he cites the following beautiful passage from Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, on the subject of liberality:—

"He gave me first my breeding, I acknowledge:  
Then shower'd his bounties on me, like the hours  
That open-handed sit upon the clouds,  
And press the liberality of heaven  
Down to the laps of thankful men."

<sup>16</sup> To *vie* here has its metaphorical sense of to *contend in rivalry*. For the origin of the phrase, see vol. iii. p. 175, note 20. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece*, and the *piece* done by Nature had the preference. Antony was in reality *past the size of dreaming*; he was more by nature than fancy could present in sleep.

<sup>17</sup> The *folios* have *suites*. Pope altered it to *shoots*, supposing it an error from the two words having been pronounced alike. I adopt the reading *smites*, suggested by the late Mr. Barron Field, as in every respect more likely to have been the poet's word.



*Cleo.*

I thank you, sir.

Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

*Dol.* I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, sir,—

*Dol.* Though he be honourable,—

*Cleo.* He'll lead me then in triumph?

*Dol.* Madam, he will;

I know it.

*Within.* Make way there,—Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS,  
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

*Cæs.* Which is the queen of Egypt?

*Dol.* 'Tis the emperor, madam.

[CLEOPATRA kneels.

*Cæs.* Arise, you shall not kneel:—

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

*Cleo.* Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord

I must obey.

*Cæs.* Take to you no hard thoughts:

The record of what injuries you did us,

Though written in our flesh, we shall remember

As things but done by chance.

*Cleo.* Sole sir o' the world,

I cannot project<sup>18</sup> mine own cause so well

To make it clear; but do confess, I have

Been laden with like frailties, which before

Have often sham'd our sex.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra, know,

<sup>18</sup> To *project* is to *delincate*, to *shape*, to *form*. So in *Look About You*, a Comedy, 1600:—

“But quite dislike the *project* of your sute.”  
And in *Much Ado About Nothing*:—

“She cannot love,  
Nor take no shape nor *project* of affection,  
She is so self endear'd.”

We will extenuate rather than enforce :  
 If you apply yourself to our intents  
 (Which towards you are most gentle), you shall find  
 A benefit in this change ; but if you seek  
 To lay on me a cruelty, by taking  
 Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself  
 Of my good purposes, and put your children  
 To that destruction which I'll guard them from,  
 If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

*Cleo.* And may, through all the world : 'tis yours :  
 and we

Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall  
 Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

*Cæs.* You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra<sup>19</sup>.

*Cleo.* This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,  
 I am possess'd of : 'tis exactly valued ;  
 Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus ?

*Sel.* Here, madam.

*Cleo.* This is my treasurer ; let him speak, my lord,  
 Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd  
 To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

*Sel.* Madam,  
 I had rather seel<sup>20</sup> my lips, than, to my peril,  
 Speak that which is not.

*Cleo.* What have I kept back ?

*Sel.* Enough to purchase what you have made  
 known.

*Cæs.* Nay, blush not, Cleopatra ! I approve  
 Your wisdom in the deed.

<sup>19</sup> Cæsar afterwards says :—

“ For we intend so to dispose you, as  
 Yourself shall give us counsel.”

<sup>20</sup> The folio has *seel*. Yet Mr. Collier doubts whether there is any allusion to the word used in falconry for sewing up the eyes of a hawk ! But the poet is very fond of such allusions, and there is surely no reason for printing *seal*, and thus substituting a word not authorized by the old copy, which always prints the latter word *seal* or *seude*.

*Cleo.* See, Cæsar! O, behold  
 How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;  
 And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.  
 The ingratitude of this Seleucus does  
 Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust  
 Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back?  
     thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,  
 Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less villain, dog!  
 O rarely base!

*Cæs.* Good queen, let us entreat you.

*Cleo.* O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this:  
 That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,  
 Doing the honour of thy lordliness  
 To one so meek, that mine own servant should  
 Parcel the sum of my disgraces by  
 Addition of his envy<sup>21</sup>! Say, good Cæsar,  
 That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,  
 Immoment toys, things of such dignity  
 As we greet modern<sup>22</sup> friends withal: and say,  
 Some nobler token I have kept apart  
 For Livia, and Octavia, to induce  
 Their mediation; must I be unfolded  
 With<sup>23</sup> onethat I have bred? Yegods<sup>24</sup>! It smites me  
 Beneath the fall I have. Prythee, go hence;  
     [*To SELEUCUS.*

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits  
 Through th'ashes of my chance<sup>25</sup>. Wert thou a man,

<sup>21</sup> "That this fellow should add one more parcel or item to the sum of my disgraces, namely his own *malice*."

<sup>22</sup> i. e. *common, ordinary*. See vol. iii. p. 284, note 2, and p. 359, note 27.

<sup>23</sup> *With* is here used with the power of *by*. See vol. i. p. 272, note 3.

<sup>24</sup> The old copy has, *The gods*!

<sup>25</sup> *My chance*, i. e. *my fortune*. "Begone, or I shall exert that royal spirit which I had in my prosperity, in spite of the imbecility of my present weak condition." Chaucer has a similar image in his *Canterbury Tales*, v. 3180:—

Thou would'st have mercy on me.

*Cæs.*

Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit SELEUCUS.*]

*Cleo.* Be it known that we, the greatest, are mis-  
thought

For things that others do ; and, when we fall,  
We answer others' merits<sup>26</sup> in our name,  
Are therefore to be pitied.

*Cæs.*

Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,  
Put we i' the roll of conquest : still be't yours,  
Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe,  
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you  
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd ;  
Make not your thoughts your prisons<sup>27</sup> : no, dear  
queen ;

For we intend so to dispose you, as  
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :  
Our care and pity is so much upon you,  
That we remain your friend ; And so adieu.

*Cleo.* My master, and my lord !

*Cæs.*

Not so : Adieu.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR, and his Train.*]

*Cleo.* He words me, girls, he words me, that I should  
not

Be noble to myself : but hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers CHARMIAN.*]

*Iras.* Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,  
And we are for the dark.

*Cleo.*

Hie thee again :

" Yet in our *ashen* cold is fire yreken."

And Gray in his Country Churchyard :—

" E'en in our *ashes* live their wonted fires."

<sup>26</sup> *i. e.* " We answer for that which others have *merited* by their transgressions." The old copy misprints *And* for *Are* at the commencement of the next line.

<sup>27</sup> " Be not a prisoner in imagination, when in reality you are free."

I have spoke already, and it is provided ;  
Go, put it to the haste.

*Char.*

Madam, I will.

*Re-enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* Where is the queen ?

*Char.* Behold, sir. [*Exit CHARMIAN.*]

*Cleo.* Dolabella ?

*Dol.* Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,  
Which my love makes religion to obey,  
I tell you this : Cæsar through Syria  
Intends his journey ; and, within three days,  
You with your children will he send before :  
Make your best use of this : I have perform'd  
Your pleasure, and my promise.

*Cleo.* Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

*Dol.* I your servant.

Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit DOL.*] Now,

Iras, what think'st thou ?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown  
In Rome, as well as I : mechanick slaves  
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall  
Uplift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,  
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,  
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

*Iras.* The gods forbid !

*Cleo.* Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras : Saucy lictors  
Will catch at us, like strumpets ; and scald rhymers  
Ballad us out o' tune : the quick<sup>28</sup> comedians  
Extemporally will stage us, and present  
Our Alexandrian revels ; Antony  
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see

<sup>28</sup> i. e. the lively or quick-witted comedians. See Act i. Sc. 2, note 11, p. 189.

Some squeaking Cleopatra boy<sup>29</sup> my greatness  
I' the posture of a whore.

*Iras.* O the good gods !

*Cleo.* Nay, that's certain.

*Iras.* I'll never see it ; for, I am sure, my nails  
Are stronger than mine eyes.

*Cleo.* Why that's the way  
To fool their preparation, and to conquer  
Their most absurd<sup>30</sup> intents.—Now, Charmian ?—

*Re-enter CHARMIAN.*

Show me, my women, like a queen ;—Go fetch  
My best attires ;—I am again for Cydnus,  
To meet Mark Antony :—Sirrah<sup>31</sup>, *Iras*, go.—  
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed :  
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave  
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all :  
Wherefore's this noise ? [*Exit IRAS. A Noise within.*]

*Enter one of the Guard.*

*Guard.* Here is a rural fellow,  
That will not be denied your highness' presence ;

<sup>29</sup> It has been already observed that the parts of females were played by boys on our ancient stage. Nash, in his *Pierce Penniless*, makes it a subject of exultation that "our players are not as the players beyond sea, that have whores and common courtesans to play women's parts." To obviate the impropriety of men representing women, T. Goff, in his *Tragedy of the Raging Turk*, 1631, has no female character.

<sup>30</sup> Theobald reads *assur'd*, but there seems no necessity for change.

<sup>31</sup> *Sirrah* was not anciently an appellation either reproachful or injurious ; being applied, with a sort of playful kindness, to children, friends, and servants, and what may seem more extraordinary, as in the present case, to women. It is nothing more than the exclamation *Sir ha!* and we sometimes find it in its primitive form, "*A syr a*, there said you wel."—*Confutation of Nicholas Shaxton*, 1546. The *Heus tu* of Plautus is rendered by an old translator *Ha Sirra*. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of Malta*, one gentlewoman says to another, "*Sirrah*, why dost thou not marry ?"

He brings you figs.

*Cleo.* Let him come in. How<sup>32</sup> poor an instrument  
[*Exit Guard.*

May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.  
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing  
Of woman in me : Now from head to foot  
I am marble-constant : now the fleeting<sup>33</sup> moon  
No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter Guard, with a Clown, bringing a Basket.*

*Guard.* This is the man.

*Cleo.* Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*

Hast thou the pretty worm<sup>34</sup> of Nilus there,  
That kills and pains not ?

*Clown.* Truly I have him : but I would not be the  
party that should desire you to touch him, for his  
biting is immortal ; those, that do die of it, do seldom  
or never recover.

*Cleo.* Remember'st thou any that have died on't ?

*Clown.* Very many, men and women too. I heard  
of one of them no longer than yesterday : a very ho-  
nest woman, but something given to lie ; as a woman  
should not do, but in the way of honesty : how she

<sup>32</sup> The first folio has, "*What* poor an instrument." It was cor-  
rected to *How* in the second.

<sup>33</sup> *Fleeting*, or *flitting*, is *changeable*, *inconstant* :—

"More variant than is the *flitting* lune."

*Walter's Guistard and Sismond*, 1597.

"I am now," says Cleopatra, "whole as the marble, founded as the  
rock," and no longer inconstant and changeable, as woman often is.  
The moon, *Selene*, was one of the divine titles assumed by Cleo-  
patra.

<sup>34</sup> *Worm* is used by our old writers to signify a *serpent*. The  
word is pure Saxon, and is still used in the north in the same  
sense. We have it still in the *blind-worm* and *slow-worm*. Shake-  
speare uses it several times. The notion of a serpent that caused  
death without pain was an ancient fable, and is here adopted with  
propriety. The *worm of Nile* was the asp of the ancients, which  
Dr. Shaw says is wholly unknown to us.

died of the biting of it, what pain she felt.—Truly, she makes a very good report o'the worm: But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do<sup>35</sup>. But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

*Cleo.* Get thee hence; farewell.

*Clown.* I wish you all joy of the worm.

*Cleo.* Farewell. [*Clown sets down the Basket.*]

*Clown.* You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind<sup>36</sup>.

*Cleo.* Ay, ay; farewell.

*Clown.* Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

*Cleo.* Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

*Clown.* Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

*Cleo.* Will it eat me?

*Clown.* You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

*Cleo.* Well, get thee gone; farewell.

*Clown.* Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm.  
[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter IRAS, with a Robe, Crown, &c.*

*Cleo.* Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have Immortal longings in me<sup>37</sup>: Now no more

<sup>35</sup> Warburton observes that "Shakespeare's clowns are always jokers, and deal in sly satire:" but he would have *all* and *half* change places. I think with Steevens that the confusion was designed to heighten the humour of the clown's speech.

<sup>36</sup> i. e. *act according to his nature.*

<sup>37</sup> From hence probably Addison in Cato:—  
"This longing after immortality."



The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip :—  
 Yare, yare<sup>38</sup>, good Iras ; quick.—Methinks, I hear  
 Antony call ; I see him rouse himself  
 To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock  
 The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men  
 To excuse their after wrath : Husband, I come :  
 Now to that name my courage prove my title !  
 I am fire, and air ; my other elements  
 I give to baser life<sup>39</sup>.—So,—have you done ?  
 Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.  
 Farewell, kind Charmian ;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them.* IRAS *falls and dies.*

Have I the aspick in my lips ? Dost fall<sup>40</sup> ?  
 If thou and nature can so gently part,  
 The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,  
 Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still ?  
 If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world  
 It is not worth leave-taking.

*Char.* Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain ; that I may say,  
 The gods themselves do weep !

*Cleo.* This proves me base :  
 If she first meet the curled Antony,  
 He'll make demand of her ; and spend that kiss,  
 Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,

[*To the Asp, which she applies to her Breast.*  
 With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate  
 Of life at once untie ; poor venomous fool,  
 Be angry, and despatch. O, could'st thou speak !  
 That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass

<sup>38</sup> i. e. be *nimble*, be *ready*. See Act iii. Sc. 5, note 6.

<sup>39</sup> Thus in King Henry V.—“He is pure *air* and *fire* ; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him.” Homer speaks as contemptuously of the grosser elements we spring from, Iliad vii. v. 99 :—

Ἄλλ' ὑμεῖς μὲν πάντες ὕδωρ καὶ γαῖα γεννοισθε.

<sup>40</sup> Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, to account for her falling so soon.

Unpolicied<sup>41</sup> !

*Char.* O eastern star !

*Cleo.* Peace, peace !

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,

That sucks the nurse asleep ?

*Char.* O, break ! O, break !

*Cleo.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—  
O Antony !—Nay, I will take thee too ;—

[*Applying another Asp to her Arm.*

What should I stay— [*Falls on a Bed, and dies.*

*Char.* In this vile<sup>42</sup> world ?—So, fare thee well.—  
Now boast thee, death ! in thy possession lies  
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close<sup>43</sup> ;  
And golden Phœbus never be beheld  
Of eyes again so royal ! Your crown's awry ;  
I'll mend it, and then play<sup>44</sup>.

*Enter the Guard, rushing in.*

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen ?

*Char.* Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

*Char.* Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies the Asp.*

O, come ; apace, despatch ; I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho ! All's not well : Cæsar's  
beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar :—  
call him.

<sup>41</sup> i. e. "an ass *without more wit or policy* than to leave the means of death within my reach, and thereby defeat his own purpose."

<sup>42</sup> The old copy has *wild*, a misprint for *vild*, the old orthography of *vile*. Mr. Dyce has shown that it is a very common error.

<sup>43</sup> Charmian may be supposed to close Cleopatra's eyes, the first melancholy office performed after death.

<sup>44</sup> Charmian remembers the words uttered to her by her beloved mistress just before :—

"When thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave  
To play till doomsday."

1 *Guard*. What work is here?—Charmian, is this well done<sup>45</sup>?

*Char*. It is well done, and fitting for a princess  
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier [*Dies*.

*Enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol*. How goes it here?

2 *Guard*. All dead.

*Dol*. Cæsar, thy thoughts  
Touch their effects in this : Thyself art coming  
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou  
So sought'st to hinder.

*Within*. A way there, a way for Cæsar !

*Enter Cæsar, and Attendants.*

*Dol*. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer ;  
That you did fear, is done.

*Cæs*. Bravest at the last :  
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,  
Took her own way<sup>46</sup>.—The manner of their deaths ?  
I do not see them bleed.

*Dol*. Who was last with them ?

1 *Guard*. A simple countryman, that brought her figs ;  
This was his basket.

*Cæs*. Poison'd then.

1 *Guard*. O Cæsar,  
This Charmian lived but now ; she stood, and spake :  
I found her trimming up the diadem  
On her dead mistress ; tremblingly she stood,

<sup>45</sup> This refers to a deception. Charmian, whispered by Cleopatra, went out to manage the introduction of the Clown with the asps.

<sup>46</sup> *And, being royal, took her own way.* Mr. Hunter thinks there is here an allusion to the *hart royal*, which had the privilege of roaming unmolested, and of taking its own way to its lair.

And on the sudden dropp'd.

*Cæs.* O noble weakness!—

If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear  
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,  
As she would catch another Antony  
In her strong toil of grace.

*Dol.* Here, on her breast,  
There is a vent of blood, and something blown<sup>47</sup>:  
The like is on her arm.

1 *Guard.* This is an asp's trail, and these fig-leaves  
Have slime upon them, such as the asp leaves  
Upon the caves of Nile.

*Cæs.* Most probable,  
That so she died; for her physician tells me,  
She hath pursu'd conclusions<sup>48</sup> infinite  
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;  
And bear her women from the monument:—  
She shall be buried by her Antony:  
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it  
A pair so famous. High events as these  
Strike those that make them: and their story is  
No less in pity, than his glory, which  
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,  
In solemn show, attend this funeral;  
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see  
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>47</sup> i. e. *swelled, puffed.* See p. 287, note 4.

<sup>48</sup> To pursue conclusions is to try experiments. So in Hamlet:—

“Like the famous ape

To try conclusions.”

Such an “easy way to die” was by the asp's venom. Thus  
Lucan, lib. ix. l. 1815:—

“At tibi Leve miser fixus præcordia pressit  
Niliaca serpente cruor; nulloque dolore  
Testatus morsus subita caligine mortem  
Accipis, et Stygias somno descendis ad umbras.”



## CRITICAL ESSAY ON ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

**T**HE order in which the Tragedies are arranged in the first folio has been usually followed in later editions, but there is no appearance that it was made on any principle whatever, much less on one that should override the natural dependency of subject matter. The Roman Tragedies form a set—a trilogy if you will, and the transition from Julius Cæsar to Antony and Cleopatra is most distinctly provided for, as distinctly as between any of the English Chronicle plays. Already, as we have seen, before the battle of Philippi, Octavius has manifested his spirit of opposition and independence, and already the genius of Mark Antony retires before that of his younger colleague. In the play of Coriolanus the Roman people are struggling through the embarrassments of faction, and the dissension of orders, to that degree of self-possession and united purpose that enabled them to conquer the world. In the play of Julius Cæsar we find the virtual completion of this conquest by one great administrative genius, while the Roman people have become so debased by the process as to enable Cæsar, after conquering the world for Rome, to conquer Rome for himself; and with the deaths of Brutus and Cassius the forlorn hope of the prolonged vitality of the nobler form of republican establishment is wrecked and lost. The transition, however, is not yet complete to that exhausting and stupefying autocracy that carried on through so many centuries the lingering degradation, the decline and fall of the Empire. This is the theme of the tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra; the vigorous virtue of the republic was all but extirpated at Philippi, but there was a wild constitutional vigour in its vices also which might have proved a stock for a happier graft, and the prostration of this too was necessary to completely tranquillize the pride of solitary empire. The pride of absolutism is equally disturbed by the struggles of manliness, and by the vagaries of the dissolute, because both are alike the signs of independence or even enterprise, and it is not

to be satisfied till it reduces subject society to one dead indifferent level of the smaller and more timid moralities, and of the meaner, duller, and more sordid forms and growths of depravity.

The leading contrast therefore that gives consistence and unity to the play is between the characters of the triumvirs Antony and Octavius; these are displayed with unmatched vivacity and force, and if the catastrophe neither touches deeply with awe nor melts us with pity, it comes on through a series of events so linked with the causation of disposition, temperament, and motive that we are engaged and interested to the last; and the brilliancy and truth that occupy and satisfy the imagination and intellect are in this case accepted entertainment in lieu of the emotions of the heart. The passion of Antony for Cleopatra is too obviously spurious to command our sympathy, but at least it is passion; it is in its way sympathetic, and so far unselfish; and the course of the action makes us feel the value of this quality, however debased, when set against the cold negation of all sympathetic feeling, the barren materialism of unsocial ambition that covets possession of the instruments of gratification at the cost of the very sense that gives the faculty of being gratified. Notwithstanding therefore that the folly of Antony and the falsehood of the Egyptian Queen are made most manifest, the modified triumph of the piece is theirs, and Cæsar and his soldiers are left duped and defied and disappointed.

The Roman people who were active or influential and conspicuous in the two earlier plays are here only heard of, and then in such terms as to intimate that their political interference has become a mere form, unless so far as it serves without their consent for a pretext useful to their military master, who manages them with carelessness and mentions them with contempt. They have to listen, it seems, to Cæsar's imputations on his absent rival, but whether before or after the measures they justify does not appear,—in any case there is no enquiry or anxiety about how they received them,—no doubt as they were expected and as they must.

In Julius Cæsar we have a glimpse of the ennobling developments that arose when sincere Romans stooped to drink from the well springs of Greek philosophy and science; in Antony and Cleopatra we behold the counter influence and contamination from too close proximity to Asia,—for Egypt is in nature Asiatic,—the school of courtiers and of all the arts of servility and seduction that courts give harbour and protection to. In this respect again the play foreshadows a large future of the Roman Empire: Octavius, with all his faults, is a type of the better Roman Emperor, for in his function he never was surpassed, while the wild sway of the dissolute, flighty and, under provocation or excitement, furious Antony, is premonitory of the disorders awaiting the empire under a Nero or a Caligula, under the reckless tyranny that

however after all is perhaps at last one degree less mischievous than the tyranny that provides and calculates—for itself.

How conscientiously Shakespeare kept in view the resolve to indicate the proceeding metamorphosis of the Roman State and Roman society, at the same time that he set forth the characters and fortunes of the triumvir and his paramour, is well seen in the short Parthian entrance of Ventidius. He has embodied the biography of Antony by Plutarch from the point at which he takes it up with as much skill as comprehensiveness, but the scheme of his play rendered necessary the omission of the personal campaign in Parthia, which interposes in the period of its action. The expedition elucidated nothing particular in the relations with Cæsar that is not otherwise provided for, and its disasters would be such a blemish of military reputation as to take off from the suddenness and dramatic effect of the false conduct of Antony at the last catastrophe. If therefore he went out of his way for a Parthian episode it was not without a purpose, which is well justified in the geographical extension given to our thoughts, and in the important contrast in tendency of the new spirit of imperialism to the old tradition of consular enterprise and aggression. The materials of the scene in Plutarch are brief enough:—"In the meantime (while Antony feasted at Athens) Ventidius once again overcame Pacorus, Orodes son, king of Parthia, in a battle fought in the country of Cyrrhæstia, he being come again with a great army to invade Syria, at which battle was slain a great number of the Parthians, and among them Pacorus, the king's own son. This noble exploit, as famous as any ever was, was a full revenge to the Romans of the shame and loss they had received before by the death of Marcus Crassus, and he made the Parthians fly and glad to keep themselves within the confines and territories of Mesopotamia and Media, after they had been thrice together overcome in several battles. Howbeit Ventidius durst not undertake to follow them any farther, fearing lest he should have gotten Antonius displeasure by it." The political insight of Shakespeare seized upon the hint at once, and signalized it as truly characteristic of the opening period for the exploits and disappointments of Agricola or Corbulo. To Silius, who urges prosecution of success, Ventidius replies:—

"O Silius, Silius,

I have done enough: a lower place note well  
May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius;  
Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire  
Too high a fame, when he we serve's away.  
Cæsar and Antony have ever won  
More in their officer than person: Sossius,  
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,  
For quick accumulation of renown,  
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour.

Who does it the wars more than his captain can  
 Becomes his captain's captain, and ambition,  
 The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss  
 Than gain which darkens him.  
 I could do more to do Antonius good,  
 But 'twould offend him, and in his offence  
 Should my performance perish.

*Sil.* Thou hast, Ventidius,  
 That without which a soldier and his sword  
 Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

*Vent.* I'll humbly signify what in his name  
 That magical word of war, we have effected;  
 How, with his banners and his well paid ranks,  
 The ne'er yet beaten horse of Parthia  
 We have jaded out o' the field."

The self-imposing sophistry with which Ventidius persuades himself that in prudentially foregoing a military success to save or curry favour with Antony, he is still true to the principle of soldierly ambition, only proves how entirely the ancient warlike spirit is debased and lost. *Beati quondam duces Romani!* was the simple word of Domitius Corbulo—at one degree, if only one degree, more lofty—when the sudden letters of Claudius checked the confident advance of his disciplined legions upon Germany, and bade him withdraw all his garrisons from beyond the Rhine.

For Antony and Cleopatra, as for the other Roman plays, it is quite certain that the general plan and large materials were obtained by Shakespeare at first hand from North's Plutarch; but there is some proof that there was a play on the subject still earlier. In May, 1608, Edwd. Blount entered in the Stationers' books, "a book called Antony and Cleopatra," and that this was not Shakespeare's seems presumable from Blount and his partner, Iaggard, including this play in their entry for the folio edition among "the copies not formerly entered to other men." Shakespeare doubtless would readily avail himself of any aid from previous treatment by others; but, as the play stands, it is very rarely that the thought of such an obligation occurs to the reader, unless it may be that the poet sometimes seems to assume more familiarity with persons and incidents lightly touched upon, than could be gathered from the play itself.

Reckoning from the battle of Philippi, Octavius—it is not worth while to make confusion for the sake of accuracy in following the changes of his name as Octavianus or Augustus,—Octavius and Antony were partners or rivals in the mastery of the world for some twelve years, and this entire period is comprehended in the play, and with what accuracy represented on the whole,—with what judgment modified occasionally, may be seen from the chronology.

B. C. 42. The deaths of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi.



41. The wars of Fulvia and L. Antonius with each other, and with Octavianus. Cleopatra meets Antony on the Cydnus. Antony winters at Alexandria.

40. The death of Fulvia; it is with the announcement of this that the play commences. In the same year Antony visits Italy, and closes his differences with Octavianus by marrying his sister Octavia.

39. The interview of the triumvirs with Sext. Pompeius at Misenum.

38. Ventidius defeats the Parthians; Pacorus is slain,—the war between Sext. Pompeius and Octavianus this year, and the visit of Antony to Italy in the next (37), are omitted in the play as confusing by repetition of incidents before or after.

36. Sextus Pompeius defeated. Lepidus deposed from triumvirate. Antony's disastrous expedition to Parthia this year is omitted, as already noticed.

35. Sextus Pompeius put to death in Asia.

34. Antony subdues Armenia.

33. Rupture between Octavianus and Antony.

32. Antony divorces Octavia.—War declared.

31. Battle of Actium, 2nd September.

30. The deaths of Antony and Cleopatra in Egypt.

It appears, therefore, that Shakespeare did set some limits to the wide dispersion of his subject, and that he placed them where they are and did not contract the action of his play into even the precincts of the unities was, doubtless, due to his sense of the treatment that was most characteristic, and to his confident power in the management and execution of it. A certain lack of grandeur of mass in the play corresponds with the dispositions of the pair from whom its chief action springs. When scattered composition is appropriate it may become quite as artistic as the severe and compact, which would be quite out of place in the exhibition of reckless or frantic dissoluteness, and indeed would prove unequal to it. Cleopatra, with all her cunning, is as much a subject of impulse, and the passion that is born of the circumstances, and the moment, as the doting Antony; their figures compose together, whether in agreement or quarrel, like the members of a pictured group, similar yet unlike, and though obtaining their relative value from difference and contrast appearing to imply and necessitate each other. Hence the wild starts and changes of the action which each has part in, interchanging all moral, as well as material extremes and revulsions—from Egypt to Rome, from love to reviling, from revelry to battle, and from life to death. Still with all this turbulence the interest is continuous, and the dramatic action has natural progress onward to its close. This is effected by the progressive weakening in Antony of self-intelligence and self-control under the infatuating power of Cleopatra, and then by the steady movement of the

ambition of Octavius closing round him and urging him to inevitable downfall.

The liability of Antony to become the prize of a bold and skilful flatterer is set forth by Plutarch in terms that aided Shakespeare's conception of the secret of Cleopatra's fascination. "He was a plain man and without subtlety. Now for his outrageous manner of railing he commonly used mocking and flouting of every man, that was remedied by itself: for a man might as boldly exchange a mock with him, and he was as well contented to be mocked as to mock others, and yet it oftentimes marred all. For he thought that those which told him so plainly and truly in mirth would never flatter him in good earnest in any matters of weight; but thus he was easily abused by the praises they gave him, not finding how these flatterers mingled their flattery under this familiar and plain manner of speech unto him, as a fine device to make difference of meats with sharp and tart sauce. . . . Antony being thus inclined, the last and extremest mischief of all other, to wit, the love of Cleopatra lighted on him, who did waken and stir up many vices yet hidden in him and were never seen of any: and if any spark of goodness or hope of rising were left him, Cleopatra quenched it straight and made it worse than before. The manner how he fell in love with her was this. . . . Guessing by the former access and credit she had with Julius Cæsar and C. Pompey (the son of Pompey the Great) only for her beauty, she began to have good hope that she might more easily win Antonius. For Cæsar and Pompey knew her when she was but a young thing and knew not then what the world meant, but now she went to Antonius at the age that a woman's beauty is at the prime, and she also of best judgment. So she furnished herself with a world of gifts, store of gold and silver. . . . but yet she carried nothing with her wherein she trusted more than in herself, and in the charms and enchantment of her passing beauty and grace. Therefore when she was sent unto by divers letters both from Antonius himself and also from his friends, she made so light of it and mocked Antonius so much that she disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus, the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept time in rowing after the sound of the music of flutes, hautboys, citherns, viols and such other instruments as they played on in the barge. And now for the person of herself, she was layed under a pavilion of cloth of gold tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddess Venus, commonly drawn in picture, and hard by her on either hand of her pretty fair boys, apparelled as painters do set forth god Cupid with little fans in their hands with the which they fanned wind upon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were apparelled like the Nymphs Nereides (which are the mermaids of the waters), and like the Graces, some steering the helm, others

tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of which there came a wonderful passing sweet savour of perfumes that perfumed the wharf's side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all along the river side, others also ran out of the city to see her coming in. So that in the end there ran such multitudes of people one after another to see her that Antonius was left post alone in the market place in his imperial seat to give audience, and there went a rumour in the people's mouths that the goddess Venus was come to play with the god Bacchus for the general good of all Asia. . . . And when Cleopatra found Antonius jests and *sleints* to be but gross and soldierlike, in plain manner, she gave it him finely and without fear taunted him thoroughly. Now her beauty, as it is reported, was not so passing as unmatchable of other women, nor yet such as upon present view did enamour men with her, but so sweet was her company and conversation that a man could not possibly but be taken. And besides her beauty the good grace she had to talk and discourse, her courteous manner that tempered her words and deeds was a spur that pricked to the quick. Furthermore, besides all these, her voice and words were marvellous pleasant, for her tongue was an instrument of music to divers sports and pastimes, the which she easily turned into any language that pleased her."——

"Cleopatra knowing that Octavia would have Antonius from her, and fearing also that if with her virtue and honest behaviour, besides the great power of her brother Cæsar, she did add thereunto her modest kind love to please her husband, that she would then be too strong for her and in the end win him away, she subtly seemed to languish for the love of Antonius pining her body for lack of meat. Furthermore, she every way so framed her countenance that when Antonius came to see her she cast her eyes upon him like a woman ravished for joy. Straight again, when he went from her she fell a weeping and blubbering, looking ruefully on the matter, and still found the means that Antonius should find her oftentimes weeping, and then when he came suddenly upon her she made as though she dried her eyes and turned her face away as if she were unwilling that he should see her weep. All these tricks she used, Antonius being in readiness to go into Syria, &c. &c."

In the first act of the play Antony, fettered as he is, is still sufficiently self-possessed to accuse himself of doting, to exclaim upon the cunning of his enchantress, and actually to break away. Still in the struggle and rupture his resolution becomes fatuity and inconsistent with itself, for he goes at last with a pledge upon his lips of such subservience to Egypt in its Queen as makes him a traitor to Rome, to all his own more extended ambition and career. For Cleopatra she plays upon him with art as contrived and conscious, with skill as versatile and unfailing as

musician on the strings, and yet is she in her trickery a being as uncertain as Antony in his virtue of resolution; even again like the musician she is not without enjoyment in the arts she exercises, she pursues them with the zest and abandonment that mimic at least the dignity of enthusiasm; the sense of desertion seizes her in the absence of the object of her wiles, and it turns out that she is so far in companionship with Antony's dotage that her women can plague her, sportively though it be, with the same contradiction and crossing that she played off upon Antony.

All the elements of action are already declared in the first act—the looseness both in manners and ceremoniousness of the Egyptian court, its riot and voluptuousness are exhibited with the greatest liveliness and truth; the jests of Enobarbus on Cleopatra's celerity in dying are prophetic, in their irony, of the last catastrophe, but do not forewarn Antony even against her affected qualms at his parting; and the indication of the hold that Fulvia retained upon his mind, even when absent and at odds, bespeaks the disposition that cannot divest itself of interest in feminine relationship, even when it is irksome—how much less when a gratification. The distinctness with which the Roman friends of Antony perceive his bondage, whether they sorrow or jest over it, bodes ill for their fidelity, through its consequences; and behind all this revelry and idleness and disorder, the cold and formal frown of Cæsar scowls with the air of heightened indignation and surprise, so much in favour with the unimaginative martinets of ambition.

The fated superiority of the cool and steadfast gamester for power, over the ardent and dissipated, is set forth with admirable effect in the long scene between the triumvirs, which never pauses, and flags not in a line, though its subject matter is no whit more vivacious in itself than the contents of interchanging protocols. The opening is highly characteristic; Antony enters, inviting conversation with his officer, not pertinent to the present, as though he would shirk it willingly:—

“If we compose well here, to Parthia,—  
Hark thee, Ventidius.”

Octavius, with mind engrossed, and eyes fixed on Antony, puts aside an interruption of the same kind that Antony invited:—

“I do not know Mæcenas, ask Agrippa.”

As the conference begins, Octavius opens with pertinacious charges of so little foundation, as only to evidence his will to make a heavy catalogue; and when Antony fairly rebuts them, he has too little of dialectic and diplomatic art to follow the parry by a thrust and make a defence give the advantage of victory. Thus he feels himself hedged in, when, in truth, he is at liberty; and escapes from present annoyance by falling into the marriage that has been planned and prepared for him, and is to prove his ruin. The threatening importance of Sextus Pompey is so set forth as

quite to explain the desire of Cæsar for present reconciliation with Antony, and with a few of those marked touches that Shakspeare so often contents himself with, as he considers they should be sufficient for the spectator, he indicates that the mode and instrument of reconciliation are providently chosen to furnish in due time an occasion and plea for deadly quarrel.

The motive is indicated in Plutarch:—"It is reported that Cæsar dearly loved his sister Octavia, for indeed she was a noble lady. . . . Thereupon every man did set forward this marriage, hoping thereby that this lady Octavia, having an excellent grace, wisdom, and honesty, joined unto so rare a beauty, when she were with Antonius, he loving her as so worthy a lady deserveth, she should be a good mean to keep good love and amity betwixt her brother and him. . . . Now whilst Antonius was busy in this preparation, Octavia his wife, whom he had left at Rome, would needs take sea to come unto him. Her brother, Octavius Cæsar, was willing to it, not for his respect at all, as most authors do report, as for that he might have an honest colour to make war with Antonius if he did misuse her and not esteem of her as she ought to be."

In the play, we are at first left to infer much of this from the disregard by the affectionate brother of the probabilities that are so obvious, and that could only be overlooked by one so clear-sighted and cautious, from set intention. It is after the marriage has taken place, and the train is laid, that he finds no harm in laying open what, from his character, must necessarily have been in his mind all along:—

"Most noble Antony,  
Let not the piece of virtue which is set  
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,  
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter  
The fortress of it; for better might we  
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts  
This be not cherished."

Domitius Enobarbus speaks his prophetic mind frankly to Agrippa and Mecænas, the well disciplined councillors of Cæsar, who are in such contrast to his own easy freedom with Antony. His invitation of confidence is quite artless, but not the less disregarded; and Mecænas, with a solemn countenance, enunciates the formality:—

"If beauty, wisdom, modesty can settle  
The heart of Antony—

(as if it could, and as if he supposed that it could)—

Octavia is

A blessed lottery to him."

An infallible conclusion in a case that is impossible, and the conversation of course comes to an end with a pause which is employed in arriving at some such impression. Octavia, of "a holy,

cold, and still conversation," accepts the match of policy with a chilling propriety of expression, that makes the excitability of Cleopatra engaging in its violence, and, licentious as it is, almost respectable.

Sextus Pompey is as powerless as Antony or Lepidus to escape from the toils that are closing round him. He affects a style of heightened political morality in colloquy with his supporter, who is a notorious pirate, and who adopts the sanctimonious tone just as he is brooding over a nefarious treachery. Pompey, like Antony, allows himself to be enticed into reconciliation when he is at his strongest, with the result of giving up to his arch enemy the choice of time for striking at him fatally. He is true to the point of honour that Antony would have respected, but his inferior nature is seen in the vain gratification he feels at being of sufficient importance to consolidate a union of enemies that will crush him. The revel aboard the galley is a picture executed with the rampant facility, copiousness, and vigour of Peter Paul Rubens. To have been made a party to the weakness of such an excess, and to suffer its uncompensated headache, would be matters of rankling self-reproach to such a spirit as Octavius, certain to vent itself in some vindictive stroke.

Restless, unsettled, and inconsequent, Antony broke away from Egypt, and while he did so, gave a pledge that bound him to return, and made his going idle; again, he makes a reconciliation at Rome, and straightway turns from its condition in disgust, and looks again to the East, where his pleasure lies, and to seek which, or revert to it, is to forfeit all the venture of his policy; when he next appears, it is evident at once that infatuation has reached another crisis; he obtains no counsel from within; can listen to none from without, and has no better screen for his mere subjugation of soul than dogged obstinacy. The resolution to fight by sea is fixed by a word of Cleopatra's, and when she flies Antony follows, as suddenly, as necessarily, as if obedient to attractive force. Overwhelmed with disgrace and imminent ruin, he loads her with reproaches; and then, at a tear, as suddenly as he turned to chase her galley from Actium, he is again her suppliant and slave.—Even this is not enough, and infatuation in affection keeps pace with the wild extravagance of his personal challenge to Cæsar; he surprises Cleopatra unmistakeably encouraging the messenger of Cæsar, and vents his rage upon the messenger by scourging, and his anger in high reproaches and complaints; and then, as soon as the Queen can gain a hearing for honeyed words and high protestation, he is soothed and satisfied at once, and turns again to his old revelry that she had taught him and so often shared.

So to the last, when he believes that she has betrayed him, and packed cards with Cæsar in the treachery of the fleet, the news that she has destroyed herself at once turns back his feelings,

without the slightest hesitation or delay in weighing probabilities or considering them reconcileable. Repeated proofs and strongest presumptions are forgotten at once, and, in clear admiration and devotion to her, he falls on his sword, and learns too late that her death was feigned, without uttering a word of reproachfulness.

It is the certain proportion of genuine sympathy in preference and similarity of nature that does exist between Antony and Cleopatra that saves him from the lowest degradation of rushing in frantic vehemence to destruction as a dupe absolute. A third of the measure of his follies and weaknesses would condemn any character whatever to ridicule that should commit them as the victim of interest and sordid or political intrigue. Plutarch, the poet's authority, takes a milder view of her character than Dion, Cassius and others, who impute the coldest treachery, and, accordingly, he does not implicate her in producing the last desertion of the fleet. Her entertainment of Thyreus is her most salient insincerity, and it is hard to decide how far this might not have proceeded. It was a yielding to temptation, if it was anything—the temptation of the ruling passion to fascinate and influence the powerful. Distinct plan is not to be considered in the matter; and, accordingly, in the last act, though she leaves open the opportunity for a new intrigue, and does not hasten to follow Antony until the unimpressible character of Octavius has told upon her, yet she only lays herself open to receive and give impressions so far as they may follow spontaneously and smoothly, and with no forcing of the disposition that was innate in her. Hence she seeks her honour—honour as she could conceive it,—with her safety of Octavius, as Antony had advised her, though she did avouch that they did not lie together; but when it proves even so, and that they must be disjoined, it is safety that she sacrifices, with a decision and dignity that go far to palliate any transitory unsteadiness, and to wipe out the memory of some ambiguities.

The dramatic value of the character of Enobarbus, as Shakespeare has developed it, cannot be over-estimated in such a play with such a theme. Besides a remonstrance against Cleopatra's presence in the war, Plutarch furnishes little more towards the character than this:—"Furthermore, he dealt very friendly and courteously with Domitius, and against Cleopatra's mind. For he being sick of an ague when he went and took a little boat to go unto Caesar's camp, Autonius was very sorry for it, but yet he sent after him all his carriage train and men; and the said Domitius, as though he gave him to understand that he repented of his open treason, died immediately after." In the play, Domitius, while he is largely participant in riot and irregularity, and largely accessory to hasty imprudence, and yields to none in appreciation of the seductive charm of Cleopatra, is still in perfect contrast to

Antony by his freedom from infatuation. In some respects he is like Cleopatra too, who looks on at the ruin she has made, and mingles pity with her return for the passion that in itself is too degenerate to be called love unmingled. It is when Antony is gradually overwhelming the sympathies of the spectator, that they are recalled by his proofs of nobility of nature on the desertion of Dolabella, and the example holds us truer to the end. Bad master as Antonius might be to his followers, at least, would never find a better; and the choice of service that was made mistakenly at the best time is not to be corrected by desertion of the falling fortune. The spectator who has looked on too indulgently at luxury and extravagance, must be content as their consequences come on to condemn himself along with Antony, and feel a sympathetic commiseration for his fate, that is not by any means acquittal, and yet not merely pity.

Of the errors of Cleopatra too, it is strange if we do not feel ourselves—pardon as her arts are from the first—in some degree the accomplices. It is hard if we have not conceded, it might be too willingly, that she is a spirited and noble creature, inspiring all that approach her, and compensating by the joyous excitement she confers in the present for all the loss and self-accusation that may ensue afterwards. Certainly if we have conceded thus much we have gone too far, and the mistake is brought home to us in the revelation; and, as the play draws to a close, it is with purged eyes and purified sympathies that we look on with observant and curious interest at the deeds that finish all. Ruined in fortune as disgraced in fame, shamed by the disprizing revelations of her slave, disconcerted by the dull encouragements of Caesar, who would have her "feed and sleep," like a caged beast, to be kept in sleek condition for a barbarous show, the once enchanting queen is in the brink of the greatest shame and suffering of all, the most absolute self-contempt. As it is, her resolution to follow Antony has been long enough postponed to deprive it of the first heroic splendour, and to save us from the illusion of belief that such a life and such a close of it could combine either for genuine enjoyment or genuine glory. True, Shakespeare so far indulges her for the sake of what was truly excellent in her original nature as to allow—the gleam before departure, the lightning before death. Her spirits rouse themselves again to a certain pitch of former powers of fascination, as reverting in enthusiasm to the idea of Antony, she attracts the heart of Dolabella to a last obligation, and exerts herself to nerve the resolution of her women by eloquence, well aimed though indirect, and by subtly bearing. This, with her triumph over the vulgar intention of Caesar, to subject her to the misery of public exhibition, as a prize to his military show, enables her to fall at last with a relative advantage, and relieve the necessary sadness inherent in natural conclusion of the theme. There is an involuntary and un-



conscious irony in the concluding words of Cæsar, that not only applies to Antony and Cleopatra, but is reflected upon himself:—

“Take up her bed;

And bear her women from the monument:—

She shall be buried by her Antony:

No grave upon the earth shall clip in it

A pair so famous. High events as these

Strike those that make them: and their story is

No less in pity, than his glory, which

Brought them to be lamented.”

This is the tone that Octavius reaches, when, making the best of an untoward event, he strains for a display of magnanimity—and indeed it is literally true, and it is but little it amounts to, that when gifted natures have carried down themselves and their country to ruin, by voluptuous indulgence and recklessness, the tenderness with which the spectacle touches our common humanity at least countervails our admiration for the conqueror who was the instrument of their destruction, and who survives to inaugurate a period from which the seeds of geniality have been extirpated, and in which, apart from some memory and some remainder from the immediately preceding age, there is nothing left remarkable—there is a general destitution of originating faculty, below the visiting moon.

It were superfluous to dilate on the distinct and accurate conceptions the poet could realize and convey of the scene of his drama, of Egypt in its last age of independence, its natural wonders, its primeval monuments, its living monsters, and immortal superstitions, and the intermingled populations and customs making it the seat and centre of all that was novel, and all that should be obsolete, the sink and confluence of the still procreant corruptions of two degenerate worlds.

The play throughout evinces the master hand of Shakespeare—it reads with unchecked freshness, as though it flowed with quickest facility from his pen, at the same time that every line is charged with the maturest autumn of his ripened mind. Luxuriant as the execution is, it is so governed by appropriateness, that I doubt whether any of Shakespeare's plays can be more justly entitled correct, in the technical sense, than Antony and Cleopatra,—whether from any other a single line could less easily be struck out without apparent injury and loss.

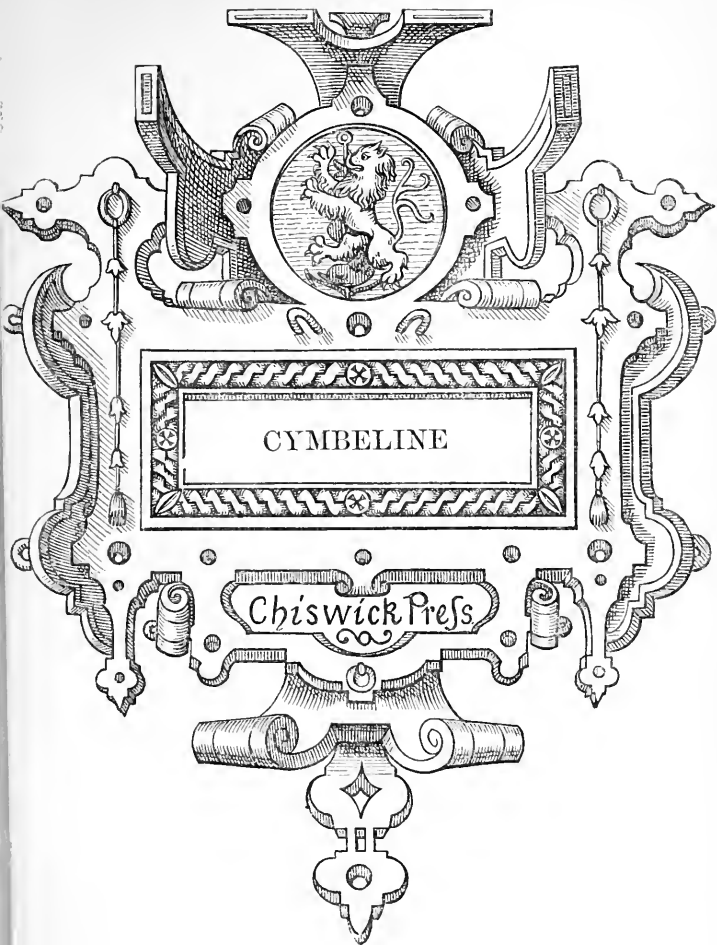
I conclude with one more extract from the biography, in illustration of the skill with which Shakespeare availed himself of presented materials,—a skill only less remarkable than his fulness of native resource when assistance was not forthcoming.

“When he heard that she was alive, he very earnestly prayed his men to carry his body thither, and so he was carried in his men's arms into the entry of the monument. Notwithstanding, Cleopatra would not open the gates, but came to the high windows and

cast out certain chains and ropes, in the which Antonius was trussed. And Cleopatra her own self, with two women only, which she had suffered to come with her into these monuments, trised Antonius up. They that were present to behold it said they never saw so pitiful a sight, for they plucked up poor Antony, all bloody as he was, and drawing on with pangs of death, who, holding up his hands to Cleopatra, raised himself up as well as he could. It was a hard thing for these women to do to lift him up, but Cleopatra, stooping down with her head, putting too all her strength to her uttermost power, did lift him up with much ado, and never let go her hold, with the help of the women beneath, that bade her be of good courage, and were as sorry to see her labour so as she herself. So when she had gotten him in after that sort, and laid him on a bed, she rent her garments and laid upon him, clapping her breast and scratching her face and stomach. Then she dried up his blood that had bewrayed his face, and called him her lord, her husband, and emperor, forgetting her own misery and calamity for the pity and compassion she took of him. Antonius made her cease her lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else for that he thought thereby to hasten his death. When he had drunk, he earnestly prayed her and persuaded her that she would seek to save her life, if she could possible, without reproach and dishonour, and that chiefly she should trust Proculeius above any man else about Caesar. And as for himself, that she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days, but rather that she should think him the more fortunate for the former triumphs and honours he had received, considering that, while he lived, he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world, and that now he was overcome not cowardly, but valiantly, a Roman by another Roman."

W. W. LI.









## CYMBELINE.

### PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

**T**HE general scheme of the plot of *Cymbeline* is formed on the ninth novel of the second day in the *Decamerone* of Boccaccio. It appears from the preface of the old translation of the *Decamerone*, printed in folio in 1620, that many of the novels had before received an English dress, and had been printed separately. A deformed and interpolated imitation of the novel in question was printed at Antwerp, by John Dusborowghe, as early as 1518, under the following title: "This matter treateth of a merchauntes wife that afterwarde wente lyke a man and becam a greate lorde, and was called Frederyke of Jennen afterwarde." It exhibits the material features of its original, though the names of the characters are changed, their sentiments debased, and their conduct rendered still more improbable than in the scenes of *Cymbeline*. A book was published in London in 1603, called "*Westward for Smelts, or the Waterman's Fare of mad merry western Wenches, whose Tongues albeit like Belleclappers they never leave ringing, yet their Tales are sweet, and will much content you: Written by Kitt of Kingstone.*" It was again printed in 1620. To the second tale in this work Shakespeare seems to have been indebted for the circumstances in his plot of *Imogen's* wandering about after *Pisanio* has left her in the forest; her being almost famished; and being taken at a subsequent period into the service of the Roman general as a page. Messrs. Michel and Monmerque have printed an old *Miracle Play* in their "*Théâtre François au Moyen Age,*" in which the character of *Berengier* resembles in many respects that of *Iachimo*; he makes the same confident boast of being able to seduce the heroine, and seeks to awaken her jealousy by traducing her husband and asserting his infidelity. These elements of the plot of Shakespeare's play must therefore have been current somewhere in early times. But time may yet bring to light some other modification of the story, which will prove more exactly conformable to the plot of the play.

The king, from whom the play takes its title, began his reign, according to Holinshed, in the nineteenth year of the reign of Augustus Caesar; and the play commences in or about the twenty-fourth year of Cymbeline's reign, which was the forty-second year of the reign of Augustus, and the sixteenth of the Christian era: notwithstanding which, Shakespeare has peopled Rome with modern Italians; Philario, Iachimo, &c. Cymbeline is said to have reigned thirty-five years, leaving at his death two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus. Tenantius (who is mentioned in the first scene) was the father of Cymbeline, and nephew of Cassibellan; being the younger son of his elder brother Lud, king of the southern part of Britain, he agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death Tenantius, Lud's younger son, was established on the throne, of which he and his elder brother Androgeus, who fled to Rome, had been unjustly deprived by their uncle. According to some authorities, Tenantius quietly paid the tribute stipulated by Cassibellan; according to others, he refused to pay it, and warred with the Romans. Shakespeare supposes the latter to be the truth. Holinshed, who furnished our poet with these facts, furnished him also with the name of Sicilius, who was admitted king of Britain, A.M. 3659.

Forman the Astrologer, from a passage in his Diary, appears to have witnessed the performance of Cymbeline, most probably in 1610 or 1611. He does not record when or where he saw it, but he gives an abstract of the plot in his "Booke of Plaies and Notes thereof." It was in 1611, May 17th, that he saw *The Winter's Tale*, and it may have been in that or the preceding year that he saw Cymbeline represented at the Globe, and in all probability it was then a new piece. Circumstances seem to indicate that *The Winter's Tale* and Cymbeline belong to much about the same period of the poet's life.

Schlegel pronounces Cymbeline to be "one of Shakespeare's most wonderful compositions," in which the poet "has contrived to blend together into one harmonious whole the social manners of the latest times with heroic deeds, and even with appearances of the gods. In the character of Imogen not a feature of female excellence is forgotten; her chaste tenderness, her softness, and her virgin pride, her boundless resignation, and her magnanimity towards her mistaken husband, by whom she is unjustly persecuted; her adventures in disguise, her apparent death, and her recovery, form altogether a picture equally tender and affecting. The two princes, Guiderius and Arviragus, both educated in the wilds, form a noble contrast to Miranda and Perdita. In these two young men, to whom the chase has given vigour and hardihood, but who are unacquainted with their high destination, and have always been kept far from human society, we are enchanted by a *naïve* heroism which leads them to anticipate and to dream of deeds of valour, till an occasion is offered which they are irre-

sistibly impelled to embrace. When Imogen comes in disguise to their cave; when Guiderius and Arviragus form an impassioned friendship, with all the innocence of childhood, for the tender boy (in whom they neither suspect a female nor their own sister); when on returning from the chase they find her dead, sing her to the ground and cover the grave with flowers:—these scenes might give a new life for poetry to the most deadened imagination.”

“The wise and virtuous Belarius, who after living long as a hermit, again becomes a hero, is a venerable figure; the dexterous dissimulation and quick presence of mind of the Italian Iachimo is quite suitable to the bold treachery he plays; Cymbeline, the father of Imogen, and even her husband Posthumus, during the first half of the piece, are somewhat sacrificed, but this could not be otherwise; the false and wicked queen is merely an instrument of the plot; she and her stupid son Cloten, whose rude arrogance is portrayed with much humour, are got rid of by merited punishment before the conclusion.”

Steevens objects to the character of Cloten in a note on the fourth act of the play, observing that “he is represented at once as brave and dastardly, civil and brutish, sagacious and foolish, without that subtilty of distinction, and those shades of gradation between sense and folly, virtue and vice, which constitute the excellence of such mixed characters as Polonius in Hamlet, and the Nurse in Romeo and Juliet.” It should, however, be observed that Imogen has justly defined him “that *irregular* devil Cloten;” and Miss Seward, in one of her Letters, assures us that singular as the character of Cloten may appear, it is the exact prototype of a being she once knew. “The unmeaning frown of the countenance; the shuffling gait; the burst of voice; the bustling insignificance; the fever and ague fits of valour; the froward tetchiness; the unprincipled malice; and what is most curious, those occasional gleams of good sense, amidst the floating clouds of folly which generally darkened and confused the man’s brain; and which, in the character of Cloten, we are apt to impute to a violation of unity in character, but in the sometime Captain C——n I saw the portrait of Cloten was not out of nature.”

In the development of the plot of this play the poet has displayed such consummate skill, and such minute attention to the satisfaction of the most anxious and scrupulous spectator, as to afford a complete refutation of Johnson’s assertion that Shakespeare usually hurries over the conclusion of his pieces.

There is little conclusive evidence to ascertain the date of the composition of this play; but Malone places it in the year 1609. Dr. Drake, with much less probability, after Chalmers, has ascribed it to the year 1605.

It was first printed in the folio of 1623.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*

CLOTEN, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *a Gentleman, Husband to Imogen.*

BELARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*

GUIDERIUS, { *Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names*  
ARVIRAGUS, { *of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed Sons to*  
                  *Belarius.*

PHILARIO, *Friend to Posthumus,* } *Italians.*  
IACHIMO, *Friend to Philario,* }

*A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.*

CAIUS LUCIUS, *General of the Roman Forces.*

*A Roman Captain. Two British Captains.*

PISANIO, *Servant to Posthumus.*

CORNELIUS, *a Physician.*

*Two Gentlemen.*

*Two Gaolers.*

*Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.*

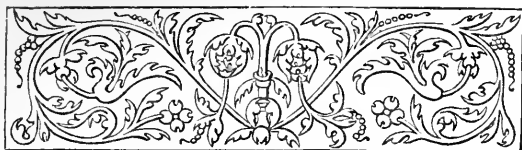
IMOGEN, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*

HELEN, *Woman to Imogen.*

*Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *sometimes in Britain ; sometimes in Italy.*





# CYMBELINE.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. Britain. *The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter Two Gentlemen.*

*1 Gentleman.*



YOU do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods<sup>1</sup>

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers

Still seem as does the king.

<sup>1</sup> "Our bloods [i. e. our *dispositions* or *temperaments*] are not more regulated by the heavens, *by every skyey influence*, than our courtiers seem to follow the *disposition* of the king: when he frowns every man frowns." *Blood* is used in old phraseology for *disposition* or *temperament*. So in *King Lear*:—

"Were it my fitness

To let these hands obey my *blood*."

The word *seem* is emphatic, for the speaker a little after says:—

"But not a courtier,

Although they wear their faces to the bent  
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not  
Glad at the thing they scowl at."

The following passage in Greene's *Never too Late*, 4to. 1599, illustrates the thought:—"If the king smiled, every one in court was in his jollitie; if he frowned, their plumes fell like peacock's feathers, so that their *outward presence* depended on his *inward passions*." The old copies have *kings*: Tyrwhitt corrected it.

2 *Gent.*

But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom,  
whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son (a widow  
That late he married), hath referr'd herself  
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman : She's wedded ;  
Her husband banish'd ; she imprison'd : all  
Is outward sorrow ; though, I think, the king  
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.*

None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too : so is the queen,  
That most desir'd the match : But not a courtier,  
Although they wear their faces to the bent  
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not  
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.*

And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing  
Too bad for bad report : and he that hath her,  
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man !—  
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such  
As, to seek through the regions of the earth  
For one his like, there would be something failing  
In him that should compare. I do not think,  
So fair an outward, and such stuff within  
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.*

You speak him far<sup>2</sup>.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself ;

<sup>2</sup> *You speak him far*, i. e. praise him extensively. *Extend* him here means “ *display* him,” “ *develope* his good qualities.” The word occurs again in the same sense in the fifth scene of this act. A passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii. Sc. 3, will serve to illustrate the meaning:—

“ No man is the lord of any thing,

Till he communicate his parts to others :

Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,

Till he behold them form'd in the applause

Where they are *extended*.” [i. e. *displayed at length*.]

In *Coriolanus*, Act v. Scene 2, Menenius “ *notifies* his friends with all the size that verity would without lapsing suffer.”

Crush him together, rather than unfold  
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father  
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour<sup>3</sup>  
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;  
But had his titles by Tenantius<sup>4</sup>, whom  
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;  
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:  
And had, besides this gentleman in question,  
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,  
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father  
(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,  
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,  
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd  
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe  
To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus;  
Breeds him, and makes him of his bedchamber:  
Puts to him all the learnings that his time  
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,  
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and  
In's spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court  
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd<sup>5</sup>:  
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature  
A glass that feated<sup>6</sup> them; and to the graver,  
A child that guided dotards: To his mistress<sup>7</sup>,

<sup>3</sup> "I do not," says Steevens, "understand what can be meant by 'joining his *honour* against, &c. with, &c.' perhaps Shakespeare wrote:— 'Did join his *banner*.'"

In the last scene of the play Cymbeline proposes that 'a Roman and a British ensign should wave together.'

<sup>4</sup> The father of Cymbeline.

<sup>5</sup> "This encomium," says Johnson, "is highly artful. To be at once in any great degree *loved* and *praised* is truly *rare*."

<sup>6</sup> *Feated* is *shaped, fashioned*. "I am well *feted* or shapen of my lymmes; Je suis bien aligné." *Palsgrave*. And in Horman's *Vulgaria*, 1519:—"He would see himselfe in a glasse, that all things were *feet*." *Feate*, is *well fashioned*, proper, trim, handsome, well compact, concinnus.

<sup>7</sup> *To his mistress* means *as to his mistress*.

For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price  
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue ;  
By her election may be truly read,  
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him  
Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,  
Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.  
He had two sons (if this be worth your hearing,  
Mark it), the eld'st of them at three years old,  
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery  
Were stolen : and to this hour, no guess in knowledge  
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago ?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd !

So slackly guarded ! And the search so slow,  
That could not trace them !

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,  
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,  
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear : Here comes the gentleman,

The queen, and princess.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.*

*Queen.* No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,  
daughter,  
After the slander of most step-mothers,  
Evil-eyed unto you : you are my prisoner, but  
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys

That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,  
So soon as I can win the offended king,  
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet  
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,  
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience  
Your wisdom may inform you.

*Post.* Please your highness,  
I will from hence to-day.

*Queen.* You know the peril:—  
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying  
The pangs of barr'd affections: though the king  
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[*Exit Queen.*

*Imo.* O  
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant  
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,  
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing  
(Always reserv'd my holy duty<sup>1</sup>), what  
His rage can do on me: You must be gone;  
And I shall here abide the hourly shot  
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,  
But that there is this jewel in the world,  
That I may see again.

*Post.* My queen! my mistress!  
O lady, weep no more! lest I give cause  
To be suspected of more tenderness  
Than doth become a man! I will remain  
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.  
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;  
Who to my father was a friend, to me  
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,  
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,  
Though ink be made of gall.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. "I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say it without breach of duty."

*Re-enter Queen.*

*Queen.* Be brief, I pray you :  
If the king come, I shall incur I know not  
How much of his displeasure :—Yet I'll move him  
[*Aside.*

To walk this way : I never do him wrong,  
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends :  
Pays dear for my offences<sup>2</sup>. [Exit.

*Post.* Should we be taking leave  
As long a term as yet we have to live,  
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu !

*Imo.* Nay, stay a little :  
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,  
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love ;  
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;  
But keep it till you woo another wife,  
When Imogen is dead.

*Post.* How ! how ! another ?—  
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,  
And seal up<sup>3</sup> my embracements from a next  
With bonds of death !—Remain, remain thou here  
[*Putting on the Ring.*  
While sense<sup>4</sup> can keep it on ! And, sweetest, fairest,

<sup>2</sup> i. e. "He gives me a valuable consideration in new kindness (purchasing, as it were, the wrong I have done him), in order to renew our amity, and make us friends again."

<sup>3</sup> The old copies have, "And *seare* up my embracements." To explain which, without destroying the metaphor, has been vainly essayed. "To *sear* is to close up by burning," says Steevens ; but what have *bonds* to do with this ? Henley thinks it may mean to solder up ! Then we are told the allusion is to *cere-cloths*, but it is *seare*, and not *cere*, in the folio. The frequent use of the phrase *seal up*, for to close up or terminate, as well as its connection with *bond* by the poet, is quite decisive that *seare* is a mere misprint for *seale*.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. while I have sensation to retain it. There can be no doubt that it refers to the ring, and it is equally obvious that *thee* would have been more proper according to grammatical construction. It may be a printer's error.

As I my poor self did exchange for you,  
 To your so infinite loss ; so, in our trifles  
 I still win of you : For my sake, wear this ;  
 It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it  
 Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*

*Imo.* O, the gods !

When shall we see again ?

*Post.* Alack, the king !

*Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.*

*Cym.* Thou basest thing, avoid ! hence, from my  
 sight !

If, after this command, thou fraught the court  
 With thy unworthiness, thou diest : Away !  
 Thou'rt poison to my blood.

*Post.* The gods protect you !

And bless the good remainders of the court !

I am gone. [*Exit.*

*Imo.* There cannot be a pinch in death  
 More sharp than this is.

*Cym.* O disloyal thing,  
 That should'st repair<sup>5</sup> my youth ; thou heapest  
 A year's age on me<sup>6</sup> !

*Imo.* I beseech you, sir,  
 Harm not yourself with your vexation : I  
 Am senseless of your wrath ; a touch more rare<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> i. e. *renovate my youth, make me young again.* "To *repair* (according to Baret) is to restore to the first state, to renew." So in *All's Well that Ends Well* :—

"It much *repairs* me  
 To talk of your good father."

<sup>6</sup> Sir Thomas Haumer reads :—

"Thou heapest *many*  
 A year's age on me !"

Some such emendation seems necessary.

<sup>7</sup> *A touch more rare* is a *more exquisite feeling, a superior sensation.* So in *The Tempest* :—

Subdues all pangs, all fears.

*Cym.* Past grace? obedience?

*Imo.* Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

*Cym.* That might'st have had the sole son of my queen!

*Imo.* O blessed, that I might not! I chose an eagle,  
And did avoid a puttock<sup>8</sup>.

*Cym.* Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made  
my throne

A seat for baseness.

*Imo.* No; I rather added

A lustre to it.

*Cym.* O thou vile one!

*Imo.* Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:

You bred him as my playfellow; and he is

A man, worth any woman: overbuys me

Almost the sum he pays<sup>9</sup>.

*Cym.* What!—art thou mad?

*Imo.* Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—'Would  
I were

A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus

Our neighbour shepherd's son!

*Re-enter Queen.*

*Cym.* Thou foolish thing!—

“Hast thou which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions.”

And in Antony and Cleopatra:—

“The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,  
Do strongly speak to us.”

A passage in King Lear will illustrate Imogen's meaning:—

“Where the greater malady is fix'd,  
The lesser is scarce felt.”

<sup>8</sup> *A puttock is a mean degenerate species of hawk, too worthless  
deserve training.*

<sup>9</sup> *i. e. my worth is almost as nothing compared to his.*



They were again together : you have done  
[*To the Queen.*

Not after our command. Away with her,  
And pen her up.

*Queen.* 'Beseech your patience :—Peace !  
Dear lady daughter, peace ! Sweet sovereign,  
Leave us to ourselves ; and make yourself some com-  
fort

Out of your best advice<sup>10</sup>.

*Cym.* Nay, let her languish  
A drop of blood a day ; and, being aged,  
Die of this folly<sup>11</sup> ! [Exit.

*Enter PISANIO.*

*Queen.* Fye !—you must give way :  
Here is your servant.—How now, sir ? What news ?

*Pis.* My lord your son drew on my master.

*Queen.* Ha !  
No harm, I trust, is done ?

*Pis.* There might have been,  
But that my master rather play'd than fought,  
And had no help of anger : they were parted  
By gentlemen at hand.

*Queen.* I am very glad on't.

*Imo.* Your son's my father's friend : he takes his  
part.—

To draw upon an exile !—O brave sir !—  
I would they were in Africk both together ;  
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick  
The goer back.—Why came you from your master ?

<sup>10</sup> *Advice is consideration, reflection.* Thus in Measure for Measure :—

“ But did repent me after more *advice*.”

<sup>11</sup> This is a bitter form of malediction, almost congenial to that in Othello :—

“ May his pernicious soul  
Rot half a grain a day.”

*Pis.* On his command : He would not suffer me  
To bring him to the haven : left these notes  
Of what commands I should be subject to,  
When't pleas'd you to employ me.

*Queen.* This hath been  
Your faithful servant : I dare lay mine honour,  
He will remain so.

*Pis.* I humbly thank your highness.

*Queen.* Pray, walk a while.

*Imo.* [*To Pis.*] About some half hour hence,  
'Pray you, speak with me : you shall, at least,  
Go see my lord aboard : for this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A publick Place.*

*Enter CLOTEN, and Two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt ; the  
violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice :  
Where air comes out, air comes in ; there's none abroad  
so wholesome as that you vent.

*Clo.* If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—  
Have I hurt him ?

2 *Lord.* No, faith ; not so much as his patience.

[*Aside.*]

1 *Lord.* Hurt him ? his body's a passable carcass,  
if he be not hurt : it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it  
be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His steel was in debt ; it went o' the back-  
side the town.

[*Aside.*]

*Clo.* The villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord.* No ; but he fled forward still, toward your  
face.

[*Aside.*]

1 *Lord.* Stand you ! you have land enough of your  
own : but he added to your having ; gave you some  
ground.

2 *Lord*. As many inches as you have oceans : Puppies !  
[*Aside*.

*Clo*. I would, they had not come between us.

2 *Lord*. So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [ *Aside*.

*Clo*. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me !

2 *Lord*. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. [ *Aside*.

1 *Lord*. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together : She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit<sup>1</sup>.

2 *Lord*. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [ *Aside*.

*Clo*. Come, I'll to my chamber : 'Would there had been some hurt done !

2 *Lord*. I wish not so ; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [ *Aside*.

*Clo*. You'll go with us ?

1 *Lord*. I'll attend your lordship.

*Clo*. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord*. Well, my lord. [ *Exeunt*.

#### SCENE IV. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.*

*Imo*. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. *her beauty and her sense are not equal*. To understand the force of this idea, it should be remembered that anciently almost every *sign* had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism underneath. In a subsequent scene Iachimo, speaking of Imogen, says :—

“ All of her that is *out of door*, most rich !  
If she be furnish'd with a *mind* so rare,  
She is alone the Arabian bird.”

And question'dst every sail : if he should write,  
 And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost  
 As offer'd mercy is<sup>1</sup>. What was the last  
 That he spake to thee ?

*Pis.* 'Twas, *His queen, his queen !*

*Imo.* Then wav'd his handkerchief ?

*Pis.* And kiss'd it, madam.

*Imo.* Senseless linen ! happier therein than I !—  
 And that was all ?

*Pis.* No, madam ; for so long  
 As he could make me with this eye or ear<sup>2</sup>  
 Distinguish him from others, he did keep  
 The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,  
 Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind  
 Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,  
 How swift his ship.

*Imo.* Thou should'st have made him  
 As little as a crow, or less<sup>3</sup>, ere left  
 To after-eye him.

*Pis.* Madam, so I did.

*Imo.* I would have broke mine eye-strings ; crack'd  
 them, but  
 To look upon him ; till the diminution

*'Twere a paper lost  
 As offer'd mercy is.*

That is, " should one of his letters miscarry, it would be a perdition as great as that of offer'd mercy." The allusion is to the proffered mercy of the scriptures, from the neglect and consequent loss of which perdition ensues. There are many things better hinted at in the moment of impatience than fully expressed.

<sup>2</sup> The old copies read, "*his eye or ear.*" Warburton made the emendation ; who observes, that the expression is *δεικτικῶς*, as the Greeks term it, the party speaking points to the part spoken of. The description seems imitated from the eleventh book of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*. See Golding's Translation, f. 146, b. &c.

<sup>3</sup> This comparison may be illustrated by the following in King Lear :—

" The crows and choughs that wing the midway air  
 Seem scarce so gross as beetles."

Of space<sup>4</sup> had pointed him sharp as my needle :  
 Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from  
 The smallness of a gnat to air ; and then  
 Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,  
 When shall we hear from him ?

*Pis.*

Be assur'd, madam,

With his next vantage<sup>5</sup>.

*Imo.* I did not take my leave of him, but had  
 Most pretty things to say : ere I could tell him,  
 How I would think on him, at certain hours,  
 Such thoughts, and such ; or I could make him swear  
 The shes of Italy should not betray  
 Mine interest, and his honour ; or have charg'd him,  
 At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,  
 T'encounter me with orisons, for then  
 I am in heaven for him<sup>6</sup> : or ere I could  
 Give him that parting kiss, which I had set  
 Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,  
 And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,  
 Shakes all our buds from growing<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> *The diminution of space is the diminution of which space is the cause.*

<sup>5</sup> *Vantage, i. e. opportunity.*

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* "To meet me with reciprocal prayer, for then my solicitations ascend to heaven on his behalf."

<sup>7</sup> *i. e. our buds of love likened to the buds of flowers.* So in Romeo and Juliet :—

"This *bud of love*, by summer's ripening breath,

May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet."

And in Shakespeare's 18th Sonnet :—

"Rough winds do *shake* the darling *buds* of May."

The following beautiful lines in the Two Noble Kinsmen, evidently by Shakespeare, as he assisted Fletcher in writing that play, have a similar train of thought :—

"It is the very emblem of a maid :

For when the *west* wind courts her gently,

How modestly she blows and paints the sun

With her chaste blushes?—when the *north* comes near her,

Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,

She locks her beauties in the *bud* again,

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.* The queen, madam,  
Desires your highness' company.

*Imo.* Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.—

I will attend the queen.

*Pis.* Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman,  
a Dutchman, and a Spaniard*<sup>1</sup>.

*Iach.* Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note, expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

*Phi.* You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which makes<sup>2</sup> him both without and within.

*French.* I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

*Iach.* This matter of marrying his king's daughter

And leaves him to base briars."

Warburton would have altered this line to—

"*Shuts* all our buds from *blowing*;"

which Hurd, in a long note on Horace's Art of Poetry, instances as an example of happy correction, but would read *checks* instead of *shuts*.

<sup>1</sup> This enumeration of persons is from the old copy; but *Mynheer* and the *Don* are mute characters.

<sup>2</sup> *Makes him*, i. e. *accomplishes him*.

(wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own), words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter<sup>3</sup>.

*French.* And then his banishment—

*Iach.* Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend<sup>4</sup> him; be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more<sup>5</sup> quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

*Phi.* His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

*Enter POSTHUMUS.*

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

*French.* Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

*Post.* Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. words him—a great deal from the matter, makes the description of him very distant from the truth.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. to develop his good qualities. See Act i. Sc. 1.

<sup>5</sup> The old copy reads, *less*. Rowe substituted *more*. The poet has in other places entangled himself with the force of this word in construction. Thus in *The Winter's Tale*:—

“I ne’er heard yet

That any of these bolder vices *wanted*

*Less* impudence to gainsay what they did,

Than to perform it first.”

See vol. iv. p. 49, note 6.

*French.* Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness : I was glad I did atone<sup>6</sup> my countryman and you ; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance<sup>7</sup> of so slight and trivial a nature.

*Post.* By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller : rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences<sup>8</sup> : but, upon my mended judgement (if I offend not<sup>9</sup> to say it is mended), my quarrel was not altogether slight.

*French.* 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords ; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded<sup>10</sup> one the other, or have fallen both.

*Iach.* Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference ?

*French.* Safely, I think : 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses : This gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation), his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

*Iach.* That lady is not now living ; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

*Post.* She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

<sup>6</sup> *Atone*, i. e. *reconcile*. Vide vol. iii. p. 108.

<sup>7</sup> *Importance* is *importunity*. See vol. i. p. 474.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. "Rather studied to avoid conducting himself by the opinions of others, than to be guided by their experience."

<sup>9</sup> *Not* is wanting in the old copies.

<sup>10</sup> *Confounded*, i. e. *destroyed*. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii. Sc. 2, p. 245 :—

"What willingly he did *confound* he wail'd."



*Iach.* You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

*Post.* Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend<sup>11</sup>.

*Iach.* As fair, and as good (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison), had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe<sup>12</sup> she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

*Post.* I praised her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

*Iach.* What do you esteem it at?

*Post.* More than the world enjoys.

*Iach.* Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a trifle.

*Post.* You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given<sup>13</sup>; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

*Iach.* Which the gods have given you?

*Post.* Which, by their graces, I will keep.

*Iach.* You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds.

<sup>11</sup> *Friend* and *lover* were formerly synonymous. Posthumus means to bestow the most exalted praise on Imogen, a praise the more valuable as it was the result of reason, not of amorous dotage. I make my avowal, says he, in the character of her adorer, not of her possessor. I speak of her as a being I reverence, not as a beauty I enjoy. I rather profess to describe her with the devotion of a worshipper, than the raptures of a lover.

<sup>12</sup> The old copy reads, "I could *not* believe she excell'd many." Mr. Heath proposed to read, "I could *but* believe, &c." The emendation in the text is Malone's.

<sup>13</sup> The old copies have, "*or* if there were."

Your ring may be stolen too : so, your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual : a cunning thief, or a that-way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

*Post.* Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince<sup>14</sup> the honour of my mistress ; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves ; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

*Phi.* Let us leave here, gentlemen.

*Post.* Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me : we are familiar at first.

*Iach.* With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress : make her go back, even to the yielding ; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

*Post.* No, no.

*Iach.* I dare, thereon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring ; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something : But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation : and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

*Post.* You are a great deal abused<sup>15</sup> in too bold a persuasion ; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

*Iach.* What's that ?

*Post.* A repulse : Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more ; a punishment too.

*Phi.* Gentlemen, enough of this : it came in too

<sup>14</sup> *Convince*, i. e. *overcome*. See vol. viii. p. 209, note 20.

<sup>15</sup> *Abused*, i. e. *deceived*.

"The Moor's *abused* by some most villainous knave."

*Othello*.

suddenly ; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

*Iach.* 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation<sup>16</sup> of what I have spoke.

*Post.* What lady would you choose to assail ?

*Iach.* Yours ; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

*Post.* I will wage against your gold, gold to it : my ring I hold dear as my finger ; 'tis part of it.

*Iach.* You are afraid<sup>17</sup>, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting : But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

*Post.* This is but a custom in your tongue ; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

*Iach.* I am the master of my speeches ; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

*Post.* Will you ?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return :—Let there be covenants drawn between us : My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking : I dare you to this match : here's my ring.

*Phi.* I will have it no lay.

<sup>16</sup> *Approbation*, i. e. *proof*.

"How many now in health  
Shall drop their blood in *approbation*  
Of what your reverence shall incite us to."

*King Henry V.*

<sup>17</sup> The old copy has, "You are *a friend*." Both Warburton and Theobald suggested the necessity of reading *afraid*. What Iachimo says at the close of the speech, "I see you have some religion in you, that *you fear*," determines this to be the poet's reading. All the attempts to explain "You are *a friend*" have proved abortive.

*Iach.* By the gods it is one: If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours:—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

*Post.* I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage<sup>18</sup> upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced (you not making it appear otherwise), for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

*Iach.* Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain: lest the bargain should catch cold, and sterve<sup>19</sup>, I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

*Post.* Agreed. [*Exeunt POST. and IACH.*]

*French.* Will this hold, think you?

*Phi.* Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>18</sup> The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio reads *vauntage*, but this would be to destroy the poet's language. In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Page says of Falstaff, "If he should intend this *voyage* toward my wife, I would turn her loose to him." The corrector had read his Shakespeare ill.

<sup>19</sup> *Sterve*, i. e. *die*, *perish*. This has been inconsiderately changed to *starve* in all modern editions.

SCENE VI. Britain. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.*

*Queen.* Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers ;

Make haste : Who has the note of them ?

*1 Lady.*

I, madam.

*Queen.* Despatch.—

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

*Now,* master doctor ; have you brought those drugs ?

*Cor.* Pleaseth your highness, ay : here they are,  
madam : [*Presenting a small Box.*

But I beseech your grace (without offence ;  
My conscience bids me ask), wherefore you have  
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,  
Which are the movers of a languishing death ;  
But, though slow, deadly ?

*Queen.*

I wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question : Have I not been  
Thy pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how  
To make perfumes ? distil ? preserve ? yea, so,  
That our great king himself doth woo me oft  
For my confections ? Having thus far proceeded  
(Unless thou think'st me devilish), is't not meet  
That I did amplify my judgement in  
Other conclusions<sup>1</sup> ? I will try the forces  
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as  
We count not worth the hanging (but none human),  
To try the vigour of them, and apply  
Allayments to their act ; and by them gather  
Their several virtues, and effects.

*Cor.*

Your highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart :

<sup>1</sup> *Conclusions are experiments.* "I commend," says Walton,  
"an angler that trieth conclusions, and improves his art."

Besides, the seeing these effects will be  
Both noisome and infectious.

*Queen.*

O, content thee.—

*Enter PISANIO.*

Here comes a flattering rascal ; upon him [*Aside.*  
Will I first work : he's for his master,  
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio ?—  
Doctor, your service for this time is ended ;  
Take your own way.

*Cor.*

I do suspect you, madam ;

But you shall do no harm.

[*Aside.*

*Queen.*

Hark thee, a word.—

[*To PISANIO.*

*Cor.* [*Aside.*] I do not like her<sup>2</sup>. She doth think  
she has

Strange lingering poisons : I do know her spirit,  
And will not trust one of her malice with  
A drug of such damn'd nature : Those she has,  
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile :  
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs ;  
Then afterward up higher : but there is  
No danger in what show of death it makes,  
More than the locking up the spirits a time,  
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd  
With a most false effect ; and I the truer,  
So to be false with her.

*Queen.*

No further service, doctor,

Until I send for thee.

*Cor.*

I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

<sup>2</sup> This soliloquy is pronounced by Johnson to be "very inartificial, and that Cornelius makes a long speech to tell himself what himself knows." The critic forgot that it was intended for the instruction of the audience, to relieve their anxiety at mischievous ingredients being left in the hands of the Queen. It is no less useful to prepare us for the return of Imogen to life, and certainly quite natural that the physician's thoughts should run over the details of his scheme to foil a schemer.

*Queen.* Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time

She will not quench<sup>3</sup>; and let instructions enter  
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work;  
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,  
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then  
As great as is thy master: greater; for  
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name  
Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor  
Continue where he is; to shift his being<sup>4</sup>,  
Is to exchange one misery with another;  
And every day, that comes, comes to decay  
A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,  
To be depender on a thing that leans<sup>5</sup>?  
Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,

[*The Queen drops a Box: PISANIO takes it up.*

So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up  
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:  
It is a thing I made, which hath the king  
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know  
What is more cordial:—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;  
It is an earnest of a farther good  
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how  
The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.  
Think what a chance thou changest on<sup>6</sup>; but think  
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,  
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king  
To any shape of thy preferment, such

<sup>3</sup> *Quench*, i. e. *grow cool*.

<sup>4</sup> *To shift his being*, i. e. *to change his abode*.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. *that inclines towards its fall*.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. "Think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service." It has been proposed to read:—

"Think what a chance thou *chancest* on."

And,

"Think what a *change* thou *chancest* on."

But there seems to be no necessity for alteration.

As thou'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,  
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound  
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women :  
 Think on my words. [*Exit PISA.*]  
 —A sly and constant knave ;  
 Not to be shak'd : the agent for his master ;  
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold  
 The handfast to her lord.—I have given him that,  
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her  
 Of liegers<sup>7</sup> for her sweet ; and which she, after,  
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd  
 To taste of too.—

*Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.*

So, so ;—well done, well done :  
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,  
 Bear to my closet :—Fare thee well, Pisanio ;  
 Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*  
*Pis.* And shall do<sup>8</sup> :  
 But when to my good lord I prove untrue,  
 I'll choke myself : there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Another Room in the same.*

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Imo.* A father cruel, and a step-dame false ;  
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,  
 That hath her husband banish'd ;—O, that husband !  
 My supreme crown of grief ! and those repeated

<sup>7</sup> A *lieger* ambassador is one that resides in a foreign court to promote his master's interest. So in *Measure for Measure* :—

“ Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,  
 Intends you for his swift ambassador,  
 Where you shall be an everlasting *lieger*.”

<sup>8</sup> Some words, which rendered this sentence less abrupt, and perfected the metre, appear to have been omitted in the old copies.



Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,  
 As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable  
 Is the desire that's glorious<sup>1</sup>: Blessed be those,  
 How mean so'er, that have their honest wills,  
 Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fye!

*Enter* PISANIO and IACHIMO.

*Pis.* Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;  
 Comes from my lord with letters.

*Iach.* Change you, madam?  
 The worthy Leonatus is in safety,  
 And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a Letter.*]

*Imo.* Thanks, good sir:  
 You're kindly welcome.

*Iach.* All of her, that is out of door, most rich!  
 [*Aside.*]

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,  
 She is alone the Arabian bird; and I  
 Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!  
 Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!  
 Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;  
 Rather, directly fly.

*Imo.* [*Reads.*].—"He is one of the noblest note, to  
 whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect  
 upon him accordingly, as you value your truest<sup>2</sup>

"LEONATUS."

So far I read aloud:

<sup>1</sup> Imogen's sentiment appears to be, "Had I been stolen by thieves in my infancy, I had been happy. But how pregnant with misery is that station which is called *glorious*, and so much desired. Happier far are those, how mean soever their condition, that have their honest wills; it is this which *seasons* comfort (i. e. tempers it, or makes it more pleasant and acceptable)." See Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 3:—"My blessing *season* this in you."

<sup>2</sup> The old copy reads *trust*. The emendation was suggested by Mason; is defended by Steevens; and, of course, opposed by Malone.

But even the very middle of my heart  
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes<sup>a</sup> it thankfully.—  
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I  
Have words to bid you ; and shall find it so,  
In all that I can do.

*Iach.*

Thanks, fairest lady.—

What ! are men mad ? Hath nature given them eyes  
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop  
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt  
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones  
Upon th'unnumber'd beach<sup>3</sup> ? and can we not  
Partition make with spectacles so precious  
'Twixt fair and foul ?

*Imo.*

What makes your admiration ?

*Iach.* It cannot be i'th'eye ; for apes and monkeys  
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and  
Contemn with mows<sup>4</sup> the other : Nor i'th'judgement ;  
For idiots, in this case of favour, would  
Be wisely definite : Nor i'th'appetite ;  
Sluttery to such neat excellence oppos'd  
Should make desire vomit emptiness,  
Not so allur'd to feed<sup>5</sup>.

*Imo.* What is the matter, trow ?

*Iach.*

The cloyed will

(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,

<sup>a</sup> The folios have *take*.

<sup>3</sup> The folios have "*the number'd beach*;" "*th'unnumber'd beach*" is the correction of Theobald. *Twinn'd*, as applied to the stones, is expressive of their resemblance to each other.

<sup>4</sup> *To mow*, or *moe*, is *to make mouths*.

<sup>5</sup> Iachimo, in his counterfeited rapture, has shown how the *eyes* and the *judgement* would determine in favour of Imogen, comparing her with the supposititious present mistress of Posthumus ; he proceeds to say, that appetite too would give the same suffrage. Desire (says he) when it approached *sluttery*, and considered it in comparison with such *neat excellence*, would not only be *not so allured to feed*, but, seized with a fit of loathing, would vomit emptiness, would feel the convulsions of disgust, though, being unfed, it had no object.

That tub both fill'd and running), ravening first  
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

*Imo.* What, dear sir,

Thus raps you<sup>6</sup>? Are you well?

*Iach.* Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech you, sir,  
desire [To PISANIO.

My man's abode where I did leave him: he  
Is strange and peevish<sup>7</sup>.

*Pis.* I was going, sir,

To give him welcome. [Exit PISANIO.

*Imo.* Continues well my lord? His health, beseech  
you?

*Iach.* Well, madam.

*Imo.* Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

*Iach.* Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there  
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd  
The Briton reveller.

*Imo.* When he was here,  
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times  
Not knowing why.

*Iach.* I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his companion, one  
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves  
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces<sup>8</sup>  
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton

<sup>6</sup> *Raps you*, i. e. *transports you*. It is thus used by Ben Jon-  
son, *Art of Poetry*:—

"He ever hastens to the end, and so  
As, if he knew it, *rapps* his hearer to  
The middle of his matter."

Hence *rapt*, which is still in use.

<sup>7</sup> *Strange and peevish*, i. e. *he is a foreigner and foolish, or silly*.  
See *Comedy of Errors*, Act iv. Sc. 1, note 5. *Iachimo* says again  
at the latter end of this scene:—

"And I am something curious, being *strange*,  
To have them in safe stowage."

Here also *strange* means a *stranger* or *foreigner*.

<sup>8</sup> We have the same expression in Chapman's preface to his  
translation of the *Shield of Homer*, 1598:—"Furnaceth the uni-

(Your lord, I mean), laughs from's free lungs, cries, "O!  
Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows  
By history, report, or his own proof,  
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose  
But must be,—will his free hours languish for  
Assured bondage?"

*Imo.* Will my lord say so?

*Iach.* Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with  
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,  
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens  
know,  
Some men are much to blame.

*Imo.* Not he, I hope.

*Iach.* Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards him  
might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much<sup>9</sup>;  
In you,—which I count<sup>a</sup> his, beyond all talents,—  
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound  
To pity too.

*Imo.* What do you pity, sir?

*Iach.* Two creatures, heartily.

*Imo.* Am I one, sir?

You look on me; What wrack discern you in me,  
Deserves your pity?

*Iach.* Lamentable! What!

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace  
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

*Imo.* I pray you, sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers  
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

versal sighes and complaintes of this transposed world." And in  
As You Like It:—

"Sighing like *furnace*, with a woful ballad."

<sup>9</sup> i. e. "If he merely regarded his own character, without any  
consideration of his wife, his conduct would be unpardonable."

<sup>a</sup> The old copies have *account*.

*Iach.* That others do,  
 I was about to say, enjoy your——But  
 It is an office of the gods to venge it,  
 Not mine to speak on't.

*Imo.* You do seem to know  
 Something of me, or what concerns me ; 'Pray you  
 (Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more  
 Than to be sure they do : For certainties  
 Either are past remedies ; or, timely knowing<sup>10</sup>,  
 The remedy then born), discover to me  
 What both you spur and stop<sup>11</sup>.

*Iach.* Had I this cheek  
 To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch,  
 Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul  
 To the oath of loyalty ; this object, which  
 Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,  
 Fixing it only here : should I (damn'd then),  
 Slaver with lips as common as the stairs  
 That mount the Capitol ; join gripes with hands  
 Made hard with hourly falsehood<sup>12</sup> (falsehood, as  
 With labour) ; then by-peeping<sup>13</sup> in an eye,  
 Base and illustrious as the smoky light  
 That's fed with stinking tallow ; it were fit,  
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time  
 Encounter such revolt.

*Imo.* My lord, I fear,  
 Has forgot Britain.

<sup>10</sup> It seems probable that *knowing* is here an error of the press for *known*.

<sup>11</sup> *i. e.* "The information which you seem to press forward and yet withhold." The allusion is to horsemanship. So in Sidney's *Arcadia* :—"She was like a horse desirous to runne, and miserably spurred, but so short-reined, as he cannot stirre forward."

<sup>12</sup> *Hard with falsehood* is *hard by being often griped with frequent change of hands*.

<sup>13</sup> *By-peeping*. So the old copy, which Johnson unnecessarily changed to *lie peeping*. In the next line the folios print erroneously *illustrious*.

*Iach.* And himself. Not I,  
 Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce  
 The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces  
 That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,  
 Charms this report out.

*Imo.* Let me hear no more.

*Iach.* O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my  
 heart

With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady  
 So fair, and fasten'd to an empery<sup>14</sup>,  
 Would make the great'st king double! to be partner'd  
 With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition<sup>15</sup>,  
 Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,  
 That play with all infirmities for gold  
 Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff<sup>16</sup>,  
 As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;  
 Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you  
 Recoil from your great stock.

*Imo.* Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd? If this be true  
 (As I have such a heart, that both mine ears  
 Must not in haste abuse), if it be true,  
 How should I be reveng'd?

*Iach.* Should he make me  
 Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;  
 Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,

<sup>14</sup> *Empery* is a word signifying *sovereign command*, now obsolete. Shakespeare uses it in *King Richard III.*—

“Your right of birth, your *emperry* your own.”

<sup>15</sup> We still call a forward or rude hoyden a *tomboy*. But our ancestors seem to have used the term for a wanton.

“What humorous *tomboys* be these?—

The only gallant *Messalinas* of our age.”

*Lady Alimony.*

So in W. Warren's *Nurserie of Names*, 1581:—

“Like *tomboyes*, such as live in Rome,  
 For every knave's delight.”

<sup>16</sup> This allusion has been already explained. See *Timon of Athens*, Act ii. Sc. 2, p. 304.

In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.  
 I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;  
 More noble than that runagate to your bed;  
 And will continue fast to your affection,  
 Still close, as sure.

*Imo.* What ho, Pisanio!

*Iach.* Let me my service tender on your lips.

*Imo.* Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have  
 So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,  
 Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not  
 For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.  
 Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far  
 From thy report, as thou from honour; and  
 Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains  
 Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—  
 The king my father shall be made acquainted  
 Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,  
 A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart  
 As in a Romish<sup>17</sup> stew, and to expound  
 His beastly mind to us; he hath a court  
 He little cares for, and a daughter whom  
 He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!—

*Iach.* O happy Leonatus! I may say;  
 The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,  
 Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness  
 Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!  
 A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever  
 Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only  
 For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.  
 I have spoke this, to know if your affiance  
 Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,

<sup>17</sup> *Romish* for *Roman* was the phraseology of Shakespeare's age. Thus in Claudius Tiberius Nero, 1607:—"In the loathsome *Romish stewes*." Drant, in his translation of the first epistle of the second book of Horace, 1567, has—

"The *Romishe* people wise in this, in this point only just."  
 And in other places we have the "*Romish* cirque," &c.

That which he is, new o'er : And he is one  
The truest manner'd ; such a holy witch,  
That he enchants societies unto him<sup>18</sup> :  
Half all men's hearts are his.

*Imo.* You make amends.

*Iach.* He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god<sup>19</sup> :  
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,  
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,  
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd  
To try your taking of a false report ; which hath  
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement  
In the election of a sir so rare,  
Which you know, cannot err : The love I bear him  
Made me to fan you thus ; but the gods made you,  
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray your pardon.

*Imo.* All's well, sir : Take my power i' the court  
for yours.

*Iach.* My humble thanks. I had almost forgot  
To entreat your grace but in a small request,  
And yet of moment too, for it concerns  
Your lord ; myself, and other noble friends,  
Are partners in the business.

*Imo.* Pray, what is't ?

*Iach.* Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord  
(The best feather of our wing<sup>20</sup>) have mingled sums,

<sup>18</sup> So in Shakespeare's *Lover's Complaint* :—

“ He did in the general bosom reign  
Of young and old, and sexes both *enchanted*—  
Consents *bewitch'd*, ere he desire have granted.”

The old copies have “ *into him*.”

<sup>19</sup> Thus in Chapman's version of the twenty-third book of the  
*Odyssey* :— “ As he were

A *god descended* from the starry sphere.”

And in *Hamlet* :—

“ A station like the herald Mercury  
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.”

<sup>20</sup> “ You are so great you would faine march in fieldes,  
That world should judge you *feathers of one wing*.”

*Churchyard's Warning to Wanderers* 1593.



To buy a present for the emperor ;  
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done  
In France : 'Tis plate, of rare device ; and jewels,  
Of rich and exquisite form ; their values great ;  
And I am something curious, being strange<sup>21</sup>,  
To have them in safe stowage ; May it please you  
To take them in protection ?

*Imo.* Willingly ;  
And pawn mine honour for their safety : since  
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them  
In my bed-chamber.

*Iach.* They are in a trunk,  
Attended by my men : I will make bold  
To send them to you, only for this night ;  
I must aboard to-morrow.

*Imo.* O, no, no.

*Iach.* Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word,  
By length'ning my return. From Gallia  
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise  
To see your grace.

*Imo.* I thank you for your pains ;  
But not away to-morrow ?

*Iach.* O, I must, madam :  
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please  
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night :  
I have outstood my time ; which is material  
To th' tender of our present.

*Imo.* I will write.  
Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept,  
And truly yielded you : You're very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>21</sup> See note 7, p. 375, ante.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Court before Cymbeline's Palace.**Enter CLOTEN, and Two Lords.**Cloten.*

**W**AS there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an upcast<sup>1</sup> to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

*1 Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

*2 Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aside.*

*Clo.* When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

*2 Lord.* No, my lord; nor [*aside*] crop the ears of them.

*Clo.* Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? 'Would, he had been one of my rank!

*2 Lord.* To have smelt like a fool<sup>2</sup>. [*Aside.*

*Clo.* I am not vext more at any thing in the earth:—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack slave hath his belly full of fight-

<sup>1</sup> He is describing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed: he who is nearest to it wins. "To kiss the jack" is a state of great advantage. The expression is of frequent occurrence in the old comedies. The *jack* is also called the *mistress*.

<sup>2</sup> The same quibble has occurred in *As You Like It*, Act i. Sc. 2.

ing, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 *Lord*. You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on<sup>3</sup>. [*Aside*.

*Clo*. Sayest thou?

1 *Lord*. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion<sup>4</sup> that you give offence to.

*Clo*. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord*. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

*Clo*. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord*. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

*Clo*. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2 *Lord*. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside*.

1 *Lorā*. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

*Clo*. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord*. One of your lordship's pages.

*Clo*. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 *Lord*. You cannot derogate, my lord.

*Clo*. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord*. You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside*.

*Clo*. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord*. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt* CLOTEN and first Lord.

<sup>3</sup> That is, in other words, *you are a cockcomb*.

<sup>4</sup> The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt.

That such a crafty devil as is his mother  
Should yield the world this ass ! a woman, that  
Bears all down with her brain ; and this her son  
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart  
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,  
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st !  
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd ;  
A mother hourly coining plots ; a wooer,  
More hateful than the foul expulsion is  
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act  
Of the divorce he'd make ! The heavens hold firm  
The walls of thy dear honour ; keep unshak'd  
That temple, thy fair mind ; that thou may'st stand,  
T' enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber ; in one Part  
of it a Trunk.*

IMOGEN *reading in her Bed ; a Lady attending.*

*Imo.* Who's there ? my woman Helen ?

*Lady.* Please you, madam.

*Imo.* What hour is it ?

*Lady.* Almost midnight, madam.

*Imo.* I have read three hours then ; mine eyes are  
weak :—

Fold down the leaf where I have left : To bed :  
Take not away the taper, leave it burning ;  
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,  
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods !  
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,  
Guard me, beseech ye !

[*Sleeps.* IACHIMO, *from the Trunk.*]

*Iach.* The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd  
sense

Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus  
Did softly press the rushes<sup>1</sup>, ere he waken'd  
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,  
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!  
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!  
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,  
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that  
Perfumes the chamber thus<sup>2</sup>: The flame o' the taper  
Bows toward her; and would underpeep her lids,  
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied  
Under these windows<sup>3</sup>: White and azure, lac'd  
With blue of heaven's own tinct<sup>4</sup>.—But my design?  
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—

<sup>1</sup> It was anciently the custom to strew chambers with rushes. This passage may serve as a comment on the "*ravishing strides*" of Tarquin, in *Macbeth*, as it shows that Shakespeare meant "*softly stealing strides*." See vol. ix. p. 312, note 12.

<sup>2</sup> "No lips did seem so fair

In his conceit; *through which he thinks doth fly  
So sweet a breath that doth perfume the air.*"

*Pygmalion's Image*, by Marston, 1598.

<sup>3</sup> *Windows*, that is, her *eyelids*. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

"Thy eyes' *windows* fall

Like death when he shuts up the day of life."

And in *Venus and Adonis*:—

"The night of sorrow now is turn'd to-day;

Her two *blue windows* faintly she up-heaveth."

<sup>4</sup> Warburton wished to read:—

"White with azure lac'd,

The blue of heaven's own tinct."

But there is no necessity for change. It is an exact description of the eyelid of a fair beauty, which is white tinged with blue, and laced with veins of darker blue. By *azure* our ancestors understood not a dark blue, but a light glaucous colour, a tinct or effusion of a blue colour. Drayton seems to have had this passage in his mind:—

"And these sweet *veins* by nature rightly plac'd,

Wherewith she seems the white *skin* to have *lac'd*."

The reader will remember that Shakespeare has dwelt on corres-

Such, and such, pictures :— There the window :—  
Such

The adornment of her bed ;— The arras, figures,  
Why, such, and such :— And the contents o' the  
story,—

Ah ! but some natural notes about her body,  
Above ten thousand meaner moveables  
Would testify, t' enrich mine inventory :  
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her !  
And be her sense but as a monument,  
Thus in a chapel lying !—Come off, come off ;—

[*Taking off her Bracelet.*]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard !—  
'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly,  
As strongly as the conscience does within,  
To th'madding of her lord. On her left breast  
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops  
I' the bottom of a cowslip : Here's a voucher,  
Stronger than ever law could make : this secret  
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en  
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end ?  
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,  
Screw'd to my memory ? She hath been reading late  
The tale of Tereus<sup>5</sup> ; here the leaf's turn'd down,  
Where Philomel gave up ;—I have enough :  
To th'trunk again, and shut the spring of it.  
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night<sup>6</sup> ! that dawning

ponding imagery in a beautiful passage of *The Winter's Tale* :—  
“ *Violets* dim

But sweeter than *the lids* of Juno's eyes.”

<sup>5</sup> *Tereus and Progne* is the second tale in *A Petite Palace* of Pettie his *Pleasure*, 4to. 1576. The story is related in Ovid. *Metam.* l. vi. ; and by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*, b. v. fol. 113, b.

<sup>6</sup> The task of drawing the chariot of Night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. Milton mentions “ the dragon yoke of night ” in *Il Penseroso* ; and in his *Comus* :—

May bare the raven's eye : I lodge in fear ;  
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*

One, two, three,—Time, time !

[*Goes into the Trunk. The Scene closes.*

SCENE III. *An Ante-Chamber adjoining Imogen's Apartment.*

*Enter CLOTEN and Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

*Clo.* It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship ; You are most hot, and furious, when you win.

*Clo.* Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not ?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

*Clo.* I would this musick would come : I am advised to give her musick o' mornings ; they say, it will penetrate.

*Enter Musicians.*

Come on ; tune : If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so ; we'll try with tongue too : if none will do, let her remain ; but I'll never give o'er. First, a

“ The dragon womb  
Of Stygian darkness.”

Again, In Obitum Præsulis Eliensis :—

“ Sub pedibus deam  
Vidi triformem, dum coëcebat suos  
Framis dracones aureis.”

It may be remarked that the whole tribe of serpents sleep with their eyes open, and therefore appear to exert a constant vigilance.

very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

### SONG.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings<sup>1</sup>,  
And Phœbus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chalic'd<sup>2</sup> flowers that lies;  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes;*

<sup>1</sup> The same hyperbole occurs in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, book v.—

“Ye birds

That singing up to heaven's gate ascend.”

And in Shakespeare's 29th Sonnet:—

“Like to the lark at break of day arising

From sullen earth, *sings* hymns at *heaven's gate*.”

And again in *Venus and Adonis*:—

“Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,

From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,

And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast

The sun ariseth in his majesty.”

Perhaps Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe* suggested this song:

“Who is't now we hear;

None but the lark so shrill and clear;

Now at *heaven's gates* she claps her wings,

The morn not waking till she sings.

*Hark, hark.*”

Passages in Chaucer, Spenser, Skelton, &c. have been pointed out by Mr. Douce, which have parallel thoughts.

<sup>2</sup> The morning dries up the dew which lies in the *cups* of flowers called *calices* or *chalices*. The marigold is one of those flowers which closes itself up at sunset.

“The day is waxen olde,

And 'gins to shut up with the marigold.

*Browne; Britannia's Pastorals.*

So Shakespeare in *King Henry VIII*.

“Great princes' favorites *their fair leaves spread,*

*But as the marigold at the sun's eye.*”

A similar idea is expressed in *A Courtlie Controversie* of Cupid's Cautels, 1578, p. 7:—“Floures which unfolding their tender leaves, at the breake of the gray morning, seemed to *open their smiling eies*, which were oppressed with the drowsinesse of the passed night,” &c.



*With every thing that pretty bin<sup>a</sup> :  
My lady sweet, arise ;  
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone : If this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better<sup>3</sup> : if it do not, it is a vice<sup>4</sup> in her ears, which horse-hairs, and calves-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*

*Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.*

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

*Clo.* I am glad, I was up so late ; for that's the reason I was up so early : He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

*Cym.* Attend you here the door of our stern daughter ? Will she not forth ?

*Clo.* I have assail'd her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

*Cym.* The exile of her minion is too new ; She hath not yet forgot him : some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out, And then she's yours.

*Queen.* You are most bound to the king ; Who let's go by no vantages, that may Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself To orderly solicits ; and, befriended With aptness of the season, make denials Increase your services<sup>5</sup> : so seem, as if You were inspir'd to do those duties which

<sup>a</sup> The folios have *is* : Hanmer changed it to *bin*, which is indicated by the rhyme.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *I will pay you more amply for it.*

<sup>4</sup> *Vice* is misprinted *voice* in the folios.

<sup>5</sup> This passage is thus incorrectly given in the first folio :—

“ Frame yourselfe  
To orderly solicity, and be friended

You tender to her ; that you in all obey her,  
 Save when command to your dismissal tends,  
 And therein you are senseless.

*Clo.*

Senseless ? not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome ;  
 The one is Caius Lucius.

*Cym.*

A worthy fellow,

Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ;  
 But that's no fault of his : We must receive him  
 According to the honour of his sender ;  
 And towards himself his goodness forespent on us  
 We must extend our notice<sup>6</sup>.—Our dear son,  
 When you have given good morning to your mistress,  
 Attend the queen, and us ; we shall have need  
 T'employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

*[Exeunt Cym. Queen, Lords, and Mess.]*

*Clo.* If she be up, I'll speak with her ; if not,  
 Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho !—

*[Knocks.]*

I know her women are about her ; What  
 If I do line one of their hands ? 'Tis gold  
 Which buys admittance ; oft it doth ; yea, and makes  
 Diana's rangers false<sup>7</sup> themselves, yield up

With aptness of the season : make denials  
 Increase your services."

I follow Monck Mason's proposed correction.

<sup>6</sup> That is, "we must extend towards himself our notice of his goodness heretofore shown to us." Shakespeare has many similar ellipses. Thus in *Julius Cæsar*:—

"Thine honourable metal may be wrought  
 From what it is dispos'd [to]."

See the next scene, note 7.

<sup>7</sup> *False* is not here an adjective, but a verb. Thus in *Tamburlaine*, Part I.—

"And make him *false* his faith unto the king."  
 Shakespeare is said to have the verb *to false* in the *Comedy of Errors*, Act ii. Sc. 2 : but it is there a misprint for *falling*.

Their deer to th'stand o' the stealer ; and 'tis gold  
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief ;  
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man : What  
Can it not do, and undo ? I will make  
One of her women lawyer to me ; for  
I yet not understand the case myself.  
By your leave. [Knocks.

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.* Who's there, that knocks ?

*Clo.* A gentleman.

*Lady.* No more ?

*Clo.* Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

*Lady.* That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,  
Can justly boast of : What's your lordship's pleasure ?

*Clo.* Your lady's person : Is she ready ?

*Lady.* Ay,

To keep her chamber.

*Clo.* There's gold for you ; sell me your good report.

*Lady.* How ! my good name ? or to report of you  
What I shall think is good ?—The princess——

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Clo.* Good morrow fairest : Sister, your sweet hand.

*Imo.* Good morrow, sir : You lay out too much pains  
For purchasing but trouble : the thanks I give,  
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,  
And scarce can spare them.

*Clo.* Still, I swear, I love you.

*Imo.* If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me :  
If you swear still, your recompense is still  
That I regard it not.

*Clo.* This is no answer.

*Imo.* But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,  
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me : 'faith,  
I shall unfold equal discourtesy

To your best kindness : one of your great knowing  
Should learn, being taught, forbearance<sup>8</sup>.

*Clo.* To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin :  
I will not.

*Imo.* Fools are not mad folks<sup>9</sup>.

*Clo.* Do you call me fool ?

*Imo.* As I am mad, I do :

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad ;  
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,  
You put me to forget a lady's manners,  
By being so verbal<sup>10</sup> : and learn now, for all,  
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,  
By th'very truth of it, I care not for you ;  
And am so near the lack of charity  
(To accuse myself), I hate you : which I had rather  
You felt, than make't my boast.

*Clo.* You sin against  
Obedience, which you owe your father. For  
The contract you pretend with that base wretch  
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,  
With scraps o' the court), it is no contract, none :  
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,  
(Yet who, than he, more mean ?) to knit their souls  
(On whom there is no more dependency  
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot<sup>11</sup> ;  
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by  
The consequence o' the crown ; and must not soil<sup>a</sup>  
The precious note of it with a base slave,

<sup>8</sup> *i. e.* "a man of your knowledge, being taught forbearance, should learn it."

<sup>9</sup> This, as Cloten very well understands it, is a covert mode of calling him a fool. The meaning implied is this : "If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be." "Fools are not mad folks."

<sup>10</sup> *So verbal* here means *so explicit*, and not *so verbose*, as Johnson explains it.

<sup>11</sup> *In self-figured knot*, *i. e.* *in knots of their own tying*.

<sup>a</sup> The old copies have *foil*. The misprint is of frequent occurrence.

A hilding<sup>12</sup> for a livery, a squire's cloth,  
A pantler, not so eminent.

*Imo.*

Profane fellow !

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,  
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base  
To be his groom : thou wert dignified enough,  
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made  
Comparative for your virtues<sup>13</sup>, to be styl'd  
The under-hangman of his kingdom ; and hated  
For being preferr'd so well.

*Clo.*

The south-fog rot him !

*Imo.* He never can meet more mischance than come  
To be but nam'd of thee. His mean'st garment,  
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,  
In my respect, than all the hairs about thee<sup>a</sup>,  
Were they all made such men.—How now ! Pisanio ?

*Enter PISANIO.*

*Clo.* His garment ? Now, the devil——

*Imo.* To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently :—

*Clo.* His garment !

*Imo.*

I am sprighted<sup>14</sup> with a fool ;

Frighted, and anger'd worse :—Go, bid my woman  
Search for a jewel, that too casually  
Hath left mine arm ; it was thy master's : 'shrew me,  
If I would lose it for a revenue  
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,

<sup>12</sup> *Hilding*. A base, low wretch, only fit to wear a livery. See vol. iii. p. 165, note 3.

<sup>13</sup> "If you were to be dignified only *in comparison* to your virtues, the under hangman's place is too good for you."

Johnson says, that "the *rudeness* of Cloten is not much under-matched" in that of Imogen ; but he forgets the provocation her gentle spirit undergoes by this persecution of Cloten's addresses, and the abuse bestowed upon the idol of her soul. We must imagine that he menaces her, at the close of her next speech, when she calls for Pisanio.

<sup>a</sup> The old copies misprint "*aboue* thee."

<sup>14</sup> *Sprighted*, i. e. *haunted by a fool as by a spright*.

I saw't this morning : confident I am,  
 Last night 'twas on mine arm ; I kiss'd it :  
 I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord  
 That I kiss aught but he.

*Pis.* 'Twill not be lost.

*Imo.* I hope so : go, and search. [*Exit Pis.*]

*Clo.* You have abus'd me :—

His meanest garment ?

*Imo.* Ay ; I said so, sir.

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

*Clo.* I will inform your father.

*Imo.* Your mother too :

She's my good lady<sup>15</sup> ; and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,

To th'worst of discontent. [*Exit.*]

*Clo.* I'll be reveng'd :—

His meanest garment !—Well. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.*

*Post.* Fear it not, sir : I would, I were so sure  
 To win the king, as I am bold, her honour  
 Will remain hers.

*Phi.* What means do you make to him ?

*Post.* Not any ; but abide the change of time ;  
 Quake in the present winter's state, and wish  
 That warmer days would come : in these sear'd hopes<sup>1</sup>,  
 I barely gratify your love ; they failing,  
 I must die much your debtor.

*Phi.* Your very goodness, and your company,

<sup>15</sup> This is said ironically. "My good lady" is equivalent to "my good friend." See vol. v. p. 253, note 5.

<sup>1</sup> The old copy has "fear'd hopes." The emendation, which the context fully authorizes, was made by Mr. Knight.

O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king  
 Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius  
 Will do his commission throughly: And, I think,  
 He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,  
 Or<sup>2</sup> look upon our Romans, whose remembrance  
 Is yet fresh in their grief.

*Post.* I do believe  
 (Statist<sup>3</sup> though I am none, nor like to be),  
 That this will prove a war; and you shall hear  
 The legions<sup>a</sup> now in Gallia, sooner landed  
 In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings  
 Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen  
 Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar  
 Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage  
 Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline  
 (Now mingled<sup>4</sup> with their courages) will make known  
 To their approvers, they are people, such  
 That mend upon the world.

*Phi.* See! Iachimo?

*Enter IACHIMO.*

*Post.* The swiftest harts have posted you by land:  
 And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,  
 To make your vessel nimble.

*Phi.* Welcome, sir.

*Post.* I hope, the briefness of your answer made  
 The speediness of your return.

*Iach.* Your lady  
 Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

*Post.* And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty

<sup>2</sup> Or stands here for *ere*. See vol. iv. p. 350, note 3. Respecting the *tribute* here alluded to, see the Preliminary Remarks.

<sup>3</sup> *Statist*, i. e. *statesman*. See Hamlet, Act v. Sc. 2, note 8.

<sup>a</sup> It is *legion* in the old copies, but *legions* are always elsewhere spoken of.

<sup>4</sup> The first folio prints erroneously *wing-led* which Tieck adopts, and Mr. Knight half approves. The correction to *mingled* was made in the second folio. "Their *approvers*" those who try them.

Look through a casement to allure false hearts,  
And be false with them.

*Iach.* Here are letters for you.

*Post.* Their tenour good, I trust.

*Iach.* 'Tis very like.

*Phi.* Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,  
When you were there<sup>5</sup>?

*Iach.* He was expected then,  
But not approach'd.

*Post.* All is well yet.—  
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not  
Too dull for your good wearing?

*Iach.* If I had<sup>6</sup> lost it,  
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.  
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy  
A second night of such sweet shortness, which  
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

*Post.* The stone's too hard to come by.

*Iach.* Not a whit,  
Your lady being so easy.

*Post.* Make not, sir,  
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we  
Must not continue friends.

*Iach.* Good sir, we must,  
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought  
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant  
We were to question farther: but I now  
Profess myself the winner of her honour,  
Together with your ring; and not the wronger  
Of her, or you, having proceeded but  
By both your wills.

<sup>5</sup> This speech is given to Posthumus in the old copy; but Posthumus was employed in reading his letters, and was too much interested in the end of Iachimo's journey to put an indifferent question of this nature. It was transferred to Philario at the suggestion of Steevens.

<sup>6</sup> The folios read *have*.



*Post.* If you can make't apparent  
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,  
And ring is yours : if not, the foul opinion  
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,  
Your sword, or mine ; or masterless leaves both  
To who shall find them.

*Iach.* Sir, my circumstances,  
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,  
Must first induce you to believe : whose strength  
I will confirm with oath ; which, I doubt not,  
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find  
You need it not.

*Post.* Proceed.

*Iach.* First, her bed-chamber  
(Where, I confess, I slept not ; but, profess,  
Had that was well worth watching<sup>7</sup>), it was hang'd  
With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story  
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,  
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for  
The press of boats, or pride : a piece of work  
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive  
In workmanship, and value : which, I wonder'd,  
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,  
Such the true life on't was<sup>8</sup>——

*Post.* This is true ;  
And this you might have heard of here, by me,  
Or by some other.

*Iach.* More particulars

<sup>7</sup> i. e. *that which was well worth watching or lying awake [for]*.  
See the preceding scene, note 6.

<sup>8</sup> The old copy reads :—

“ Since the true life on't was.”

It is a typographical error easily made. The emendation is by Mason.

Johnson observes, that “ Iachimo's language is such as a skilful villain would naturally use ; a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition. His gaiety shows his seriousness to be without anxiety, and his seriousness proves his gaiety to be without art.”

Must justify my knowledge.

*Post.*

So they must,

Or do your honour injury.

*Iach.*

The chimney

Is south the chamber ; and the chimney-piece,  
Chaste Dian bathing : never saw I figures  
So likely to report themselves : the cutter  
Was as another nature, dumb<sup>9</sup> ; outwent her,  
Motion and breath left out.

*Post.*

This is a thing,

Which you might from relation likewise reap ;  
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

*Iach.*

The roof o' the chamber

With golden cherubins is fretted<sup>10</sup>. Her andirons  
(I had forgot them), were two winking Cupids  
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely  
Depending on their brands<sup>11</sup>.

*Post.*

This is her honour !—

Let it be granted, you have seen all this (and praise  
Be given to your remembrance), the description  
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves  
The wager you have laid.

<sup>9</sup> i.e. *So near speech*. A *speaking picture* is a common figurative mode of expression. The meaning of the latter part of the sentence is: "The *sculptor* was as *nature dumb*; he gave every thing that nature gives but breath and motion. In *breath* is included *speech*."

<sup>10</sup> The very mention of cherubins moves the indignation of Steevens. "The sole recommendation of this Gothic idea," says he, "which is critically repeated by modern artists, seems to be, that it occupies but little room on canvass or marble; for chubby unmeaning faces, with ducks' wings tucked under them, are all the circumstances that enter into such infantine and absurd representations of the choirs of heaven."

<sup>11</sup> It is well known that the *andirons* of our ancestors were sometimes costly pieces of furniture; the *standards* were often, as in this instance, of silver, and representing some *terminal* figure or device; the transverse or horizontal pieces, upon which the wood was supported, were what Shakespeare here calls the *brands*, properly *brandirons*. Upon these the Cupids which formed the standards *nicely depended*, seeming to stand on one foot.

*Iach.* Then, if you can,  
Be pale<sup>12</sup>: I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—  
[*Pulling out the Bracelet.*

And now 'tis up again: it must be married  
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

*Post.* Jove!—  
Once more let me behold it: Is it that  
Which I left with her?

*Iach.* Sir (I thank her), that:  
She stript it from her arm; I see her yet;  
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,  
And yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me, and said,  
She priz'd it once.

*Post.* May be, she pluck'd it off,  
To send it me.

*Iach.* She writes so to you? doth she?

*Post.* O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;  
[*Gives the Ring.*

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,  
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,  
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,  
Where there's another man: The vows of women  
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,  
Than they are to their virtues: which is nothing.—  
O, above measure false!

*Phi.* Have patience, sir,  
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:  
It may be probable, she lost it; or,  
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,  
Hath stolen it from her.

*Post.* Very true;  
And so, I hope, he came by't;—Back my ring;—  
Render to me some corporal sign about her,

<sup>12</sup> The meaning seems to be, "If you ever can change colour, be pale now, at the sight of this jewel, which must awaken jealousy:—

'Pale jealousy, child of insatiate love.'"

More evident than this ; for this was stolen.

*Iach.* By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

*Post.* Hark you, he swears ; by Jupiter he swears. 'Tis true ;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true : I am sure, She would not lose it : her attendants are Allsworn<sup>13</sup> and honourable :—They induc'd to steal it ! And by a stranger !—No, he hath enjoy'd her. The cognizance<sup>14</sup> of her incontinency Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—

There, take thy hire : and all the fiends of hell Divide themselves between you !

*Phi.* Sir, be patient : This is not strong enough to be believ'd Of one persuaded well of——

*Post.* Never talk on't ; She hath been colted by him.

*Iach.* If you seek For further satisfying, under her breast (Worthy the<sup>15</sup> pressing), lies a mole, right proud Of that most delicate lodging : By my life, I kiss'd it ; and it gave me present hunger To feed again, though full. You do remember This stain upon her ?

*Post.* Ay, and it doth confirm Another stain, as big as hell can hold, Were there no more but it.

*Iach.* Will you hear more ?

*Post.* Spare your arithmetick ; never count the turns ;

<sup>13</sup> It was anciently the custom for the servants of great families (as it is now for the servants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity on their entrance into office. See Percy's Northumberland Household Book, p. 49.

<sup>14</sup> *The cognizance*, i. e. *The badge, the token, the visible proof*. So in King Henry VI. Part I.—

“As cognizance of my blood drinking hate.”

<sup>15</sup> The folios have *her*.

Once, and a million !

*Iach.* I'll be sworn, —

*Post.* No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie ;

And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny

Thou'st made me cuckold.

*Iach.* I'll deny nothing.

*Post.* O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal !

I will go there, and do't ; i' the court ; before

Her father.—I'll do something—— [*Exit.*

*Phi.* Quite besides

The government of patience !—You have won :

Let's follow him, and pervert<sup>16</sup> the present wrath

He hath against himself.

*Iach.* With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS.*

*Post.* Is there no way for men to be, but women  
Must be half-workers<sup>1</sup> ? We are all bastards ;  
And that most venerable man, which I

<sup>16</sup> *Pervert*, i. e. “*avert* his wrath from himself, prevent him from injuring himself in his rage.”

<sup>1</sup> Milton was probably indebted to this speech for one of the sentiments which he has imputed to Adam, *Par. Lost*, b. x.—

“ O, why did God,  
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven  
With spirits masculine, create at last  
This novelty on earth, this fair defect  
Of nature, and not fill the world at once  
With men, as angels, without feminine,  
Or find some other way to generate  
Mankind ? ”

See Rhodomonte's invective against women in the *Orlando Furioso* ; and above all a speech which Euripides has put into the mouth of Hippolytus, in the tragedy of that name.

Did call my father, was I know not where  
 When I was stamp'd ; some coiner with his tools  
 Made me a counterfeit<sup>2</sup> : Yet my mother seem'd  
 The Dian of that time : so doth my wife  
 The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance !  
 Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,  
 And pray'd me, oft, forbearance : did it with  
 A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't  
 Might well have warm'd old Saturn ; that I thought her  
 As chaste as unsunn'd snow ;—O, all the devils !—  
 This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not ?—  
 Or less,—at first : Perchance he spoke not ; but,  
 Like a full-acorn'd boar, a briming one<sup>3</sup>  
 Cry'd, *oh !* and mounted : found no opposition  
 But what he look'd for should oppose, and she  
 Should from encounter guard. Could I find out  
 The woman's part in me ! For there's no motion  
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm  
 It is the woman's part : Be it lying, note it,  
 The woman's ; flattering, hers ; deceiving, hers ;  
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers ; revenges, hers ;  
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,  
 Nice longings, slanders, mutability,  
 All faults that may be nam'd ; nay, that hell knows,  
 Why, hers, in part, or all ; but, rather, all :  
 For ev'n to vice

<sup>2</sup> We have the same image in *Measure for Measure* :—

“ Their saucy sweetness, *that do coin heaven's image*

*In stamps that are forbid.*”

See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part III. Sect. 3.

<sup>3</sup> The folios misprint this a *Iarmen on*, which has hitherto been made a *German one*, but why a German ? that word is uniformly *Germane* in the folios. There can be no doubt that it is a mistake of the printer for a *brimen*, or *briming* one. Thus Bullokar : “ *Brime*, a term among hunters, when the wild boar goeth to the female.” In *Othello*, “ as *prime* as monkeys,” should probably be “ as *brime*.” The word still lingers in the purlieu of the New Forest and elsewhere.

They are not constant, but are changing still  
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one  
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,  
 Detest them, curse them : Yet 'tis greater skill  
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will :  
 The very devils cannot plague them better<sup>4</sup>. [*Exit.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I. Britain. *A Room of State in  
 Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at  
 one Door ; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS, and  
 Attendants.*

*Cymbeline.*

**N**OW say, what would Augustus Cæsar with  
 us ?

*Luc.* When Julius Cæsar (whose remem-  
 brance yet

Lives in men's eyes ; and will to ears, and tongues,  
 Be theme, and hearing ever), was in this Britain,  
 And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle  
 (Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less  
 Than in his feats deserving it), for him,  
 And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,  
 Yearly three thousand pounds ; which by thee lately  
 Is left untender'd.

*Queen.* And, to kill the marvel,  
 Shall be so ever.

*Clo.* There be many Cæsars,

<sup>4</sup> " God could not lightly do a man more vengeance, than in  
 this world to grant him his own foolish wishes."—*Sir T. More's  
 Comfort against Tribulation.*

Ere such another Julius. Britain is  
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay,  
For wearing our own noses.

*Queen.* That opportunity,  
Which then they had to take from us, to resume  
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,  
The kings your ancestors; together with  
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands  
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in  
With rocks unscaleable<sup>1</sup>, and roaring waters;  
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,  
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest  
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag  
Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*; with shame  
(The first that ever touch'd him), he was carried  
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,  
(Poor ignorant baubles<sup>2</sup>!) on our terrible seas,  
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd  
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof,  
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point  
(O giglot<sup>3</sup> fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,  
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,  
And Britons strut with courage.

*Clo.* Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: Our

<sup>1</sup> The old copies misprint "with *oakes* unscaleable." Hanmer corrected it.

<sup>2</sup> *Poor ignorant baubles!* i. e. "unacquainted with the nature of our boisterous seas."

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *O false and inconstant fortune.* A *giglot* was a strumpet. So in Measure for Measure, Act v. Sc. 1, note 30:—"Away with those *giglots* too." And in Hamlet:—

"Out, out, thou *strumpet fortune!*"

The poet has transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius. See Holinshed, book iii. ch. xiii. "The same historie also maketh mention of Nennius, brother to Cassibelane, who in fight happened to get Cæsar's sword fastened in his shield, by a blow which Cæsar stroke at him. But Nennius died, within 15 daies after the battel, of the hurt received at Cæsar's hand; although after he was hurt he slew Labienus, one of the Roman tribunes."



kingdom is stronger than it was at that time ; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars : other of them may have crooked noses : but, to owe such straight arms, none.

*Cym.* Son, let your mother end.

*Clo.* We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan : I do not say, I am one ; but I have a hand.—Why tribute ? why should we pay tribute ? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light ; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

*Cym.* You must know,  
Till the injurious Romans did extort  
This tribute from us, we were free : Cæsar's ambition  
(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch  
The sides o' the world), against all colour<sup>4</sup>, here  
Did put the yoke upon us ; which to shake off,  
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon  
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,  
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which  
Ordain'd our laws ; whose use the sword of Cæsar  
Hath too much mangled ; whose repair, and franchise,  
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,  
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made  
our laws,

Who was the first of Britain, which did put  
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd  
Himself a king.

*Luc.* I am sorry, Cymbeline,  
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar  
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than  
Thyself domestick officers), thine enemy :  
Receive it from me, then :—War, and confusion,  
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee : look

<sup>4</sup> i. e. without any pretence of right.

For fury not to be resisted :—Thus defied,  
I thank thee for myself.

*Cym.* Thou art welcome, Caius.  
Thy Cæsar knighted me ; my youth I spent  
Much under him<sup>5</sup> ; of him I gather'd honour ;  
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,  
Behoves me keep at utterance<sup>6</sup> ; I am perfect<sup>7</sup>,  
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for  
Their liberties, are now in arms : a precedent  
Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold :  
So Cæsar shall not find them.

*Luc.* Let proof speak.

*Clo.* His majesty bids you welcome. Make pas-  
time with us a day, or two, or longer : If you seek us  
afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our  
salt-water girdle : if you beat us out of it, it is yours ;  
if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the  
better for you ; and there's an end.

*Luc.* So, sir.

*Cym.* I know your master's pleasure, and he mine :  
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another Room in the same.*

*Enter PISANIO, Reading a Letter.*

*Pis.* How ! of adultery ? Wherefore write you not  
What monster's her accuser<sup>1</sup> ?—Leonatus !  
O, master ! what a strange infection

<sup>5</sup> Some few hints for this part of the play are taken from Holinshed.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. *at the extremity of defiance.* So in Helyas Knight of the Swanne, blk. l. no date :—" Here is my gage to sustain it *to the utterance*, and befight it to the death."

<sup>7</sup> i. e. *well assured.*

<sup>1</sup> The old copy reads, " What monsters her *accuse* ? " which Mr. Collier retains, but the subsequent " what false Italian " indicates that the correction is necessary.

Is fallen into thy ear ! What false Italian  
 (As poisonous tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd  
 On thy too ready hearing ?—Disloyal ! No :  
 She's punish'd for her truth ; and undergoes,  
 More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults  
 As would take in<sup>2</sup> some virtue.—O my master !  
 Thy mind to her is now as low, as were  
 Thy fortunes<sup>3</sup>.—How ! that I should murder her ?  
 Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I  
 Have made to thy command ?—I, her ?—her blood ?  
 If it be so to do good service, never  
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,  
 That I should seem to lack humanity,  
 So much as this fact comes to ? “ Do't : The letter  
 That I have sent her, by her own command  
 Shall give thee opportunity<sup>4</sup> : ”—O damn'd paper !  
 Black as the ink that's on thee. Senseless bauble,  
 Art thou a feodary<sup>5</sup> for this act, and look'st  
 So virgin-like without ? Lo, here she comes.

<sup>2</sup> To take in is to conquer. So in Antony and Cleopatra :—

“ Cut the Ionian seas

And take in Toryne.”

<sup>3</sup> i. e. “ Thy mind compared to hers is now as low as thy condition was compared to hers.” According to modern notions of grammatical construction, “ Thy mind toward her is now as base as were thy fortunes.”

<sup>4</sup> The words here cited by Pisanio from his master's letter (as it is afterwards given in *prose*) are not found there, but the *substance* of them is contained in it. It is not necessary to seek an apology for what was probably mere negligence, in a point where accuracy was of no moment.

<sup>5</sup> A *feodary*, i. e. a subordinate agent, as a vassal to his chief. See Measure for Measure, Act ii. Sc. iv. note 17. A *feodary*, however, meant also “ a prime agent, or steward, who received aids, reliefs, suits of service, &c. due to any lord.”—*Glossographia Anglicana Nova*, 1719. Yet after all it may be doubted whether Shakespeare does not use it to signify a confederate or accomplice, as he does *federary* in The Winter's Tale, Act ii. Sc. 1 :—

“ More, she's a traitor, and Camillo is

A *federary* with her.”

I am ignorant in what I am commanded<sup>6</sup>.

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Imo.* How now, Pisanio?

*Pis.* Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

*Imo.* Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?  
O! learn'd indeed were that astronomer,  
That knew the stars, as I his characters;  
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,  
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,  
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,  
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—  
Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,  
For it doth physick love;—of his content,  
All but in that<sup>7</sup>!—Good wax, thy leave:—Bless'd be,  
You bees, that make these locks of counsel<sup>8</sup>! Lovers,  
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;  
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet  
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

[*Reads.*

“Justice, and your father's wrath, (should he take me in his dominion,) could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would<sup>9</sup> even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford Haven. What your own love will,

<sup>6</sup> “I am ignorant in what I am commanded,” Mr. Hunter says seems to mean, “I must appear as if these instructions had not been sent to me.”

<sup>7</sup> We must understand, and ought perhaps to read, “In all but that.”

<sup>8</sup> *These locks of counsel*, i. e. *waxen seals*. Here are some of the poet's legal allusions. The seal was equally binding with the signature in old legal instruments. The *forfeiters* is, in its old orthography, *forfeytours* in both folios.

<sup>9</sup> Malone inserts the word *not* here, but it seems to me quite superfluous. Posthumus means to say, that Justice and the wrath of Imogen's father could not be so (i. e. *very*) cruel to him, as what he might suffer would be amply compensated by the renovation of his spirits at seeing Imogen.

out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love<sup>10</sup>, “*LEONATUS POSTHUMUS*.”

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio? He is at Milford Haven: Read, and tell me How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs May plod it in a week, why may not I Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio, (Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,— O, let me 'bate,—but not like me;—yet long'st,— But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me; For mine's beyond beyond<sup>11</sup>) say, and speak thick<sup>12</sup>; (Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing, To the smothering of the sense), how far it is To this same blessed Milford: And, by th' way, Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as T'inherit such a haven: But, first of all, How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap That we shall make in time, from our hence-going, And our return, to excuse<sup>13</sup>:—but first, how get hence:

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot<sup>14</sup>? We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak, How many score of miles may we well ride

<sup>10</sup> We should now write “*yours*, increasing in love,” &c. *Your* is to be joined in construction with *Leonatus Posthumus*, and not with *increasing*; the latter is a *participle present*, and not a *noun*.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. “her longing is *further than beyond*; beyond any thing that desire can be said to be beyond.”

<sup>12</sup> *Speak thick*, i. e. *speak quick*. See vol. ix. p. 17, note 16, and vol. v. p. 199, note 2.

<sup>13</sup> That is, *in consequence of our going hence and returning back*. So in *Coriolanus*, Act ii. Sc. 1:—

“He cannot temperately support his honours  
From where he should begin and end.”

See note on that passage, p. 376, vol. vii.

<sup>14</sup> i. e. *before the act is done for which excuse will be necessary*.

'Twixt hour and hour ?

*Pis.* One score, 'twixt sun and sun,  
Madam, 's enough for you ; and too much too.

*Imo.* Why, one that rode to his execution, man,  
Could never go so slow : I have heard of riding  
wagers<sup>15</sup>,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands  
That run i' the clock's behalf<sup>16</sup> : — But this is  
foolery : —

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness ; say  
She'll home to her father : and provide me, presently,  
A riding suit ; no costlier than would fit  
A franklin's<sup>17</sup> housewife.

*Pis.* Madam, you're best<sup>18</sup> consider.

*Imo.* I see before me, man : nor here, nor here,  
Nor what ensues ; but have a fog in them,  
That I cannot look through<sup>19</sup>. Away, I pr'ythee ;  
Do as I bid thee : There's no more to say ;  
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>15</sup> This practice was, perhaps, not much less prevalent in Shakespeare's time than it is at present. Fynes Moryson, speaking of his brother's *putting out* money to be paid with interest on his return from Jerusalem (or, as we should now speak, travelling thither *for a wager*), defends it as an honest means of gaining the charges of his journey, especially when "no meane lords, and lords' sonnes, and gentlemen in our court, *put out* money *upon a horse race under themselves*, yea, upon a journey afoote."

<sup>16</sup> But for the absurd meddling with this passage by Mr. Collier's annotator, it would be hardly necessary to apprize the reader that the *sand of an hour-glass* used to measure time is meant. The figurative meaning is *swifter* than the flight of time.

<sup>17</sup> A franklin is a yeoman. See vol. v. p. 37, note 13.

<sup>18</sup> That is, *you were best consider*. Thus again in Sc. 6, "I *were* best not call."

<sup>19</sup> i. e. "I see neither *on this side* nor *on that*, nor *behind me* ; but find a fog in each of those quarters that my eye cannot pierce. The way to Milford is alone clear and open : Let us therefore instantly set forward." By "*what ensues*," Imogen means, what will be the *consequence* of the step I am going to take.

SCENE III. Wales. *A mountainous Country, with  
a Cave.*

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* A goodly day not to keep house, with such  
Whose roof's as low as ours ! Stoop, boys<sup>a</sup> : This gate  
Instructs you how t'adore the heavens ; and bows you  
To a morning's holy office : The gates of monarchs  
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet<sup>1</sup> through  
And keep their impious turbans on, without  
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven !  
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly  
As prouder livers do.

*Gui.* Hail, heaven !

*Arv.* Hail, heaven !

*Bel.* Now, for our mountain sport : Up to yond' hill,  
Your legs are young ; I'll tread these flats. Con-  
sider,

When you above perceive me like a crow,  
That it is place which lessens, and sets off.  
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,  
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war :  
This service is not service, so being done,  
But being so allow'd<sup>2</sup> : To apprehend thus,  
Draws us a profit from all things we see :  
And often to our comfort, shall we find  
The sharded<sup>3</sup> beetle in a safer hold

<sup>a</sup> The folio misprints *sleep* for *stoop*.

<sup>1</sup> *Jet*, i. e. *strut, walk proudly*. So in Twelfth Night, "How he jets under his advanced plumes." The idea of a *giant* was, among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a *Saracen*.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. "In any service done, the advantage rises not from the act, but from the *allowance* (i. e. *approval*) of it."

<sup>3</sup> *Sharded*, i. e. *scaly winged beetle*. See vol. ix. p. 60, note 7. And Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii. Sc. 2, note 3. The epithet *full-winged*, applied to the eagle, sufficiently marks the contrast

Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O! this life  
 Is nobler, than attending for a check;  
 Richer, than doing nothing for a brabe<sup>4</sup>;  
 Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:  
 Such gain the cap of him, that makes him fine,  
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd. No life to ours<sup>5</sup>.

*Gui.* Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,

Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know not  
 What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,  
 If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,  
 That have a sharper known, well corresponding  
 With your stiff age; but, unto us, it is  
 A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;  
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares  
 To stride a limit<sup>6</sup>.

*Arr.*

What should we speak of<sup>7</sup>,  
 When we are old as you? when we shall hear

of the poet's imagery; for whilst the bird can soar beyond the reach of human eye, the insect can but just rise above the surface of the earth, and that at the close of day.

<sup>4</sup> The old copy reads *babe*; the uncommon word *brabe* not being familiar to the compositor. A *brabe* is a contemptuous or proud look, word, or gesture; quasi, a *brave*. Speght, in his Glossary to Chaucer, edit. 1602, explains "*Heth* [or bething] *brabes* and such like," i. e. scornful or contumelious looks or words. The context requires a word of this meaning. To *check* is to *reprove*, to *taunt*, to *rebuke*. "Doing nothing" means being busied in petty and unimportant employments, *Nihil agere*. *Gain* should be *gains* to be grammatical, or we should read:—

"That makes 'em fine,

Yet keep their book," &c.

*Bauble* and *bribe* have been proposed and adopted by some editors.

<sup>5</sup> *No life to ours*, i. e. *compared to ours*. See vol. ix. p. 66, note 9.

<sup>6</sup> The old copies have, "*or* a debtor." Pope substituted *for* instead of *or*, which the context seems to require. To *stride* a *limit* is to *overpass his bounds*.

<sup>7</sup> "This dread of an old age unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation, is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him, who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind."—*Johnson*.



The rain and wind beat dark December, how,  
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse  
 The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing :  
 We are beastly ; subtle as the fox, for prey ;  
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat :  
 Our valour is, to chase what flies ; our cage  
 We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,  
 And sing our bondage freely.

*Bel.*

How you speak<sup>8</sup> !

Did you but know the city's usuries,  
 And felt them knowingly : the art o' the court,  
 As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb  
 Is certain falling, or so slippery, that  
 The fear's as bad as falling : the toil o' the war,  
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger  
 I' the name of fame, and honour ; which dies i' th' search ;  
 And hath as oft a sland'rous epitaph,  
 As record of fair act ; nay, many times,  
 Doth ill deserve by doing well ; what's worse,  
 Must court'sey at the censure :—O, boys, this story  
 The world may read in me : My body's mark'd  
 With Roman swords ; and my report was once  
 First with the best of note : Cymbeline lov'd me ;  
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name  
 Was not far off. Then was I as a tree,  
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit : but in one night,  
 A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,  
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,  
 And left me bare to weather<sup>9</sup>.

<sup>8</sup> Otway seems to have taken many hints for the conversation which passes between Acasto and his sons from the scene before us.

<sup>9</sup> Thus in Timon of Athens:—

“ That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves  
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush  
 Fallen from their boughs, and *left me, open, bare,*  
*For every storm that blows.*”

*Gui.*

Uncertain favour!

*Bel.* My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft),  
 But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd  
 Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,  
 I was confederate with the Romans: so,  
 Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,  
 This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world:  
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid  
 More pious debts to heaven, than in all  
 The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;  
 This is not hunters' language:—He, that strikes  
 The venison first, shall be the lord o' th' feast;  
 To him the other two shall minister;  
 And we will fear no poison, which attends  
 In place of greater state<sup>10</sup>. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt GUI. and ARV.*]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!  
 These boys know little, they are sons to th' king;  
 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.  
 They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up  
 thus meanly  
 I' th' cave, wherein they bow<sup>11</sup>, their thoughts do hit  
 The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,  
 In simple and low things, to prince it, much  
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,  
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom  
 The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!  
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell  
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out  
 Into my story: say,—“Thus mine enemy fell;  
 And thus I set my foot on's neck;” even then  
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,

<sup>10</sup> “Nulla aconita, bibuntur

Fictilibus; tunc illa time, cum pocula sumes

Gemmata, et lato Setinum ardebit in auro.” *Juv.*<sup>11</sup> The folio has, erroneously, “whereon the Bowe.” It was corrected by Warburton.

Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture  
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal  
 (Once Arvirágus), in as like a figure,  
 Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more  
 His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—  
 O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,  
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,  
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;  
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as  
 Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,  
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,  
 And every day do honour to her grave<sup>12</sup>:  
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,  
 They take for natural father. The game is up.  
[Exit.

SCENE IV. *Near Milford Haven.*

*Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.*

*Imo.* Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,  
 the place  
 Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so  
 To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! Man!  
 Where is Posthúmus<sup>1</sup>? What is in thy mind,  
 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that  
 sigh  
 From th'inward of thee? One, but painted thus,

<sup>12</sup> i. e. to the grave of *Euriphile*; or to the grave of "their mother," as they supposed it to be. The grammatical construction indicates that the poet most probably wrote "to *thy* grave."

<sup>1</sup> The true pronunciation of Greek and Latin names was not much regarded by the writers of Shakespeare's age, who frequently vary the accentuation to accommodate the verse. The poet has here differed from himself; he gives the true pronunciation when the name first occurs, and in one other place:—

"To his protection; call him *Posthūmus*."

"Struck the maintop! O, *Posthūmus*! alas."

Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd  
 Beyond self-explication : Put thyself  
 Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness  
 Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter ?  
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with  
 A look untender ? If't be summer news,  
 Smile to't before : if winterly, thou need'st  
 But keep that count'nance still.—My husband's hand !  
 That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,  
 And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man ; thy tongue  
 May take off some extremity, which to read  
 Would be even mortal to me.

*Pis.*

Please you, read ;

And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing  
 The most disdain'd of fortune.

*Imo.* [*Reads.*] “Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played  
 the strumpet in my bed ; the testimonies whereof lie  
 bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises ;  
 but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as  
 I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must  
 act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach  
 of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life : I  
 shall give thee opportunity at Milford Haven : she  
 hath my letter for the purpose ; Where, if thou fear  
 to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art  
 the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me dis-  
 loyal.”

*Pis.* What shall I need to draw my sword ? the  
 paper

Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander ;  
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword ; whose tongue  
 Outvenoms all the worms<sup>2</sup> of Nile ; whose breath  
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie

<sup>2</sup> It has already been observed that *worm* was the general name  
 for all the *serpent* kind. See Antony and Cleopatra, Act v. Sc. 2,  
 note 34.

All corners of the world : kings, queens, and states<sup>3</sup>,  
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave  
 This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam ?

*Imo.* False to his bed ! What ! is it to be false  
 To lie in watch there, and to think on him ?  
 To weep 'twixt clock and clock ? if sleep charge nature,  
 To break it with a fearful dream of him,  
 And cry myself awake ? that's false to his bed,  
 Is it ?

*Pis.* Alas, good lady !

*Imo.* I false ? Thy conscience witness :—Iachimo,  
 Thou didst accuse him of incontinency ;  
 Thou then look'dst like a villain ; now, methinks,  
 Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,  
 Whose mother was her painting<sup>4</sup>, hath betray'd him :  
 Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion ;  
 And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls<sup>5</sup>,

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *persons of the highest rank.*

<sup>4</sup> *Putta*, in Italian, signifies both a *jay* and a *loose woman*. We have the word again in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* :—"Teach him to know *turtles* from *jays*." See vol. i. p. 258. "Some *jay* of Italy, whose *mother* was her *painting*, i. e. made by art ; the creature not of nature but of *painting*." In this sense *painting* may be said to be her mother. Steevens met with a similar phrase in some old play :—"A parcel of conceited feather-caps, whose *fathers* were their *garments* ;" but we have a similar thought in this play, where Guiderius says to Cloten :—

"No, nor thy tailor, rascal ;

Who is thy grandfather, he made thy clothes

Which as it seems made thee."

The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio would substitute "who smothers her with painting ;" a strange and uncalled for attempt to *improve* what the poet wrote.

<sup>5</sup> That is, *to be hung up as useless among the neglected contents of a wardrobe*. So in *Measure for Measure* :—

"That have, like unscour'd armour, *hung by the wall*."

Clothes were not formerly, as at present, made of slight materials, were not kept in drawers, or given away as soon as lapse of time or change of fashion had impaired their value. On the contrary, they were hung up on wooden pegs, in a room appropriated to the sole purpose of receiving them ; and though such cast off things as were composed of *rich* substances were occasionally

I must be ripp'd :—to pieces with me !—O,  
Men's vows are women's traitors ! All good seeming,  
By thy revolt, O husband ! shall be thought  
Put on for villainy ; not born, where't grows ;  
But worn, a bait for ladies.

*Pis.* Good madam, hear me.

*Imo.* True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,  
Were, in his time, thought false : and Sinon's weeping  
Did scandal many a holy tear : took pity  
From most true wretchedness : So, thou, Posthumus,  
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men<sup>6</sup> ;  
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjurd,  
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest :  
Do thou thy master's bidding : when thou seest him,  
A little witness my obedience : Look !  
I draw the sword myself : take it ; and hit  
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart :  
Fear not : 'tis empty of all things, but grief :  
Thy master is not there ; who was, indeed,  
The riches of it. Do his bidding ; strike.  
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause ;  
But now thou seem'st a coward.

*Pis.* Hence, vile instrument !  
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

*ripped* for domestic uses, articles of inferior quality were suffered to hang by the walls till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations :—

“Comitem horridulum tritâ donare lacerna,”

seems not to have been customary among our ancestors. When Queen Elizabeth died, she was found to have left above three thousand dresses behind her. Steevens once saw one of these repositories at an ancient mansion in Suffolk, which (thanks to a succession of old maids!) had been preserved with superstitious reverence for almost a century and a half.

<sup>6</sup> *Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men.*

The *leaven* is, in Scripture phraseology, “the whole wickedness of our sinful nature.” See 1 Corinthians, v. 6, 7, 8. “Thy failure, Posthumus, will lay *falsehood* to the charge of men without guile : make all suspected.”

*Imo.*

Why, I must die ;

And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter  
There is a prohibition so divine,  
That cravens my weak hand<sup>7</sup>. Come, here's my heart;  
Something's afore't<sup>8</sup>:—Soft, soft ! we'll no defence ;  
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here ?  
The scriptures<sup>9</sup> of the loyal Leonatus,  
All turn'd to heresy ? Away, away,  
Corrupters of my faith ! you shall no more  
Be stomachers to my heart ! Thus may poor fools  
Believe false teachers : Though those that are betray'd  
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor  
Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus, that didst set up  
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,  
And make me put into contempt the suits  
Of princely fellows<sup>10</sup>, shalt hereafter find  
It is no act of common passage, but  
A strain of rareness : and I grieve myself,  
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her  
That now thou tir'st<sup>11</sup> on, how thy memory

<sup>7</sup> i. e. *That makes me afraid to put an end to my own life.* Hamlet exclaims:—

“ O that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter.”

<sup>8</sup> *Afore't.* The folio misprints, *afoot*. The context points out the true word.

<sup>9</sup> Shakespeare here means Leonatus's letters, but there is an opposition intended between *scripture*, in its common signification, and *heresy*.

<sup>10</sup> *Fellows* for *equals* ; those of the same princely rank with myself.

<sup>11</sup> “ When thou shalt be *disedg'd* by her

That now thou *tir'st* on.”

The first, as well as the last, of these metaphorical expressions is from falconry. A bird of prey may be said to be *disedged* when the keenness of its appetite is taken away by *tiring*, or feeding, upon some object given to it for that purpose.

Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch :  
 The lamb entreats the butcher : Where's thy knife ?  
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,  
 When I desire it too.

*Pis.* O gracious lady,  
 Since I receiv'd command to do this business,  
 I have not slept one wink.

*Imo.* Do't, and to bed then.

*Pis.* I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first<sup>12</sup>.

*Imo.* Wherefore then  
 Didst undertake it ? Why hast thou abus'd  
 So many miles with a pretence ? this place ?  
 Mine action, and thine own ? our horses' labour ?  
 The time inviting thee ? the perturb'd court,  
 For my being absent ; whereunto I never  
 Purpose return ? Why hast thou gone so far,  
 To be unbent<sup>13</sup>, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,  
 The elected deer before thee ?

*Pis.* But to win time  
 To lose so bad employment : in the which  
 I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,  
 Hear me with patience.

*Imo.* Talk thy tongue weary ; speak :  
 I have heard, I am a strumpet : and mine ear,  
 Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,  
 Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

*Pis.* Then, madam,  
 I thought you would not back again.

*Imo.* Most like ;  
 Bringing me here to kill me.

*Pis.* Not so, neither :

<sup>12</sup> *Blind*, which is not in the old copy, was supplied by Hanmer.

<sup>13</sup> i. e. *To have thy bow unbent*, alluding to a hunter. So in one of Shakespeare's poems in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599 :—

“When as thine eye hath chose the dame  
 And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike.”



But if I were as wise as honest, then  
 My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,  
 But that my master is abus'd :  
 Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,  
 Hath done you both this cursed injury.

*Imo.* Some Roman courtezan.

*Pis.* No, on my life :

I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him  
 Some bloody sign of it ; for 'tis commanded  
 I should do so : You shall be miss'd at court,  
 And that will well confirm it.

*Imo.* Why, good fellow,

What shall I do the while ? Where bide ? How live ?  
 Or in my life what comfort, when I am  
 Dead to my husband ?

*Pis.* If you'll back to the court,—

*Imo.* No court, no father ; nor no more ado  
 With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing—  
 That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me  
 As fearful as a siege.

*Pis.* If not at court,

Then not in Britain must you bide.

*Imo.* Where then ?

Hath Britain all the sun that shines<sup>14</sup> ? Day, night,  
 Are they not but in Britain ? I' the world's volume  
 Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't<sup>a</sup> ;  
 In a great pool, a swan's nest ; Pr'ythee, think  
 There's livers out of Britain.

*Pis.* I am most glad

You think of other place. Th'embassador  
 Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford Haven

<sup>14</sup> The poet may have had in his mind a passage in Lyly's *Euphues*, which he has imitated in *King Richard II.* See it in a note on that play, vol. iv. p. 426, note 23.

<sup>a</sup> There seems an allusion here to the "*Toto divisos orbo*" of *Virgil*.

To-morrow : Now, if you could wear a mind  
 Dark as your fortune is<sup>15</sup> ; and but disguise  
 That, which, t'appear itself, must not yet be,  
 But by self-danger ; you should tread a course  
 Pretty<sup>16</sup>, and full of view : yea, haply, near  
 The residence of Posthumus : so nigh, at least,  
 That though his actions were not visible, yet  
 Report should render him hourly to your ear,  
 As truly as he moves.

*Imo.* O, for such means !  
 Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,  
 I would adventure.

*Pis.* Well then, here's the point :  
 You must forget to be a woman ; change  
 Command into obedience ; fear and niceness  
 (The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,  
 Woman its pretty self) into a waggish courage ;  
 Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and  
 As quarrellous as the weasel<sup>17</sup> : nay, you must

<sup>15</sup> "To wear a *dark mind* is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others." *Darkness*, applied to the *mind*, is secrecy ; applied to the *fortune*, is *obscurity*. The next lines are obscure. "You must," says Pisanio, "disguise that greatness which, to appear hereafter in its proper form, *cannot yet appear without great danger to itself*."

<sup>16</sup> *Pretty*. The correction made in Mr. Collier's second folio is *priry*, but this would require us to change *and to yet*. The construction seems to be a "pretty course," *i. e.* an *apt, convenient* course ; one affording a full view of what is passing.

<sup>17</sup> So in King Henry IV. Part I.—

"A *weasel* hath not such a deal of spleen  
 As you are toss'd with."

This character of the *weasel* is not mentioned by naturalists. Weasels were formerly, it appears, kept in houses instead of cats, for the purpose of killing vermin. Phædrus notices this their feline office in the first and fourth fables of his fourth book. The poet no doubt speaks from observation ; while a youth he would have frequent opportunities to ascertain their disposition. Perhaps this note requires the apology which Steevens has affixed to it :—"Frivola hæc fortassis cuipiam et nimis levia esse videantur sed curiositas nihil recusat."—*Vopiscus in Vitâ Aureliani*, c. x.

Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,  
 Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!  
 Alack no remedy!) to the greedy touch  
 Of common-kissing Titan<sup>18</sup>! and forget  
 Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein  
 You made great Juno angry.

*Imo.*

Nay, be brief:

I see into thy end, and am almost  
 A man already.

*Pis.*

First, make yourself but like one,  
 Fore-thinking this, I have already fit  
 ('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all  
 That answer to them: Would you, in their serving,  
 And with what imitation you can borrow  
 From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius  
 Present yourself, desire his service, tell him  
 Wherein you're happy<sup>19</sup> (which you'll<sup>20</sup> make him  
 know,

If that his head have ear in musick), doubtless,  
 With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,  
 And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad;  
 You have me rich, and I will never fail<sup>21</sup>  
 Beginning, nor supplyment.

*Imo.*

Thou art all the comfort

The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:  
 There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even<sup>22</sup>

<sup>18</sup> Thus in Othello:—

"The bawdy wind that *kisses* all it meets."  
 So in Sidney's *Arcadia*, lib. iii. "And beautiful might have been  
 if they had not suffered greedy Phæbus over often and hard to  
*kisse* them." See note on Hamlet, Act ii. Sc. 2, p. 197, note 24.

<sup>19</sup> i. e. *Wherein you are accomplished.*

<sup>20</sup> The old copy reads, "which *will* make him know;" most pro-  
 bably an error for *you'll*. The correction is by Hammer.

<sup>21</sup> I follow the punctuation of the folio. Malone's pointing  
 and explanation are equally erroneous. Pisanio is meant to say,  
 "Your means being scattered or dispersed, you have still me rich."

<sup>22</sup> i. e. "We'll make our work *even* with our *time*; we'll do  
 what time will allow."

All that good time will give us : This attempt  
I am soldier to<sup>23</sup>, and will abide it with  
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

*Pis.* Well, madam, we must take a short farewell :  
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of  
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,  
Here is a box ; I had it from the queen ;  
What's in't is precious ; if you are sick at sea,  
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this  
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,  
And fit you to your manhood :—May the gods  
Direct you to the best !

*Imo.*

Amen : I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and  
Lords.*

*Cym.* Thus far ; and so farewell.

*Luc.*

Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote ; I must from hence ;  
And am right sorry, that I must report ye  
My master's enemy.

*Cym.*

Our subjects, sir,  
Will not endure his yoke : and for ourself  
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs  
Appear unkinglike.

*Luc.*

So, sir, I desire of you  
A conduct over land, to Milford Haven.—  
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you<sup>1</sup> !

*Cym.* My lords, you are appointed for that office ;

<sup>23</sup> i. e. *I am equal to, or have ability for it.*

<sup>1</sup> We should apparently read "*his* grace and you," or "*your* grace and *yours*."

The due of honour in no point omit :—

So, farewell, noble Lucius.

*Luc.* Your hand, my lord.

*Clo.* Receive it friendly : but from this time forth  
I wear it as your enemy.

*Luc.* Sir, the event  
Is yet to name the winner ; Fare you well.

*Cym.* Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,  
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness !

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, and LORDS.*]

*Queen.* He goes hence frowning : but it honours us,  
That we have given him cause.

*Clo.* 'Tis all the better ;  
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

*Cym.* Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor  
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,  
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness :  
The powers that he already hath in Gallia  
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves  
His war for Britain.

*Queen.* 'Tis not sleepy business ;  
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

*Cym.* Our expectation that it would be thus,  
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,  
Where is our daughter ? She hath not appear'd  
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd  
The duty of the day : She looks as like<sup>a</sup>  
A thing more made of malice, than of duty :  
We have noted it.—Call her before us ; for  
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

*Queen.* Royal sir,  
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd

<sup>a</sup> Thus the second folio. The first misprints "She *looke us* like." All the recent editions have the awkward phrase, "She *looks us* like."

Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my lord,  
 'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,  
 Forbear sharp speeches to her : she's a lady  
 So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,  
 And strokes death to her.

*Re-enter an Attendant.*

*Cym.* Where is she, sir ? How  
 Can her contempt be answer'd ?

*Atten.* Please you, sir,  
 Her chambers are all lock'd ; and there's no answer  
 That will be given to th'loud<sup>2</sup>st noise we make.

*Queen.* My lord, when last I went to visit her,  
 She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close ;  
 Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,  
 She should that duty leave unpaid to you,  
 Which daily she was bound to proffer : this  
 She wish'd me to make known ; but our great court  
 Made me to blame in memory.

*Cym.* Her doors lock'd ?  
 Not seen of late ? Grant, heavens, that which I  
 Fear prove false ! [*Exit.*

*Queen.* Son, I say, follow the king.

*Clo.* That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,  
 I have not seen these two days.

*Queen.* Go, look after.—  
[*Exit* CLOTEN.]

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus !—  
 He hath a drug of mine : I pray, his absence  
 Proceed by swallowing\*that ; for he believes  
 It is a thing most precious. But for her,  
 Where is she gone ? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her ;  
 Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown  
 To her desir'd Posthumus : Gone she is

<sup>2</sup> The folio has "th'lowd of noise." It is most probable that *of* is a misprint for *'st*. Most recent editions have "the loud<sup>st</sup> of noise."

To death, or to dishonour ; and my end  
Can make good use of either : She being down,  
I have the placing of the British crown.

*Re-enter CLOTEN.*

How now, my son ?

*Clo.* 'Tis certain, she is fled ;  
Go in, and cheer the king ; he rages ; none  
Dare come about him.

*Queen.* All the better ; May  
This night forestall him of the coming day<sup>3</sup> !  
[*Exit Queen.*

*Clo.* I love, and hate her ; for she's fair and royal ;  
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite  
Than lady, ladies, woman<sup>4</sup> ; from every one  
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,  
Outsells them all : I love her therefore ; But,  
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on  
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgement,  
That what's else rare, is chok'd ; and, in that point,  
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,  
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools  
Shall——

*Enter PISANIO.*

Who is here ? What ! are you packing, sirrah ?  
Come hither : Ah, you precious pander ! Villain,  
Where is thy lady ? In a word ; or else  
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

*Pis.* O, good my lord !

*Clo.* Where is thy lady ? or, by Jupiter

<sup>3</sup> *i. e.* " May his grief this night prevent him from ever seeing another day, by anticipated and premature destruction." Thus in Milton's *Comus* :—

" Perhaps *forestalling* night prevented them."

<sup>4</sup> Than any *lady*, than all *ladies*, than all *womankind*. There is a similar passage in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii. Sc. 3 :—

" To any count ; to all counts ; to what is man."

I will not ask again. Close villain,  
 I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip  
 Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?  
 From whose so many weights of baseness cannot  
 A dram of worth be drawn.

*Pis.* Alas, my lord,  
 How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?  
 He is in Rome.

*Clo.* Where is she, sir? Come nearer;  
 No farther halting: satisfy me home,  
 What is become of her?

*Pis.* O, my all-worthy lord!

*Clo.* All-worthy villain!  
 Discover where thy mistress is, at once,  
 At the next word:—No more of worthy lord:  
 Speak, or thy silence on the instant is  
 Thy condemnation and thy death.

*Pis.* Then, sir,  
 This paper is the history of my knowledge  
 Touching her flight. [*Presenting a Letter.*]

*Clo.* Let's see't:—I will pursue her  
 Even to Augustus' throne.

*Pis.* Or this, or perish<sup>5</sup>.  
 She's far enough; and what he learns by this, } *Aside.*  
 May prove his travel, not her danger.

*Clo.* Humph!

*Pis.* I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,  
 Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again! [*Aside.*]

*Clo.* Sirrah, is this letter true?

*Pis.* Sir, as I think.

*Clo.* It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if  
 thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service;  
 undergo those employments, wherein I should have

<sup>5</sup> Pisanio, in giving Cloten a letter which is to mislead him, says aside, "I must either *practise this deceit* upon Cloten or perish by his fury." Dr. Johnson thought the words should be given to Cloten.



cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

*Pis.* Well, my good lord.

*Clo.* Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

*Pis.* Sir, I will.

*Clo.* Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

*Pis.* I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

*Clo.* The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither; let it be thy first service; go.

*Pis.* I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*

*Clo.* Meet thee at Milford Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—Even there, thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would these garments were come. She said upon a time (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart), that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised), to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

*Re-enter PISANIO, with the Clothes.*

Be those the garments?

*Pis.* Ay, my noble lord.

*Clo.* How long is't since she went to Milford Haven?

*Pis.* She can scarce be there yet.

*Clo.* Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would, I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*]

*Pis.* Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true<sup>6</sup>.—To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed!

[*Exit.*]

# SCENE VI. *Before the Cave of Belarius.*

*Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.*

*Imo.* I see, a man's life is a tedious one: I have 'tir'd myself<sup>1</sup>; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me.—Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee, Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think, Foundations fly the wretched<sup>2</sup>: such, I mean,

<sup>6</sup> Pisanio, notwithstanding his master's letter commanding the murder of Imogen, considers him as *true*, supposing, as he has already said to her, that Posthumus was abused by some villain equally an enemy to them both.

<sup>1</sup> *Tir'd.* Mr. Collier's folio would substitute *attired*. The old copy has not the mark of elision, but spells it *tyr'd*.

<sup>2</sup> Thus in the fifth *Æneid*:—

“*Italiam sequimur fugientem.*”

Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,  
 I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie,  
 That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis  
 A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,  
 When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fulness  
 Is sorer<sup>3</sup>, than to lie for need; and falsehood  
 Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!  
 Thou art one o' the false ones: Now I think on thee,  
 My hunger's gone; but even before, I was  
 At point to sink for food.—But what is this?  
 Here is a path to't: 'Tis some savage hold:  
 I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,  
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.  
 Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever  
 Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! who's here?  
 If any thing that's civil<sup>4</sup>, speak; if savage,  
 Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.  
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy  
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.  
 Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the Cave.*]

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman<sup>5</sup>,  
 and

Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,  
 Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match<sup>6</sup>.  
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die,  
 But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs  
 Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness

<sup>3</sup> i. e. is a greater or heavier crime.

<sup>4</sup> *Civil* is here *civilized*, as opposed to *savage, wild, rude, or uncultivated*. "If any one dwell here."

<sup>5</sup> A woodman in its common acceptation, as here, signifies a hunter. So in *The Rape of Lucrece*:—

"He is no woodman that doth bend his bow  
 Against a poor unseasonable doe."

<sup>6</sup> *Our match*, i. e. *our compact*. See it in Act iii. Sc. 3.

Can snore upon the flint, when restie<sup>7</sup> sloth  
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,  
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

*Gui.* I am thoroughly weary.

*Arr.* I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

*Gui.* There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse  
on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

*Bel.* Stay; come not in:  
[*Looking in.*]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think  
Here were a fairy.

*Gui.* What's the matter, sir?

*Bel.* By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,  
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness  
No elder than a boy!

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Imo.* Good masters, harm me not:  
Before I enter'd here, I call'd: and thought  
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good  
troth,  
I have stol'n nought; nor would not, though I had  
found  
Gold strew'd i' the floor<sup>8</sup>. Here's money for my meat:

<sup>7</sup> *Restie*, which Steevens unwarrantably changed to *restive*, signifies here *idle, inert*; in Bullokar's *Expositor*, 1616, it is explained *dull, heavy, idle, inert*. Milton uses it in his *Eiconoclastes*, sec. 24, "The master is too *resty*, or too rich, to say his own prayers, or to bless his own table." Beaumont and Fletcher use it in the same sense in *The Maid's Tragedy*, Act ii. Sc. 2. What between Malone's "*resty, rancid, mouldy*," which Mr. Knight adopts; and Steevens's "*restive, stubborn, refractory*," the reader is misled and the passage left unexplained; or, what is worse, explained erroneously in all preceding editions.

<sup>8</sup> Hammer altered this to "*o' the floor*," but unnecessarily; *in* was frequently used for *on* in Shakespeare's time, as in the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done *in* earth," καὶ Εἰπὶ τῆς γῆς.

I would have left it on the board, so soon  
As I had made my meal; and parted  
With prayers for the provider.

*Gui.* Money, youth?

*Arv.* All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!  
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those  
Who worship dirty gods.

*Imo.* I see, you're angry:  
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should  
Have died, had I not made it.

*Bel.* Whither bound?

*Imo.* To Milford Haven.

*Bel.* What's your name?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who  
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;  
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,  
I am fall'n in<sup>9</sup> this offence.

*Bel.* Pr'ythee, fair youth,  
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds  
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!  
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer  
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—  
Boys, bid him welcome.

*Gui.* Were you a woman, youth,  
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,  
I bid for you, as I'd buy<sup>10</sup>.

*Arv.* I'll make't my comfort  
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—  
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,  
After long absence, such is yours:—Most welcome!  
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

*Imo.* 'Mongst friends!

<sup>9</sup> *In* for *into*, as in *Othello*:—

“Fallen *in* the practice of a cursed slave.”

<sup>10</sup> *As I'd buy*. The old copies read, “as *I do* buy.” The *o* being evidently a press error.

If brothers?—'Would, it had been so, that  
 they  
 Had been my father's sons ! then had my  
 prize<sup>11</sup>  
 Been less ; and so more equal ballasting  
 To thee, Posthumus.

} *Aside.*

*Bel.* He wrings<sup>12</sup> at some distress.

*Gui.* 'Would, I could free't!

*Arr.* Or I; whate'er it be,  
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

*Bel.* Hark, boys.  
[*Whispering.*

*Imo.* Great men,  
That had a court no bigger than this cave,  
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue  
Which their own conscience seal'd them (laying by  
That nothing gift of differing<sup>13</sup> multitudes),  
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!  
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,  
Since Leonatus' false<sup>14</sup>.

*Bel.* It shall be so :

<sup>11</sup> I have elsewhere observed that *prize*, *prise*, and *price* were confounded, or used indiscriminately by our ancestors. Indeed it is not now uncommon at this day, as Malone observes, to hear persons above the vulgar confound the words, and talk of high-*priz'd* and low-*priz'd* goods. *Prize* here is evidently used for *value*, *estimation*. The reader who wishes to see how the words were formerly confounded may consult Baret's *Alvearie*, in *v. price*.

<sup>12</sup> To *wring* is to *writhe*. So in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v. Sc. 1:—"To those that *wring* under the load of sorrow."

<sup>13</sup> *Differing multitudes* are *varying* or *wavering multitudes*. So in the Induction to the Second Part of King Henry VI.—

"The still discordant *wavering* multitude."

I cannot conceive how Mr. Collier could suppose that *differing in rank* was meant.

<sup>14</sup> Malone says, "As Shakespeare has used in other places 'Menelaus' tent' and 'thy mistress' ear,' for 'Menelaus tent' and 'thy mistresses ear;' it is probable that he used 'since Leonatus' false' for 'since Leonatus is false.'" Steevens, of course, doubts this; but Mr. Sidney Walker has shown that Shakespeare makes an elision of *is* after *this*, in a similar way. See *Shakespeare's Versification*, p. 80.

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in :  
 Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have supp'd,  
 We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,  
 So far as thou wilt speak it.

*Gui.* Pray draw near.

*Arv.* The night to the owl, and morn to the lark,  
 less welcome.

*Imo.* Thanks, sir.

*Arv.* I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE VII. Rome.

*Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.*

1 *Sen.* This is the tenour of the emperor's writ ;  
 That since the common men are now in action  
 'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians ;  
 And that the legions now in Gallia are  
 Full weak to undertake our wars against  
 The fallen-off Britons ; that we do incite  
 The gentry to this business. He creates  
 Lucius pro-consul : and to you the tribunes,  
 For this immediate levy, he commends<sup>1</sup>  
 His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar !

*Tri.* Is Lucius general of the forces ?

2 *Sen.*

*Ay.*

*Tri.* Remaining now in Gallia ?

1 *Sen.*

With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy  
 Must be suppliant : The words of your commission  
 Will tie you to the numbers, and the time  
 Of their despatch.

*Tri.* We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> The old copies have *he commands*, but to *commend* was the old formula. We have it again in *King Lear* :—" I did *commend* your highness' letters to them." And in *All's Well that Ends Well* :—" *Commend* the paper to his gracious hand."

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Forest, near the Cave.**Enter CLOTEN.**Cloten.*

**I** AM near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber,) I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions<sup>1</sup>: yet this imperseverant<sup>2</sup> thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces be-

<sup>1</sup> *In single oppositions, i. e. in single combat.* So in King Henry IV. Part I. Act i. Sc. 3:—

“In *single opposition*, hand to hand,  
He did confound the best part of an hour  
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.”

An *opposite*, in the language of Shakespeare's age, was the common phrase for an *antagonist*. See vol. iii. p. 446, note 20.

<sup>2</sup> *Imperseverant, i. e. undiscerning.* Mr. Dyce has pointed out another instance where *perseverance* is put for *perceivance*, or discernment: and the Rev. Mr. Arrowsmith has adduced numerous instances of the same use of the word in Notes and Queries, vol. vii. p. 400.



fore thy face : and all this done, spurn her home to her father : who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage : but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe : Out, sword, and to a sore purpose ! Fortune, put them into my hand ! This is the very description of their meeting-place ; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Before the Cave.*

*Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

*Bel.* You are not well : [To IMOGEN] remain here in the cave :

We'll come to you after hunting.

*Arv.*

Brother, stay here :

[To IMOGEN.

Are we not brothers ?

*Imo.*

So man and man should be ;

But clay and clay differs in dignity,

Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

*Gui.* Go you to hunting. I'll abide with him.

*Imo.* So sick I am not ; yet I am not well :

But not so citizen a wanton, as

To seem to die, ere sick : So please you leave me ;

Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom

Is breach of all. I am ill ; but your being by me

Cannot amend me : Society is no comfort

To one not sociable : I am not very sick,

Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here :

I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,

Stealing so poorly.

*Gui.*

I love thee ; I have spoke it :

How much the quantity, the weight as much,

As I do love my father.

*Bel.*

What ! how ? how ?

*Arr.* If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me  
In my good brother's fault : I know not why  
I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,  
Love's reason's without reason ; the bier at door,  
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,  
" My father, not this youth."

*Bel.*

O noble strain ! [*Aside.*

O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !

" Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base :  
" Nature hath meal, and bran ; contempt, and grace."

I'm not their father : yet who this should be,  
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—

'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

*Arr.*

Brother, farewell.

*Imo.* I wish ye sport.

*Arr.*

You health.—So please you, sir.

*Imo.* [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods,  
what lies I have heard !

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court :

Experience, O, thou disprov'st report !

The imperious<sup>1</sup> seas breed monsters ; for the dish,  
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still ; heart-sick :—Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug.

*Gui.*

I could not stir him ;

He said, he was gentle<sup>2</sup>, but unfortunate ;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

*Arr.* Thus did he answer me : yet said, hereafter

<sup>1</sup> Here again Malone asserts that "*imperious* was used by Shakespeare for *imperial*." This is absurd enough when we look at the context : what has *imperial* to do with seas ? *Imperious* has here its usual meaning of *proud, haughty*. See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv. Sc. 5, note 24, p. 271.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *I could not move him to tell his story*. Gentle is of a gentle race or rank, well born.

I might know more.

*Bel.* To the field, to the field :—  
We'll leave you for this time ; go in, and rest.

*Arr.* We'll not be long away.

*Bel.* Pray, be not sick,  
For you must be our housewife.

*Imo.* Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

*Bel.* And shalt be ever<sup>3</sup>.

[*Exit* IMOGEN.]

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had  
Good ancestors.

*Arr.* How angel-like he sings !

*Gui.* But his neat cookery ! He cut our roots in  
characters ;

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,  
And he her dieter.

*Arr.* Nobly he yokes  
A smiling with a sigh : as if the sigh  
Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;  
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly  
From so divine a temple, to commix  
With winds that sailors rail at.

*Gui.* I do note,  
That grief and patience, rooted in him<sup>4</sup> both,  
Mingle their spurs<sup>5</sup> together.

*Arr.* Grow, patience !  
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine

<sup>3</sup> Mason would give this to Imogen, and read *shalt* instead of *shalt*.

<sup>4</sup> The old copies have "rooted in *them* both ;" and below *patient* for *patience*.

<sup>5</sup> *Spurs* are the longest and largest leading roots of trees. We have the word again in *The Tempest* :—

"The strong bas'd promontory  
Have I made shake, and by the *sours*  
Pluck'd up the pine and cedar."

His perishing root, with the increasing vine<sup>6</sup>!

*Bel.* It is great morning<sup>7</sup>. Come ; away !—Who's there ?

*Enter CLOTEN.*

*Clo.* I cannot find those runagates ; that villain Hath mock'd me : I am faint.

*Bel.* Those runagates ! Means he not us ? I partly know him ; 'tis Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush. I saw him not these many years, and yet I know 'tis he :—We are held as outlaws :—Hence !

*Gui.* He is but one : You and my brother search What companies are near : pray you, away ; Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*

*Clo.* Soft ! What are you That fly me thus ? some villain mountaineers ? I have heard of such.—What slave art thou ?

*Gui.* A thing More slavish did I ne'er, than answering A slave, without a knock<sup>8</sup>.

*Clo.* Thou art a robber, A law-breaker, a villain : Yield thee, thief.

*Gui.* To who ? to thee ? What art thou ? Have not I

An arm as big as thine ? a heart as big ? Thy words, I grant, are bigger ; for I wear not

<sup>6</sup> How much difficulty has been made to appear in this simple figurative passage ! which to me appears sufficiently intelligible without a note. " Let *patience* grow, and let the stinking elder, grief, untwine his perishing root *from* those of the increasing vine, *patience*." I have already observed, that *with*, *from*, and *by*, are almost always convertible words.

<sup>7</sup> The same phrase occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv. Sc. 3, p. 257, note 1. It is a Gallicism :—" Il est grand matin."

<sup>8</sup> i. e. *than answering that abusive word slave.*

My dagger in my mouth<sup>9</sup>. Say, what art thou ;  
Why I should yield to thee ?

*Clo.* Thou villain base,  
Know'st me not by my clothes ?

*Gui.* No, nor thy tailor, rascal,  
Who is thy grandfather ; he made those clothes,  
Which, as it seems, make thee<sup>10</sup>.

*Clo.* Thou precious varlet,  
My tailor made them not.

*Gui.* Hence then, and thank  
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool :  
I am loath to beat thee.

*Clo.* Thou injurious thief,  
Hear but my name, and tremble.

*Gui.* What's thy name ?

*Clo.* Cloten, thou villain.

*Gui.* Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,  
I cannot tremble at it ; were't toad, or adder, spider,  
'Twould move me sooner.

*Clo.* To thy further fear,  
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know  
I'm son to the queen.

*Gui.* I'm sorry for't ; not seeming  
So worthy as thy birth.

*Clo.* Art not afeard ?

*Gui.* Those that I reverence, those I fear ; the wise :  
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

*Clo.* Die the death :  
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,

<sup>9</sup> So in Solyman and Perseda, 1599 :—

" *I fight not with my tongue : this is my oratrix.*"

Macduff says to Macbeth :—

" I have no words ;

My *voice* is in my sword."

The old copies have, " Say what thou art."

<sup>10</sup> See a note on a similar passage in a former scene, p. 417  
Act iii. Sc. 4, note 4.

I'll follow those that even now fled hence,  
 And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads :  
 Yield, rustick mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

*Enter* BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* No company's abroad.

*Arv.* None in the world : You did mistake him, sure.

*Bel.* I cannot tell : Long is it since I saw him,  
 But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour  
 Which then he wore ; the snatches in his voice,  
 And burst of speaking, were as his : I am absolute,  
 'Twas very Cloten.

*Arv.* In this place we left them :  
 I wish my brother make good time with him,  
 You say he is so fell.

*Bel.* Being scarce made up,  
 I mean, to man, he had not apprehension  
 Of roaring terrors ; for defect of judgement  
 Is oft the cure<sup>11</sup> of fear : But see, thy brother.

*Re-enter* GUIDERIUS, *with* CLOTEN'S *Head.*

*Gui.* This Cloten was a fool : an empty purse,  
 There was no money in't : not Hercules  
 Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none :  
 Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne  
 My head, as I do his.

*Bel.* What hast thou done ?

*Gui.* I am perfect<sup>12</sup> what : cut off one Cloten's head,  
 Son to the queen, after his own report ;

<sup>11</sup> *Is oft the cure of fear.* The old copy reads, "for defect of judgement is oft the *cause* of fear ;" but this cannot be right : Belarius is assigning a reason for Cloten's foolhardy desperation, not accounting for his cowardice. The emendation adopted is Hanmer's. Theobald reads—

"For *th'effect* of judgement  
 Is oft the *cause* of fear."

<sup>12</sup> *I am perfect*, i. e. *I am well informed what.*

Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer ; and swore,  
 With his own single hand he'd take us in<sup>13</sup>,  
 Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they grow,  
 And set them on Lud's town.

*Bel.* We are all undone.

*Gui.* Why, worthy father, what have we to lose  
 But, that he swore to take,—our lives? The law  
 Protects not us : Then why should we be tender  
 To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us ;  
 Play judge, and executioner, all himself ;  
 For<sup>14</sup> we do fear the law? What company  
 Discover you abroad?

*Bel.* No single soul

Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,  
 He must have some attendants. Though his humour<sup>15</sup>  
 Was nothing but mutation ; ay, and that  
 From one bad thing to worse ; not frenzy, not  
 Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,  
 To bring him here alone : Although, perhaps,  
 It may be heard at court, that such as we  
 Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time  
 May make some stronger head : the which he hearing  
 (As it is like him), might break out, and swear  
 He'd fetch us in ; yet is't not probable  
 To come alone, either he so undertaking,  
 Or they so suffering : then on good ground we fear  
 If we do fear this body hath a tail  
 More perilous than the head.

*Arr.* Let ordinance

Come as the gods foresay it : howsoe'er,  
 My brother hath done well.

<sup>13</sup> *Take us in*, i. e. *conquer, subdue us*.

<sup>14</sup> *For* again in the sense of *cause*.

<sup>15</sup> The old copy reads, "his honour." The emendation is Theobald's. *Honour* and *humour* have been erroneously printed for each other in other passages of the old editions.

*Bel.* I had no mind  
To hunt this day : the boy Fidele's sickness  
Did make my way long forth<sup>16</sup>.

*Gui.* With his own sword,  
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en  
His head from him : I'll throw't into the creek  
Behind our rock ; and let it to the sea,  
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten :  
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*]

*Bel.* I fear, 'twill be reveng'd :  
'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't ! though va-  
lour  
Becomes thee well enough.

*Arr.* 'Would, I had done't,  
So the revenge alone pursued me !—Polydore,  
I love thee brotherly ; but envy much,  
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed : I would, revenges,  
That possible strength might meet<sup>17</sup>, would seek us  
through,  
And put us to our answer.

*Bel.* Well, 'tis done :—  
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger  
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock ;  
You and Fidele play the cooks : I'll stay  
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him  
To dinner presently.

*Arr.* Poor sick Fidele !  
I'll willingly to him : To gain his colour,  
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood<sup>18</sup>,

<sup>16</sup> *i. e.* " Fidele's sickness made my *walk forth* from the cave tedious." So in King Richard III. :—

" Our crosses on the way  
Have made it tedious," &c.

<sup>17</sup> *i. e.* " Such pursuit of vengeance as fell within any possibility of opposition."

<sup>18</sup> *i. e.* " To restore Fidele to the bloom of health, to recall the colour into his cheeks, I would let out the blood of a *whole parish*,



And praise myself for charity.

[*Exit.*

*Bel.*

O thou goddess,  
Thou divine Nature, how<sup>a</sup> thyself thou blazon'st  
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle  
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,  
Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,  
Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rud'st wind<sup>19</sup>,  
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder  
That an invisible instinct should frame them  
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;  
Civility not seen from other; valour,  
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop  
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange  
What Cloten's being here to us portends;  
Or what his death will bring us.

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS.*

*Gui.*

Where's my brother?

I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,  
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage  
For his return.

[*Solemn Musick.*

*Bel.*

My ingenious instrument!<sup>20</sup>

Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion  
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!

*Gui.* Is he at home?

or any number of such fellows as Cloten." A *parish* is a common phrase for a *great number*.

"Heaven give you joy, sweet master Palatine.  
And to you, sir, a *whole parish* of children."

*The Wits, by Davenant, p. 222.*

<sup>a</sup> The first folio has *thou*, the second omits the word. The judicious substitution of *how* is by Malone.

<sup>19</sup> See a passage from Shakespeare's *Lover's Complaint*, cited in vol. v. p. 257, note 3.

<sup>20</sup> Mr. Hunter conjectures that the Æolian harp is the instrument Belarius speaks of; but this is irreconcilable with what Belarius says about Cadwal giving it motion.

*Bel.* He went hence even now.

*Gui.* What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things  
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?  
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys<sup>21</sup>,  
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys,  
Is Cadwal mad?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN, as dead, in his Arms.*

*Bel.* Look, here he comes,  
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,  
Of what we blame him for!

*Arv.* The bird is dead,  
That we have made so much on. I had rather  
Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,  
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,  
Than have seen this.

*Gui.* O sweetest, fairest lily!  
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,  
As when thou grew'st thyself.

*Bel.* O, melancholy!  
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find  
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare<sup>23</sup>

<sup>21</sup> *Toys* are trifles.

<sup>23</sup> A *crare* was a small vessel of burthen, sometimes spelled *craer*, *crayer*, and even *craye*. The old copy reads, erroneously, "thy sluggish *care*." The emendation was suggested by Symphon in a note on The Captain of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Let him venture

In some decayed *crare* of his own."

The word frequently occurs in Holinshed; as twice, p. 906, vol. ii. And in Sir T. North's Plutarch, fol. 295, b.:—"Sending them come from Catana, in little fisher boates and small *crayers*." So T. Watson in Amintas for his Phillis, printed in England's Helicon:—

"Till thus my soul doth passe in Charon's *crare*."

Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!  
 Jove knows what man thou might'st have made! but I,  
 Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—  
 How found you him?

*Arr.* Stark<sup>24</sup>, as you see:  
 Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,  
 Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek  
 Reposing on a cushion.

*Gui.* Where?  
*Arr.* O' the floor;  
 His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept: and put  
 My clouted brogues<sup>25</sup> from off my feet, whose rudeness  
 Answer'd my steps too loud.

*Gui.* Why, he but sleeps<sup>26</sup>:  
 If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;  
 With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,  
 And worms will not come to them<sup>27</sup>.

*Arr.* With fairest flowers,  
 Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,

<sup>24</sup> *Stark* means entirely cold and stiff.

"And many a nobleman lies *stark*—  
 Under the hoofs of vaulting enemies."

*King Henry IV. Part I.*

<sup>25</sup> "*Clouted brogues*" are coarse wooden shoes, strengthened with *clout* or *hob-nails*. In many parts of England thin plates of iron, called *clouts*, are fixed to the shoes of rustics.

<sup>26</sup> "I cannot forbear," says Steevens, "to introduce a passage somewhat like this from Webster's *White Devil*, or *Vittoria Corombona* [1612], on account of its singular beauty:—

'Oh, thou soft natural death! thou art joint twin  
 To sweetest slumber! no rough-bearded comet  
 Stares on thy mild departure: the dull owl  
 Beats not against thy casement: the hoarse wolf  
 Scents not thy carrion:—pity winds thy corse,  
 While horror waits on princes!'"

<sup>27</sup> The old copies read, "will not come to *thee*;" but the allusion is to the immediate antecedent, the *fairies* haunting the tomb, and not to Fidele. Where fairies resort, it was held that no noxious creature would be found. It appears that *thē*, as it was usual to write and print *them*, has been mistaken for *thee*.

I'll sweeten thy sad grave : Thou shalt not lack  
 The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor  
 The azur'd harebell, like thy veins ; no, nor  
 The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,  
 Out-sweeten'd not thy breath : the ruddock<sup>28</sup> would,  
 With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming  
 Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie  
 Without a monument !) bring thee all this ;  
 Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,  
 To winter-ground<sup>29</sup> thy corse.

*Gui.* Pr'ythee, have done ;

And do not play in wench-like words with that  
 Which is so serious. Let us bury him,  
 And not protract with admiration what  
 Is now due debt.—To the grave.

*Arr.* Say, where shall's lay him ?

*Gui.* By good Euriphile, our mother.

*Arr.* Be't so :

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices  
 Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,  
 As once our mother<sup>a</sup> ; use like note, and words,  
 Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

*Gui.* Cadwal,

I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee :  
 For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse

<sup>28</sup> The *ruddock* is the *red-breast*. In *Cornucopia*, or *Divers Secrets*, &c. by Thomas Johnson, 4to. 1596, sig. E. it is said, "The *robin red-breast*, if he finds a man or woman dead, will *cover all his face with mosse* ; and some thinke that if the body should remain unburied that he would *cover the whole body* also." The reader will remember the pathetic old ballad of the Children in the Wood.

<sup>29</sup> Stevens says, "*To winter-ground* a plant, is to protect it from the inclemency of the winter-season, by straw and other matters laid over it." This precaution is taken in respect of tender trees and flowers, such as Arviragus, who loved Fidele, represents her to be.

<sup>a</sup> The old copies have, "to our mother." Pope corrected it.

Than priests and fanes that lie.

*Arv.* We'll speak it then.

*Bel.* Great griefs, I see, medicine the less<sup>30</sup>: for  
Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:  
And, though he came our enemy, remember,  
He was paid<sup>31</sup> for that: Though mean and mighty,  
rotting

Together, have one dust; yet reverence<sup>32</sup>  
(That angel of the world), doth make distinction  
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;  
And though you took his life, as being our foe,  
Yet bury him as a prince.

*Gui.* Pray you, fetch him hither.  
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,  
When neither are alive.

*Arv.* If you'll go fetch him,  
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.  
[Exit BELARIUS.]

*Gui.* Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to th' east;  
My father hath a reason for't.

*Arv.* 'Tis true.

*Gui.* Come on then, and remove him.

*Arv.* So,—begin.

<sup>30</sup> So in a former passage of this play:—

“A touch more rare

Subdues all pangs and fears.”

And in *King Lear*:—

“Where the greater malady is fix'd,

The lesser is scarce felt.”

<sup>31</sup> *Paid*, i. e. *punished*. Falstaff, after having been beaten, when in the dress of an old woman, says, “I paid nothing for it neither, but *was paid* for my learning.”

<sup>32</sup> *Reverence*, or due regard to subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world.

## SONG.

*Gui.* Fear no more the heat o' the sun<sup>33</sup>,  
 Nor the furious winter's rages ;  
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :  
 Golden lads and girls all must,  
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

*Arv.* Fear no more the frown o' the great,  
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;  
 Care no more to clothe, and eat ;  
 To thee the reed is as the oak :  
 The sceptre, learning, physick, must  
 All follow this, and come to dust.

*Gui.* Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
*Arv.* Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone ;  
*Gui.* Fear not slander, censure rash ;  
*Arv.* Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :  
*Both.* All lovers young, all lovers must  
 Consign<sup>34</sup> to thee, and come to dust.

*Gui.* No exorciser<sup>35</sup> harm thee !  
*Arv.* Nor no witchcraft charm thee !  
*Gui.* Ghost unlaid forbear thee !  
*Arv.* Nothing ill come near thee !

<sup>33</sup> This is the topic of consolation that nature dictates to all men on these occasions. The same farewell we have over the dead body in Lucian:—"Τέκνον \*αθλιον\* \*εκετι διψήσεις, \*εκετι πεινήσεις," &c.—*Warburton*.

<sup>34</sup> To consign to thee is to seal the same contract with thee ; i. e. add their names to thine upon the register of death. So in *Romeo and Juliet* :—

" Seal

A dateless bargain to engrossing death."

It has already been observed that *exorciser* anciently signified a person who could raise spirits, not one who lays them. See vol. iii. p. 363, note 32.

*Both. Quiet consummation*<sup>36</sup> *have ;*  
*And renowned be thy grave*<sup>37</sup> !

*Re-enter BELARIUS, with the Body of CLOTEN.*

*Gui.* We have done our obsequies : Come lay him down.

*Bel.* Here's a few flowers, but about midnight, more :  
 The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night,  
 Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces<sup>38</sup> :  
 You were as flowers, now wither'd : even so  
 These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—  
 Come on, away : apart upon our knees.  
 The ground, that gave them first, has them again ;  
 Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt BEL. GUI. and ARV.*]

*Imo.* [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford Haven ;  
 Which is the way ?—

thank you.—By yond' bush ?—Pray, how far thither ?  
 'Ods pittikins<sup>39</sup> !—can it be six mile yet ?  
 I have gone all night :—'Faith, I'll lay down and sleep.  
 But, soft ! no bedfellow :—O, gods and goddesses !  
 [*Seeing the Body.*]

<sup>36</sup> *Consummation* is used in the same sense in King Edward III.  
 1596 :—

“ My soul will yield this castle of my flesh,  
 This mingled tribute, with all willingness,  
 To darkness, *consummation*, dust, and worms.”

Milton, in his Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester, is indebted to the passage before us :—

“ Gentle lady, may thy grave  
 Peace and quiet ever have.”

<sup>37</sup> “ For the obsequies of Fidele,” says Dr. Johnson, “ a song was written by my unhappy friend, Mr. William Collins, of Chichester, a man of uncommon learning and abilities. I shall give it a place at the end, in honour of his memory.”

<sup>38</sup> Malone observes, that “ Shakespeare did not recollect when he wrote these words, that there was but *one* face on which the flowers could be strewed.” It is one of the poet's lapses of thought.

<sup>39</sup> This diminutive adjuration is derived from God's pity, by the addition of *kin*. In this manner we have also 'Od's *bodikins*.

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world ;  
 This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream ;  
 For, lo<sup>a</sup> ! I thought I was a cave-keeper,  
 And cook to honest creatures : But 'tis not so ;  
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,  
 Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes  
 Are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good faith,  
 I tremble still with fear : But if there be  
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity  
 As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it !  
 The dream's here still ; even when I wake, it is  
 Without me, as within me ; not imagin'd, felt.  
 A headless man !—The garments of Posthumus !  
 I know the shape of's leg ; this is his hand ;  
 His foot Mercurial ; his Martial thigh ;  
 The brawns of Hercules : but his Jovial<sup>40</sup> face—  
 Murder in heaven ?—How ?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,  
 All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,  
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee ! Thou,  
 Conspir'd with that irregular<sup>41</sup> devil, Cloten,  
 Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,  
 Be henceforth treacherous !—Damn'd Pisanio  
 Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—  
 From this most bravest vessel of the world  
 Struck the main-top !—O, Posthumus ! alas,  
 Where is thy head ? where's that ? Ah me ! where's that ?  
 Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,

<sup>a</sup> The folios have *fo*.

<sup>40</sup> Shakespeare here has in his mind the mythological ideals, as they were familiar to him from the masques of the time ; otherwise the usual application of these epithets, to which *Saturnine* may be added, seems to have been governed by the significance attached to the planets, in their influence on disposition and expression.

<sup>41</sup> *Irregular* must mean *lawless, licentious, out of rule*. The word has not hitherto been met with elsewhere : but in Reinolds's *God's Revenge against Adultery*, ed. 1671, p. 121, we have "*irregulated lust*."



And left this head on<sup>42</sup>.—How should this be? Pisanio?

'Tis he, and Cloten : malice and lucre in them  
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant<sup>43</sup>!  
The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious  
And cordial to me, have I not found it  
Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home :  
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's : O!—  
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,  
That we the horridier may seem to those  
Which chance to find us : O, my lord, my lord !

*Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.*

*Cap.* To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,  
After your will, have cross'd the sea ; attending  
You here at Milford Haven, with your ships :  
They are here in readiness.

*Luc.* But what from Rome ?

*Cap.* The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,  
And gentlemen of Italy ; most willing spirits,  
That promise noble service : and they come  
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,  
Sienna's brother.

*Luc.* When expect you them ?

*Cap.* With the next benefit o' the wind.

*Luc.* This forwardness  
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers

Be muster'd ; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,  
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose ?

*Sooth.* Last night the very gods show'd me a vision :  
(I fast<sup>44</sup>, and pray'd, for their intelligence,) Thus :—

<sup>42</sup> Thus the old copies. We should certainly read, "*thy* head."

<sup>43</sup> *Pregnant*, i. e. 'tis a ready, apposite conclusion.

<sup>44</sup> *Fast* for *fasted*, as we have in another place of this play *lift* for *lifted*. In King John we have *heat* for *heated*, *waft* for *wafted*,

I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd  
 From the spungy<sup>45</sup> south to this part of the west,  
 There vanish'd in the sunbeams : which portends  
 (Unless my sins abuse my divination),  
 Success to th' Roman host.

*Luc.* Dream often so,  
 And never false.—Soft, ho ! what trunk is here,  
 Without his top ? The ruin speaks, that sometime  
 It was a worthy building.—How ! a page !—  
 Or dead, or sleeping on him ? But dead, rather :  
 For nature doth abhor to make his bed  
 With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—  
 Let's see the boy's face.

*Cap.* He's alive, my lord.

*Luc.* He'll then instruct us of this body.— Young  
 one,

Inform us of thy fortunes : for it seems,  
 They crave to be demanded : Who is this,  
 Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow ? Or who was he,  
 That, otherwise than noble nature did<sup>46</sup>,  
 Hath alter'd that good picture ? What's thy interest  
 In this sad wrack ? How came it ? Who is it ?  
 What art thou ?

*Imo.* I am nothing : or if not,  
 Nothing to be were better. This was my master,  
 A very valiant Briton, and a good,  
 That here by mountaineers lies slain :—Alas !  
 There are<sup>47</sup> no more such masters : I may wander

&c. Similar phraseology will be found in the Bible, Mark i. 31 ;  
 John xiii. 18 ; Exodus xii. 8, &c.

<sup>45</sup> Milton has availed himself of this epithet in *Comus* :—

“ Thus I hurl

My dazzling spells into the *spungy* air.”

<sup>46</sup> *i. e.* “ Who has alter'd this picture, so as to make it other-  
 wise than nature *did* it ? ” Olivia, speaking of her own beauty as  
 of a *picture*, asks Viola if it “ is not well done ? ”

<sup>47</sup> The first folio prints, “ There *is* no more such masters.”  
 The second corrects it.

From east to occident, cry out for service,  
Try many, all good, serve truly, never  
Find such another master.

*Luc.* 'Lack, good youth !  
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than  
Thy master in bleeding : Say his name, good friend.

*Imo.* Richard du Champ<sup>48</sup>. If I do lie, and do  
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*Aside*.  
They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir ?

*Luc.* Thy name ?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir.

*Luc.* Thou dost approve thyself the very same :  
Thy name well fits thy faith ; thy faith, thy name.  
Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say,  
Thou shalt be so well master'd ; but, be sure,  
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,  
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner  
Than thine own worth prefer thee : Go with me.

*Imo.* I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,  
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep  
As these poor pickaxes<sup>49</sup> can dig : and when  
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I've<sup>50</sup> strew'd his  
grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,  
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh ;  
And, leaving so his service, follow you,  
So please you entertain me.

*Luc.* Ay, good youth ;  
And rather father thee, than master thee.—My friends,

<sup>48</sup> Shakespeare was indebted for his modern names (which sometimes are mixed with ancient ones), as well as for his anachronisms, to the fashionable novels of his time. Steevens cites some amusing instances from *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, 1576. But the absurdity was not confined to novels ; the drama would afford numerous examples.

<sup>49</sup> *Pickaxes*, meaning her *fingers*.

<sup>50</sup> The contraction here and elsewhere in the old copies is *I ha'*.

The boy hath taught us manly duties : Let us  
 Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,  
 And make him with our pikes and partizans  
 A grave : Come, arm him<sup>51</sup>.—Boy, he is preferr'd  
 By thee to us ; and he shall be interr'd,  
 As soldiers can. Be cheerful ; wipe thine eyes :  
 Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.*

*Cym.* Again ; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.  
 A fever with the absence of her son :  
 A madness, of which her life's in danger :—Heavens,  
 How deeply you at once do touch me ! Imogen,  
 The great part of my comfort, gone : my queen  
 Upon a desperate bed ; and in a time  
 When fearful wars point at me ; her son gone,  
 So needful for this present : It strikes me, past  
 The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,  
 Who needs must know of her departure, and  
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee  
 By a sharp torture.

*Pis.* Sir, my life is yours,  
 I humbly set it at your will : But, for my mistress,  
 I nothing know where she remains, why gone,  
 Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your high-  
 ness,  
 Hold me your loyal servant.

1 *Lord.*

Good, my liege,

<sup>51</sup> That is, *take him up in your arms.* So in Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen* :—

“ *Arm your prize,*  
*I know you will not lose her* ”  
 The prize was Emilia.

The day that she was missing, he was here :  
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform  
All parts of his subjection loyally.

For Cloten,—

There wants no diligence in seeking him,  
And will<sup>1</sup>, no doubt, be found.

*Cym.* The time is troublesome :  
We'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy  
[To PISANIO.

Does yet depend<sup>2</sup>.

1 *Lord.* So please your majesty,  
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,  
Are landed on your coast ; with a supply  
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

*Cym.* Now for the counsel of my son, and queen !—  
I am amaz'd with matter<sup>3</sup>.

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,  
Your preparation can affront<sup>4</sup> no less  
Than what you hear of : come more, for more you're  
ready :  
The want is, but to put those powers in motion,  
That long to move.

*Cym.* I thank you : Let's withdraw ;  
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps we should read, "*He'll* no doubt be found." But this omission of the personal pronoun was by no means uncommon in Shakespeare's age. There are several other instances in these plays, especially in *King Henry VIII.* : take one example :—

" Which if granted,  
As he made semblance of his duty, *would*  
Have put his knife into him."

See *King Lear*, Act ii. Sc. 4.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* " My suspicion is yet undetermined ; if I do not condemn you, I likewise have not acquitted you." We now say, the *cause* is *depending*.

<sup>3</sup> *Amaz'd with matter*, *i. e.* *confounded by a variety of business*.

<sup>4</sup> *i. e.* " Your forces are able to *face* such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us."

What can from Italy annoy us ; but  
 We grieve at chances here.—Away ! [*Exeunt.*

*Pis.* I heard no letter<sup>5</sup> from my master, since  
 I wrote him Imogen was slain : 'Tis strange :  
 Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise  
 To yield me often tidings : Neither know I  
 What is betid to Cloten ; but remain  
 Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work :  
 Wherein I am false, I am honest ; not true, to be true.  
 These present wars shall find I love my country,  
 Even to the note<sup>6</sup> o' the king, or I'll fall in them.  
 All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd :  
 Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.  
[*Exit.*

#### SCENE IV. *Before the Cave.*

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

*Gui.* The noise is round about us.

*Bel.* Let us from it.

*Arr.* What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it  
 From action and adventure ?

*Gui.* Nay, what hope  
 Have we in hiding us ? this way, the Romans  
 Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us  
 For barbarous and unnatural revolts<sup>1</sup>  
 During their use, and slay us after.

*Bel.* Sons,  
 We'll higher to the mountains ; there secure us.

<sup>5</sup> Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, "*I've had no letter.*" But perhaps "*no letter*" is here used to signify "*no tidings*," not a syllable of reply.

<sup>6</sup> *i. e.* "I will so distinguish myself, the king shall remark my valour."

<sup>1</sup> *Revolts, i. e. revolters.* As in King John :—

"Lead me to the *revolts* of England here."

To the king's party there's no going ; newness  
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd  
Among the bands) may drive us to a render<sup>2</sup>  
Where we have liv'd ; and so extort from us  
That which we've done, whose answer would be death  
Drawn on with torture.

*Gui.* This is, sir, a doubt,  
In such a time, nothing becoming you,  
Nor satisfying us.

*Arr.* It is not likely,  
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,  
Behold their quarter'd fires<sup>3</sup>, have both their eyes  
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,  
That they will waste their time upon our note,  
To know from whence we are.

*Bel.* O ! I am known  
Of many in the army : many years,  
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him  
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king  
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves ;  
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,  
The certainty of this hard life<sup>4</sup> ; aye hopeless  
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,  
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and  
The shrinking slaves of winter.

*Gui.* Than be so,  
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to th' army :

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *an account of our place of abode*. This dialogue is a just representation of the superfluous caution of an old man.

*Render* is used in a similar sense in a future scene of this play :—

“ My boon is, that this gentleman may *render*  
Of whom he had this ring.”

<sup>3</sup> i. e. the *fires* in the respective quarters of the Roman army : their beacon or watch-fires. So in King Henry V. :—

“ Fire answers fire : and through their paly flames  
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.”

<sup>4</sup> That is, “ The *certain consequence* of this hard life.”

I and my brother are not known ; yourself,  
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown<sup>5</sup>,  
Cannot be question'd.

*Arv.* By this sun that shines,  
I'll thither : What thing is't, that I never  
Did see man die ? scarce ever look'd on blood,  
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison ?  
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had  
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel  
Nor iron on his heel ? I am asham'd  
To look upon the holy sun, to have  
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining  
So long a poor unknown.

*Gui.* By heavens, I'll go :  
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,  
I'll take the better care ; but if you will not,  
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by  
The hands of Romans !

*Arv.* So say I ; Amen.

*Bel.* No reason I, since of your lives you set  
So slight a valuation, should reserve  
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys :  
If in your country wars you chance to die,  
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie :  
Lead, lead.—The time seems long ; their blood thinks  
scorn, *[Aside.*  
Till it fly out, and show them princes born.

*[Exeunt.*

<sup>5</sup> The meaning of " so o'ergrown " here, as Mr. Dyce has observed, is explained by what Posthumus afterward says of Belarius :—

" Who deserv'd  
So long a breeding as *his white beard* came to."



## ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Field between the British and Roman Camps.**Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody Handkerchief*<sup>1</sup>.*Posthumus.*

**Y**EA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I e'en wish'd<sup>2</sup>

Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,

If each of you should take this course, how many Must murder wives much better than themselves, For wrying<sup>3</sup> but a little?—O, Pisanio! Every good servant does not all commands: No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never Had liv'd to put on<sup>4</sup> this: so had you saved The noble Imogen to repent; and struck Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack! You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love, To have them fall no more: you some permit To second ills with ills, each alder-worse<sup>5</sup>;

<sup>1</sup> The bloody token of Imogen's death, which Pisanio, in the foregoing act, determined to send.

<sup>2</sup> The old copies have "I *am* wish'd." Pope omitted *am*, and has been since followed. It was no doubt a misprint for *e'en*.

<sup>3</sup> *Wrying*. This uncommon verb is used by Stanyhurst in the third book of the translation of Virgil:—

"The maysters *wrye* their vessells."

And in Sidney's *Areadia*, lib. i. ed. 1633, p. 67:—"That from the right line of virtue are *wryed* to these crooked shifts."

<sup>4</sup> *To put on* is to *incite*, *instigate*.

<sup>5</sup> The old copies have "each *elder* worse," but I have no doubt that it is merely a misprint for "each *alder*-worse." Shakespeare

And make them dreaded to the doer's shrift<sup>6</sup>.  
 But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,  
 And make me bless'd to obey! I am brought hither  
 Among the Italian gentry, and to fight  
 Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough  
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!  
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,  
 Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me  
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself  
 As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight  
 Against the part I come with; so I'll die  
 For thee, O Imogen! even for whom my life  
 Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,  
 Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril  
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know  
 More valour in me, than my habits show.  
 Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!  
 To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin  
 The fashion, less without, and more within. [*Exit.*]

has used the old superlative prefix in a comparative sense, as if he had written "each worse and worse." Instances of this comparative use of *alder* do exist, although they are rare, and we have an instance of the poet's use of the superlative *alder-liefest* in the First Part of King Henry VI. Act i. Sc. 1. See vol. vi. p. 124, note 4.

<sup>6</sup> The old copies read:—

"And make them *dread it* to the doer's *thrift*."

To which the commentators have in vain tormented themselves to find a meaning. Mason endeavoured to give the sense of *repentance to thrift*. The meaning appears to be, "Some you snatch soon away for small sins,—that is mercy. Some you allow to proceed from bad to worse, unchecked (perhaps? designing them for more marked vengeance), and make *them*, i. e. the recurring more heinous crimes, *dreaded*, that is, a cause of alarm to the hardened sinner, thus spared, which leads him to repentance." *Shrift* is used for *absolution* in Measure for Measure. *Sh* and *th* are easily confounded.

SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army; at the other side, the British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following it, like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.*

*Iach.* The heaviness and guilt within my bosom  
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,  
The princess of this country, and the air on't  
Revengingly enfeeble me; Or could this carl<sup>1</sup>,  
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me  
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne  
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.  
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before  
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds  
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*

*The Battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

*Bel.* Stand, stand! We have th' advantage of the  
ground;  
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but  
The villainy of our fears.

*Gui. Arv.* Stand, stand, and fight!

<sup>1</sup> *Carl* or *churl* (*cceopl*, Sax.), is a clown or countryman, and is used by our old writers in opposition to a gentleman. Palsgrave, in his *Eclaircissement de la Langue Française*, 1530, explains the words *carle*, *chorle*, *charle*, by *vilain*, *vilain lourdier*; and *churlishnesse* by *vilainie*, *rusticité*. The thought seems to have been imitated in Philaster:—

“The gods take part against me; could this boor  
Have held me thus else?”

*Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.*

*Luc.* Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:  
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such  
As war were hood-wink'd.

*Iach.* 'Tis their fresh supplies.

*Luc.* It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes  
Let's reinforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.*

*Lord.* Cam'st thou from where they made the stand:

*Post.* I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

*Lord.* I did.

*Post.* No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,  
But that the heavens fought: The king himself  
Of his wings destitute<sup>1</sup>, the army broken,  
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying  
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,  
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work  
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down  
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling  
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd  
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living

<sup>1</sup> The stopping of the Roman army by three persons is an allusion to the story of the Hays, as related by Holinshed in his *History of Scotland*, p. 155; upon which Milton once intended to have formed a drama. Shakespeare was evidently acquainted with it:—"Haie beholding *the king*, with the most part of the nobles fighting with great valiancie in the middle-ward, now *destitute of the wings*," &c.

To die with lengthen'd shame.

*Lord.* Where was this lane?

*Post.* Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—  
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd  
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,  
In doing this for's country;—athwart the lane,  
He, with two striplings (lads more like to run  
The country base<sup>2</sup>, than to commit such slaughter;  
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer  
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame<sup>3</sup>),  
Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,  
“Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:  
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand!  
Or we are Romans, and will give you that  
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,  
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.”—These  
three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many  
(For three performers are the file, when all  
The rest do nothing), with this word, “stand, stand!”  
Accommodated by the place, more charming,  
With their own nobleness (which could have turn'd  
A distaff to a lance), gilded pale looks,  
Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd  
coward

But by example (O, a sin in war,  
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look  
The way that they did, and to grin like lions  
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began  
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,  
A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith they fly

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* A country game called *prison-bars*, vulgarly *prison-base*.  
See vol. i. p. 119, note 10.

<sup>3</sup> *Shame for modesty, or shamefacedness.*

Chickens, the way which they stoop'd<sup>4</sup> eagles ; slaves,  
 The strides they victors made : and now our cowards  
 (Like fragments in hard voyages), became  
 The life o' the need ; having found the back-door open  
 Of the unguarded harts, Heavens, how they wound !  
 Some, slain before ; some, dying ; some, their friends  
 O'erborne i' the former wave : ten, chas'd by one,  
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty :  
 Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown  
 The mortal bugs<sup>5</sup> o' the field.

*Lord.* This was strange chance :  
 A narrow lane ! an old man, and two boys !

*Post.* Nay, do not wonder at it : You are made  
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,  
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,  
 And vent it for a mockery ? Here is one :  
 " Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,  
 Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane."

*Lord.* Nay, be not angry, sir.

*Post.* 'Lack, to what end ?  
 Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend :  
 For if he'll do, as he is made to do,  
 I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.  
 You have put me into rhyme.

*Lord.* Farewell, you are angry. [*Exit.*

*Post.* Still going ?—This is a lord ! O noble misery !  
 To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me !  
 To-day, how many would have given their honours  
 To have sav'd their carcasses ? took heel to do't,  
 And yet died too ? I, in mine own woe charm'd<sup>6</sup>,

<sup>4</sup> The folios have *stopt* instead of *stoop'd*.

<sup>5</sup> *Bugs*, i. e. *terrors*, *bugbears*. See King Henry VI. Part III. Act v. Sc. 2:—

" For Warwick was a *bug* that fear'd us all."

<sup>6</sup> Alluding to the common superstition of charms being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. See vol. ix. p. 114, note 6.

Could not find death, where I did hear him groan ;  
 Nor feel him, where he struck : Being an ugly monster,  
 'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,  
 Sweet words ; or hath more ministers than we  
 That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find  
 him :

For being now a favourer to the Briton<sup>7</sup>,  
 No more a Briton, I have resum'd again  
 The part I came in. Fight I will no more,  
 But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall  
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is  
 Here made by the Roman ; great the answer<sup>8</sup> be  
 Britons must take ; For me, my ransom's death ;  
 On either side I come to spend my breath ;  
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,  
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

*Enter Two British Captains, and Soldiers.*

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd ! Lucius is taken :  
 'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit<sup>9</sup>,  
 That gave th' affront<sup>10</sup> with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported :  
 But none of 'em can be found.—Stand ! who's there ?

<sup>7</sup> Thus the old copy. Hanmer for *Briton* reads *Roman*, which reading has been alternately adopted and rejected by subsequent editors. I retain the old reading, thinking, with the Rev. Mr. Arrowsmith, that—

“ For being now a favourer to the *Briton*,”  
 refers to *Death* and not to *Posthumus*. See Notes and Queries, vol. vii. p. 567, and vol. viii. p. 120.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. *retaliation*. As in a former scene, p. 115, line 1 :—

“ That which we've done, whose *answer* would be death.”

<sup>9</sup> *Silly*, or rather *seely*, is *simple* or *rustic*. Thus in the novel of Boccaccio, on which this play is formed :—“ The servant, who had no great good will to kill her, very easily grew pitifull, took off her upper garment, and gave her a poore ragged doublet, a *silly* chapperone.”

<sup>10</sup> i. e. *the encounter*. See vol. iv. p. 108, note 5.

*Post.* A Roman ;  
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds  
 Had answer'd him.

*2 Cap.* Lay hands on him ; a dog !  
 A leg of Rome shall not return to tell  
 What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his service  
 As if he were of note : bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, attended : BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Gaoler : after which, all go out*<sup>11</sup>.

#### SCENE IV. A Prison.

*Enter POSTHUMUS, and Two Gaolers.*

*1 Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you have locks upon you<sup>1</sup> ;

So graze, as you find pasture.

*2 Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

*Post.* Most welcome, bondage ! for thou art a way, I think, to liberty : Yet am I better Than one that's sick o' the gout : since he had rather Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd By the sure physician, death ; who is the key To unbar these locks. My conscience ! thou art fetter'd More than my shanks, and wrists : You good gods, give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,

<sup>11</sup> A *Dumb Show* often preceded a scene in the old drama, but it is rare to find a scene terminate in this way. Ritson seems to consider it a separate scene.

<sup>1</sup> The wit of the Gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg when he is turned out to pasture.



Then, free for ever ! Is't enough I am sorry ?  
 So children temporal fathers do appease ;  
 Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,  
 I cannot do it better than in gyves,  
 Desir'd, more than constrain'd : to satisfy,  
 If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take  
 No stricter render of me than—my all<sup>2</sup>.  
 I know, you are more clement than vile men,  
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,  
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again  
 On their abatement ; that's not my desire :  
 For Imogen's dear life, take mine ; and though  
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life ; you coin'd it :  
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp ;  
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake :  
 You rather mine, being yours : and so, great powers,  
 If you will take this audit, take this life,  
 And cancel these cold bonds<sup>3</sup>. O Imogen !  
 I'll speak to thee in silence. [*He sleeps.*]

<sup>2</sup> *If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take  
 No stricter render of me than—my all.*

Though somewhat involved, this passage, which has not been satisfactorily explained, will bear the following construction :  
 " If giving satisfaction is the chief requirement to entitle me to the freedom I solicit,—the release from bondage of conscience as well as of my limbs,—then take my all, but account that as entire acquittance : even vile men accept from their debtors a sixth, a tenth, in full satisfaction of their claims, still leaving them something over for themselves to begin again with—a more merciful allowance, but this I do not ask." It is possible that we should read :—

" to satisfy,  
 If for my freedom 'tis the main *point*, take  
 No less a render," &c.

which would afford a clearer meaning.

<sup>3</sup> So in *Macbeth* : —

" *Cancel* and tear to pieces that great *bond*  
 That keeps me pale."

But there is here an equivocation between the legal instrument and bonds of steel.

*Solemn Musick*<sup>4</sup>. *Enter, as an Apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, Father to POSTHUMUS, an old Man, attired like a Warrior; leading in his hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to POSTHUMUS, with Musick before them. Then, after other Musick, follow the Two young Leonati, Brothers to POSTHUMUS, with wounds, as they died in the Wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.*

*Sici.* No more, thou thunder master, show  
 Thy spite on mortal flies :  
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,  
 That thy adulteries  
     Rates and revenges.  
 Hath my poor boy done aught but well,  
     Whose face I never saw ?  
 I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd  
     Attending Nature's law.  
 Whose father then (as men report,  
     Thou orphans' father art),  
 Thou should'st have been, and shielded him  
     From this earth-vexing smart.  
*Moth.* Lucina lent not me her aid,  
     But took me in my throes ;  
 That from me was Posthumus ript,  
     Came crying 'mongst his foes,

<sup>4</sup> It has been doubted whether this scene is from the hand of Shakespeare, and supposed that it may have been part of an earlier play retained by the players for the sake of the pageant. Schlegel has controverted this opinion, and says, "I think I can discover why the poet has not given the verses more of the splendour of diction. The apparitions are the aged parents and brothers of Posthumus, who ought consequently to speak the language of a more simple olden time. For this reason Shakespeare chose a syllable measure, which was very common before his time, but which was then getting out of fashion. The speech of Jupiter, on the other hand, is majestic, and in form and style bears a complete resemblance to the sonnets of the poet."

A thing of pity !

*Sici.* Great nature, like his ancestry,  
Moulded the stuff so fair,  
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,  
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,  
In Britain where was he  
That could stand up his parallel ;  
Or fruitful object be  
In eye of Imogen, that best  
Could deem his dignity ?

*Moth.* With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,  
To be exil'd and thrown  
From Leonati' seat, and cast  
From her his dearest one,  
Sweet Imogen ?

*Sici.* Why did you suffer Iachimo,  
Slight thing of Italy,  
To taint his nobler heart and brain  
With needless jealousy :  
And to become the geck<sup>5</sup> and scorn  
O' the other's villainy ?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,  
Our parents, and us twain,  
That, striking in our country's cause,  
Fell bravely, and were slain ;  
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,  
With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath  
To Cymbeline perform'd :  
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,  
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd  
The graces for his merits due ;  
Being all to dolours turn'd ?

*Sici.* Thy crystal window ope ; look out ;

<sup>5</sup> *Geck*, i. e. *the fool*.

No longer exercise,  
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh  
And potent injuries :  
*Moth.* Since, Jupiter, our son is good,  
Take off his miseries.  
*Sici.* Peep through thy marble mansion ; help !  
Or we poor ghosts will cry  
To th' shining synod of the rest,  
Against thy deity.  
2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter ; or we appeal,  
And from thy justice fly.

*JUPITER descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle : he throws a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.*

*Jup.* No more, you petty spirits of region low,  
Offend our hearing ; hush !—How dare you, ghosts,  
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,  
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts ?  
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence ; and rest  
Upon your never withering banks of flowers :  
Be not with mortal accidents oppress ;  
No care of yours it is, you know, 'tis ours.  
Whom best I love, I cross ; to make my gift,  
The more delay'd, delighted<sup>6</sup>. Be content ;  
Your low-laid son our god-head will uplift :  
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.  
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in  
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade !—  
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,  
And happier much by his affliction made.  
This tablet lay upon his breast ; wherein  
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine ;

<sup>6</sup> *Delighted for delightful, or causing delight.* See Measure for Measure, Act iii. Sc. 1, note 19.

And so, away : no further with your din  
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—  
 Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*  
*Sici.* He came in thunder ; his celestial breath  
 Was sulphurous to smell : the holy eagle  
 Stoop'd, as to foot us<sup>7</sup> : his ascension is  
 More sweet than our bless'd fields ; his royal bird  
 Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys<sup>8</sup> his beak,  
 As when his god is pleas'd.

*All.* Thanks, Jupiter !

*Sici.* The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd  
 His radiant roof :—Away ! and, to be blest,  
 Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*

*Post.* [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grand-  
 sire, and begot

A father to me : and thou hast created  
 A mother and two brothers : But (O scorn !)  
 Gone ! they went hence so soon as they were born.  
 And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend  
 On greatness' favour, dream as I have done ;  
 Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve :  
 Many dream not to find, neither deserve,  
 And yet are steep'd in favours ; so am I,  
 That have this golden chance, and know not why.  
 What fairies haunt this ground ? A book ? O, rare  
 one !

Be not, as is our fangled<sup>9</sup> world, a garment

<sup>7</sup> i. e. to grasp us in his pounces.

“ And till they foot and clutch their prey.”

*Herbert.*

<sup>8</sup> In ancient language the *cleys* or *clees* of a bird or beast are the same with *claws* in modern speech. To *claw* their beaks is an accustomed action with hawks and eagles.

<sup>9</sup> i. e. trifling. Hence *new-fangled*, still in use for new toys or trifles. *Fangles*, *coepta*, was in use by old writers, and Skinner supposes it derived from *Feng-an*, A. S. *suscipere*, rem aggredi, capessere.

Nobler than that it covers : let thy effects  
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,  
As good as promise.

[*Reads.*] “ When as a lion’s whelp shall, to himself  
unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced  
by a piece of tender air ; and when from a stately  
cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead  
many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the  
old stock, and freshly grow ; then shall Posthumus  
end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish  
in peace and plenty.”

’Tis still a dream ; or else such stuff as madmen  
Tongue, and brain not : either both, or nothing :  
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such  
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,  
The action of my life is like it, which  
I’ll keep, if but for sympathy.

*Re-enter Gaolers.*

*Gaol.* Come, sir, are you ready for death ?

*Post.* Over-roasted rather : ready long ago.

*Gaol.* Hanging is the word, sir ; if you be ready  
for that, you are well cooked.

*Post.* So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators,  
the dish pays the shot.

*Gaol.* A heavy reckoning for you, sir : But the  
comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments,  
fear no more tavern bills ; which are often the sad-  
ness of parting, as the procuring of mirth : you come  
in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too  
much drink ; sorry that you have paid too much, and  
sorry that you are paid<sup>10</sup> too much ; purse and brain  
both empty : the brain the heavier for being too light,  
the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness : O ! of  
this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O ! the

<sup>10</sup> *Paid* here means *subdued* or *overcome* by the liquor.

charity of a penny cord ! it sums up thousands in a trice : you have no true debtor and creditor but it ; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge :—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters ; so the acquittance follows.

*Post.* I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

*Gaol.* Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach : But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer : for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

*Post.* Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

*Gaol.* Your death has eyes in's head then ; I have not seen him so pictured : you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know ; or do take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know ; for jump<sup>11</sup> the after-inquiry on your own peril, and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

*Post.* I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

*Gaol.* What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness ! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Knock off his manacles ; bring your prisoner to the king.

*Post.* Thou bring'st good news ;—I am call'd to be made free.

*Gaol.* I'll be hang'd then.

*Post.* Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler ; no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt POSTHUMUS and Messenger.*

<sup>11</sup> *Jump*, i. e. *risk*, or *hazard*. See vol. ix. p. 30, note 2.

*Gaol.* Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone<sup>12</sup>. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V<sup>1</sup>. Cymbeline's Tent.

*Enter* CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

*Cym.* Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,  
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,  
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast  
Stepp'd before targes<sup>a</sup> of proof, cannot be found:

<sup>12</sup> *Prone* here signifies *ready, prompt*. As in *Measure for Measure*, Act i. Sc. 3:—

“ In her youth  
There is a *prone* and speechless dialect,  
Such as moves men.”

Thus in Wilfride Holme's poem, entitled *The Fall and Evil Success of Rebellion*, &c. 1537:—

“ With bombard and basilisk, with men *prone* and vigorous.”

<sup>1</sup> “ In the scene before us, all the surviving characters are assembled; and at the expense of whatever incongruity the former events may have been produced, perhaps little can be discovered on this occasion to offend the most scrupulous advocate for regularity: and as little is found wanting to satisfy the spectator by a catastrophe which is intricate without confusion, and not more rich in ornament than nature.”—*Steevens*.

<sup>a</sup> The plural *targes* seems to have been formerly a monosyllable, as in French, where its oldest form is *targues*. See Nicot, and Covarruvias in v. *Adarga*.



He shall be happy that can find him, if  
Our grace can make him so.

*Bel.* I never saw  
Such noble fury in so poor a thing ;  
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought  
But beggary and poor looks.

*Cym.* No tidings of him ?

*Pis.* He hath been search'd among the dead and  
living,  
But no trace of him.

*Cym.* To my grief, I am  
The heir of his reward ; which I will add  
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,  
[*To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARV.*  
By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time  
To ask of whence you are :—report it.

*Bel.* Sir,  
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen :  
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,  
Unless I add, we are honest.

*Cym.* Bow your knees :  
Arise, my knights o' the battle<sup>2</sup> : I create you  
Companions to our person, and will fit you  
With dignities becoming your estates.

*Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.*

There's business in these faces<sup>3</sup>.—Why so sadly  
Greet you our victory ? you look like Romans,  
And not o' the court of Britain.

*Cor.* Hail, great king !  
To sour your happiness, I must report  
The queen is dead.

<sup>2</sup> Thus in Stow's Chronicle, p. 164, edit. 1615:—" Philip of France made Arthur Plantagenet *Knight of the Fielde*."

<sup>3</sup> So in Macbeth:—

"The *business* of this man looks out of him."

*Cym.* Whom worse than a physician  
Would this report become? But I consider,  
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death  
Will seize the doctor too<sup>4</sup>.—How ended she?

*Cor.* With horror, madly dying, like her life;  
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded  
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,  
I will report, so please you: These her women  
Can trip me, if I err: who, with wet cheeks,  
Were present when she finish'd.

*Cym.* Pr'ythee, say.

*Cor.* First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only  
Affected greatness got by you, not you:  
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;  
Abhorr'd your person.

*Cym.* She alone knew this:  
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not  
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

*Cor.* Your daughter, whom she bore in hand<sup>5</sup> to  
love  
With such integrity, she did confess  
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,  
But that her flight prevented it, she had  
Ta'en off by poison.

*Cym.* O most delicate fiend!  
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

*Cor.* More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had  
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,  
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,  
By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,  
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to

<sup>4</sup> This observation has already occurred in the Funeral Song,  
p. 106:—

“The sceptre, learning, *physick*, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.”

<sup>5</sup> “To bear in hand” is “to delude by false appearances,” to  
“lead to believe.” See vol. v. p. 172, note 8.

O'ercome you with her show : yes, and in time  
(When she had fitted you with her craft), to work  
Her son into the adoption of the crown.  
But failing of her end by his strange absence,  
Grew shameless desperate ; open'd, in despite  
Of heaven and men, her purposes ; repented  
The evils she hatch'd were not effected ; so,  
Despairing, died.

*Cym.* Heard you all this, her women ?

*Lady.* We did, so please your highness.

*Cym.* Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;  
Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart,  
That thought her like her seeming ; it had been  
vicious,

To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !  
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,  
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other  
Roman Prisoners, guarded ; POSTHUMUS behind,  
and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute ; that  
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss  
Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made suit,  
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter  
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted ;  
So, think of your estate.

*Luc.* Consider, sir, the chance of war : the day  
Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us,  
We should not, when the blood was cool, have  
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods  
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives  
May be call'd ransom, let it come : sufficeth,  
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer ;

Augustus lives to think on't : And so much  
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only  
 I will entreat ; My boy, a Briton born,  
 Let him be ransom'd : never master had  
 A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,  
 So tender over his occasions, true,  
 So feat<sup>6</sup>, so nurselike : let his virtue join  
 With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness  
 Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton harm,  
 Though he have serv'd a Roman : save him, sir,  
 And spare no blood beside.

*Cym.*

I have surely seen him :

His favour<sup>7</sup> is familiar to me.—

Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,  
 And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,  
 To say, live, boy<sup>8</sup> : ne'er thank thy master ; live :  
 And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,  
 Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it ;  
 Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,  
 The noblest ta'en.

*Imo.*

I humbly thank your highness.

*Luc.* I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad ;  
 And yet, I know, thou wilt.

*Imo.*

No, no : alack,

There's other work in hand : I see a thing  
 Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,  
 Must shuffle for itself.

*Luc.*

The boy disdains me,  
 He leaves me, scorns me : Briefly die their joys,  
 That place them on the truth of girls and boys.  
 Why stands he so perplex'd ?

*Cym.*

What would'st thou, boy ?

<sup>6</sup> *Feat* is *ready*, *dexterous*.

<sup>7</sup> *Favour*, i. e. *countenance*.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. *I know not what should induce me to say, live, boy.* The word *nor* was inserted by Rowe.

I love thee more and more ; think more and more  
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on ?  
speak,

Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

*Imo.* He is a Roman ; no more kin to me,  
Than I to your highness ; who, being born your vassal,  
Am something nearer.

*Cym.* Wherefore ey'st him so ?

*Imo.* I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please  
To give me hearing.

*Cym.* Ay, with all my heart,  
And lend my best attention. What's thy name ?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir.

*Cym.* Thou art my good youth, my page ;  
I'll be thy master : Walk with me ; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.

*Bel.* Is not this boy reviv'd from death ?

*Arr.* One sand another  
Not more resembles : That sweet rosy lad,  
Who died, and was Fidele :—What think you ?

*Gui.* The same dead thing alive.

*Bel.* Peace, peace ! see further ; he eyes us not ;  
forbear ;  
Creatures may be alike : were't he, I am sure  
He would have spoke to us.

*Gui.* But we saw him<sup>9</sup> dead.

*Bel.* Be silent ; let's see further.

*Pis.* It is my mistress : [*Aside.*  
Since she is living, let the time run on,  
'To good, or bad.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.

*Cym.* Come, stand thou by our side ;  
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*To IACH.*] step you  
forth ;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely ;

<sup>9</sup> The folios read, erroneously, " But we see him."

Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,  
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall  
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

*Imo.* My boon is, that this gentleman may render  
Of whom he had this ring.

*Post.* What's that to him?

[*Aside.*

*Cym.* That diamond upon your finger, say,  
How came it yours?

*Iach.* Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that  
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

*Cym.* How! me?

*Iach.* I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which  
Torments me to conceal. By villainy  
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:  
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve  
thee,  
As it doth me), a nobler sir ne'er liv'd  
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my  
lord?

*Cym.* All that belongs to this.

*Iach.* That paragon, thy daughter,—  
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits  
Quail<sup>10</sup> to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

*Cym.* My daughter! what of her? Renew thy  
strength:

I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,  
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

*Iach.* Upon a time (unhappy was the clock  
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome (accurs'd  
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O 'would  
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,  
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthúmus,  
(What should I say? he was too good, to be

<sup>10</sup> To *quail* is to *faint*, or *sink into dejection*. See vol. vi. p. 299, note 5.

Where ill men were ; and was the best of all  
 Amongst the rar'st of good ones), sitting sadly,  
 Hearing us praise our loves of Italy  
 For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast  
 Of him that best could speak : for feature<sup>11</sup>, laming  
 The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,  
 Postures beyond brief nature ; for condition,  
 A shop of all the qualities that man  
 Loves woman for ; besides, that hook of wiving,  
 Fairness which strikes the eye :——

*Cym.*

I stand on fire :

Come to the matter.

*Iach.*

All too soon I shall,

Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Post-  
 húmus

(Most like a noble lord in love, and one  
 That had a royal lover), took his hint ;  
 And, not disparaging whom we prais'd (therein  
 He was as calm as virtue), he began  
 His mistress' picture ; which by his tongue being  
 made,

And then a mind put in't, either our brags  
 Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description  
 Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

*Cym.*

Nay, nay, to the purpose.

<sup>11</sup> *Feature* is here used for *proportion*. See vol. i. p. 135, note 4 ; and Sc. 1, note 7, p. 351, ante :—

“ For *feature* laming

The shrine of Venus or straight-*pight* Minerva,  
 Postures beyond *brief* nature.”

*i. e.* the ancient statues of Venus and Minerva, which exceeded in beauty of exact proportion any living bodies, the work of *brief*, *i. e.* of hasty and unelaborate nature. So in Antony and Cleopatra :—

“ O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see

*The fancy out-work nature.*”

*Pight* is *set*, *compact* : as in the phrase, “ a quarry and well-*pight* man.”

*Iach.* Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.  
 He spake of her as<sup>12</sup> Dian had hot dreams,  
 And she alone were cold : Whereat, I, wretch !  
 Made scruple of 's praise ; and wager'd with him  
 Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore  
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain  
 In suit the place of 's bed, and win this ring  
 By hers and mine adultery : he, true knight,  
 No lesser of her honour confident  
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring ;  
 And would so, had it been a carbuncle  
 Of Phœbus' wheel ; and might so safely, had it  
 Been all the worth of his car<sup>13</sup>. Away to Britain  
 Post I in this design : Well may you, sir,  
 Remember me at court, where I was taught  
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference  
 'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd  
 Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain  
 'Gan in your duller Britain operate  
 Most vilely ; for my vantage, excellent :  
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,  
 That I return'd with simular proof enough  
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,  
 By wounding his belief in her renown  
 With tokens thus, and thus ; averring notes<sup>14</sup>  
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,  
 (O, cunning, how I got it !) nay, some marks  
 Of secret on her person, that he could not  
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,  
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—  
 Methinks, I see him now,—

<sup>12</sup> *As for as if.* So in *The Winter's Tale* :—

“ He utters them *as* he had eaten ballads.”

<sup>13</sup> “ He had deserved it, were it *carbuncled*

Like Phœbus' car.” *Antony and Cleopatra.*

<sup>14</sup> *Averring notes, i. e.* “ such marks of the chamber and pictures, as *averred* or confirmed my report.”



*Post.*

Ay, so thou dost,  
*[Coming forward.]*

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,  
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing  
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,  
 To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,  
 Some upright justicer<sup>a</sup>! Thou, king, send out  
 For torturers ingenious: it is I  
 That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,  
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,  
 That kill'd thy daughter:—villain like, I lie;  
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,  
 A sacrilegious thief; to do't:—the temple  
 Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself<sup>15</sup>.  
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set  
 The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain  
 Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus; and  
 Be villainy less than 'twas!—O Imogen!  
 My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,  
 Imogen, Imogen!

*Imo.* Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

*Post.* Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,  
 There lie thy part. *[Striking her; she falls.]*

*Pis.* O, gentlemen, help,

Mine, and your mistress:—O, my Lord Posthumus!  
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—  
 Mine honour'd lady!

*Cym.* Does the world go round?

*Post.* How comes these staggers<sup>16</sup> on me?

<sup>a</sup> *Justicer* was anciently used instead of justice. Thus in Fitz-herbert's *Newe Boke of Justices of Peace*, 1554, fo. 5:—"They be constituted and made *justicers* by the king's commission." Shakespeare has the word thrice in *King Lear*. And Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, b. x. ch. 45:—

"Precelling his progenitors, a *justicer* upright."

<sup>15</sup> i. e. *not only the temple of virtue, but virtue herself.*

<sup>16</sup> i. e. *this wild and delirious perturbation.* It is still common

*Pis.* Wake, my mistress!

*Cym.* If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me  
To death with mortal joy.

*Pis.* How fares my mistress?

*Imo.* O, get thee from my sight;  
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!  
Breathe not where princes are.

*Cym.* The tune of Imogen!

*Pis.* Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if  
That box I gave you was not thought by me  
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

*Cym.* New matter still?

*Imo.* It poison'd me.

*Cor.* O gods!—

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,  
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio  
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection  
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd  
As I would serve a rat.

*Cym.* What's this, Cornelius?

*Cor.* The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me  
To temper<sup>17</sup> poisons for her; still pretending  
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only  
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs  
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose  
Was of more danger, did compound for her  
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease  
The present power of life; but, in short time,  
All offices of nature should again  
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

*Imo.* Most like I did, for I was dead.

*Bel.* My boys,

to say "it stagger'd me," when we have been moved by any sudden emotion of surprise. See vol. iii. p. 290, note 23.

<sup>17</sup> *i. e. mix, compound.*

There was our error.

*Gui.* This is sure, Fidele.

*Imo.* Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?  
Think, that you are upon a rock; and now  
Throw me again<sup>18</sup>. [*Embracing him.*]

*Post.* Hang there like fruit, my soul,  
Till the tree die!

*Cym.* How now! my flesh, my child!  
What! mak'st thou me a dullard in this act!  
Wilt thou not speak to me?

*Imo.* Your blessing, sir.

[*Kneeling.*]

*Bel.* Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;  
You had a motive for't. [*To GUI. and ARV.*]

*Cym.* My tears that fall,  
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,  
Thy mother's dead.

*Imo.* I am sorry for't, my lord.

*Cym.* O, she was naught; and 'long of her it was,  
That we meet here so strangely: But her son  
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

*Pis.* My lord,  
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,  
Upon my lady's missing, came to me  
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,  
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,  
It was my instant death: By accident,  
I had a feigned letter of my master's

<sup>18</sup> Imogen comes up to Posthumus as soon as she knows that the error is cleared up; and, hanging fondly on him, says, not as upbraiding him, but with kindness and good humour, "How could you treat your wife thus?" in that endearing tone which most readers, who are fathers and husbands, will understand who will add *poor* to wife. She then adds, "Now you know who I am, suppose we were on the edge of a precipice, and throw me from you;" meaning, in the same endearing irony, to say, I am sure it is as impossible for you to be intentionally unkind to me, as it is for you to kill me.

Then in my pocket ; which directed him  
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford ;  
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,  
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts  
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate  
My lady's honour : what became of him,  
I further know not.

*Gui.* Let me end the story :

I slew him there.

*Cym.* Marry, the gods forefend !  
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips  
Pluck a hard sentence : pry'thee, valiant youth,  
Deny't again.

*Gui.* I have spoke it, and I did't.

*Cym.* He was a prince.

*Gui.* A most uncivil one : The wrongs he did me  
Were nothing princelike ; for he did provoke me  
With language that would make me spurn the sea,  
If it could so roar to me : I cut off's head ;  
And am right glad, he is not standing here  
To tell this tale of mine.

*Cym.* I am sorry for thee :  
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must  
Endure our law : Thou art dead.

*Imo.* That headless man  
I thought had been my lord.

*Cym.* Bind the offender,  
And take him from our presence.

*Bel.* Stay, sir king :  
This man is better than the man he slew,  
As well descended as thyself ; and hath  
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens  
Had ever score for<sup>a</sup>.—Let his arms alone ;

[*To the Guard.*

<sup>a</sup> The old copies have, "Had ever *scarre* for." Of which it is impossible to make sense. There can be no doubt that the poet's

They were not born for bondage.

*Cym.*

Why, old soldier,

Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,

By tasting of our wrath<sup>19</sup>? How of descent

As good as we?

*Arv.*

In that he spake too far.

*Cym.* And thou shalt die for't.

*Bel.*

We will die all three :

But I will prove, that two of us are as good

As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,

For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,

Though, haply, well for you.

*Arv.*

Your danger's ours.

*Gui.* And our good his.

*Bel.*

Have at it then, by leave :

Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who was call'd

Belarius.

*Cym.* What of him? he is

A banish'd traitor.

*Bel.*

He it is, that hath

Assum'd this age<sup>20</sup>: indeed, a banish'd man ;

I know not how, a traitor.

*Cym.*

Take him hence ;

The whole world shall not save him.

*Bel.*

Not too hot :

First pay me for the nursing of thy sons ;

word was *score*, and that the meaning is, " than a band of Cloten's had ever *credit* for, or than could be *scored* to their account." It is evident that more careful editors than those of the first folio are liable to lapses, for in this very speech the word *man* is omitted in both Mr. Collier's editions, and the passage passed over without comment.

<sup>19</sup> The consequence is taken for the whole action ; *by tasting* is *by forcing us to make thee to taste*.

<sup>20</sup> As there is no reason to imagine that Belarius had assumed the appearance of being older than he really was, it must have a reference to the different appearance which he now makes in comparison with that when Cymbeline last saw him.

And let it be confiscate all, so soon  
As I have receiv'd it.

*Cym.* Nursing of my sons?

*Bel.* I am too blunt and saucy: Here's my knee;  
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;  
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,  
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,  
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;  
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,  
And blood of your begetting.

*Cym.* How! my issue?

*Bel.* So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,  
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:  
Your pleasure was my mere offence<sup>21</sup>, my punishment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,  
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes  
(For such, and so they are) these twenty years  
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I  
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as  
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,  
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children  
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;  
Having receiv'd the punishment before,  
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty  
Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,  
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd  
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,  
Here are your sons again; and I must lose  
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—  
The benediction of these covering heavens  
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy

<sup>21</sup> The old copy reads "*neere* offence;" the emendation is by Mr. Tyrwhitt. Belarius means to say, "My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I committed, originated in, and were founded on, your caprice only."

To inlay heaven with stars<sup>22</sup>.

*Cym.* Thou weep'st, and speak'st<sup>23</sup>.

The service, that you three have done, is more  
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;  
If these be they, I know not how to wish  
A pair of worthier sons.

*Bel.* Be pleas'd a while.—

This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,  
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius;  
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arvirágus,  
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd  
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand  
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,  
I can with ease produce.

*Cym.* Guiderius had

Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star:  
It was a mark of wonder.

*Bel.* This is he;

Who hath upon him still that natural stamp;  
It was wise nature's end in the donation,  
To be his evidence now.

*Cym.* O, what am I

A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother  
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bless'd may<sup>24</sup> you be,  
That after this strange starting from your orbs,  
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,  
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

*Imo.* No, my lord;

I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers!

<sup>22</sup> "Take him and cut him into little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine," &c.

*Romeo and Juliet.*

<sup>23</sup> "'Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation;  
and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions  
which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible  
than the story which you relate.' The king reasons very justly."

*Johnson.*

<sup>24</sup> The folio has *pray* by error for *may*.

Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,  
 But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,  
 When I was but your sister; I you brothers,  
 When you<sup>25</sup> were so indeed.

*Cym.* Did you e'er meet?

*Arr.* Ay, my good lord.

*Gui.* And at first meeting lov'd;  
 Continued so, until we thought he died.

*Cor.* By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

*Cym.* O rare instinct!  
 When shall I hear all through? This fierce<sup>26</sup> abridg-  
 ment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which  
 Distinction should be rich in<sup>27</sup>.—Where? how liv'd  
 you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?  
 How parted with your brothers? how first met them?  
 Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,  
 And your three motives<sup>28</sup> to the battle, with  
 I know not how much more, should be demanded;  
 And all the other by-dependencies,  
 From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,  
 Will serve our long inter'gatories<sup>29</sup>. See,  
 Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;  
 And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye

<sup>25</sup> The old copies by error have *we* instead of *you*.

<sup>26</sup> *Fierce* is *vehement, rapid*. In *Love's Labour's Lost* we have, "*fierce* endeavour;" and in *Timon of Athens*, "*fierce* wretchedness."

<sup>27</sup> i. e. *which ought to be rendered distinct by an ample narrative*.

<sup>28</sup> *Your three motives* means *the motives of you three*. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, "both our remedies" means "the remedy for us both."

<sup>29</sup> *Interrogatories*, as it stands in the folios, was frequently pronounced *intergatories*, as it evidently should be here. We have it so printed in the folio in *All's Well* that Ends Well, Act iv. Sc. 3, p. 335, and in *The Merchant of Venice*, twice near the end. Thus also in *Novella*, by Brome, Act ii. Sc. 1:—

"Then you must answer  
 To these *intergatories*."



On him, her brothers, me, her master ; hitting  
Each object with a joy ; the counterchange  
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,  
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—  
Thou art my brother ; So we'll hold thee ever.

[To BELARIUS.

*Imo.* You are my father too ; and did relieve me,  
To see this gracious season.

*Cym.* All o'erjoy'd  
Save these in bonds ; let them be joyful too,  
For they shall taste our comfort.

*Imo.* My good master,  
I will yet do you service.

*Luc.* Happy be you !

*Cym.* The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,  
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd  
The thankings of a king.

*Post.* I am, sir,  
The soldier that did company these three  
In poor beseeeming ; 'twas a fitment for  
The purpose I then follow'd ;—That I was he,  
Speak, Iachimo ; I had you down, and might  
Have made you finish.

*Iach.* I am down again : [*Kneeling.*  
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,  
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,  
Which I so often owe : but, your ring first ;  
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,  
That ever swore her faith.

*Post.* Kneel not to me ;  
The power that I have on you, is to spare you ;  
The malice towards you, to forgive you : Live,  
And deal with others better.

*Cym.* Nobly doom'd :  
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ;  
Pardon's the word to all.

*Arr.* You help us, sir,  
As you did mean indeed to be our brother ;  
Joy'd are we, that you are.

*Post.* Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,  
Call forth your soothsayer : As I slept, methought,  
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd<sup>30</sup>,  
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows<sup>31</sup>  
Of mine own kindred : when I wak'd, I found  
This label on my bosom ; whose containing  
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can  
Make no collection<sup>32</sup> of it ; let him show  
His skill in the construction.

*Luc.* Philarmonus,——

*Sooth.* Here, my good lord.

*Luc.* Read, and declare the meaning.

*Sooth.* [*Reads.*] “When as a lion's whelp shall, to  
himself unknown, without seeking find, and be em-  
braced by a piece of tender air ; and when from a  
stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being  
dead many years shall after revive, be jointed to the  
old stock, and freshly grow ; then shall *Posthumus*  
end his miseries, *Britain* be fortunate, and flourish in  
peace and plenty.”

<sup>30</sup> “It is not easy to conjecture why Shakespeare should have introduced this ludicrous scroll, which answers no one purpose, either propulsive or explicatory, unless as a joke on etymology.”—*Coleridge*. May it not have been, with the vision itself, part of an earlier play?

<sup>31</sup> *Spritely shows* are groups of sprites, ghostly appearances.

<sup>32</sup> A *collection* is a corollary, a consequence deduced from pre-mises. So in Davies's poem on The Immortality of the Soul:—

“When she from sundry arts one skill doth draw ;

Gath'ring from divers sights one act of war ;

From many cases like one rule of law :

These her *collections*, not the senses are.”

So the Queen in Hamlet says:—

“Her speech is nothing,

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

The hearers to *collection*.”

*Whose containing* means the contents of which.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp ;  
 The fit and apt construction of thy name,  
 Being Leo-natus, doth import so much :  
 The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,  
[To CYMBELINE.]

Which we call *mollis aer* ; and *mollis aer*  
 We term it *mulier* : which *mulier* I divine,  
 Is this most constant wife : who, even now,  
 Answering the letter of the oracle,  
 Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about  
 With this most tender air.

*Cym.* This hath some seeming.

*Sooth.* The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,  
 Personates thee : and thy lopp'd branches point  
 Thy two sons forth : who, by Belarius stolen,  
 For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,  
 To the majestic cedar join'd ; whose issue  
 Promises Britain peace and plenty.

*Cym.* Well,

My peace we will begin<sup>33</sup> :—And, Caius Lucius,  
 Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,  
 And to the Roman empire ; promising  
 To pay our wonted tribute, from the which  
 We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;  
 Whom heavens, in justice (both on her and hers),  
 Have laid most heavy hand<sup>34</sup>.

<sup>33</sup> It should apparently be, "*By* peace we will begin." The Soothsayer says, that the label promised to Britain "peace and plenty." To which Cymbeline replies, "We will begin *with* peace, to fulfil the prophecy."

<sup>34</sup> i. e. *Have laid most heavy hand* [on]. Many such elliptical passages are found in Shakespeare. Thus in *The Rape of Lucrece* :—

"Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,

And dotes on *whom* he looks [on] gainst law and duty."

So in *The Winter's Tale* :—

"The queen is spotless

In that *which* you accuse her [of]."

*Sooth.* The fingers of the powers above do tune  
The harmony of this peace. The vision  
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke  
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant  
Is full accomplish'd : For the Roman eagle,  
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,  
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun  
So vanish'd : which foreshow'd our princely eagle,  
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite  
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,  
Which shines here in the west.

*Cym.* Laud we the gods ;  
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils  
From our bless'd altars ! Publish we this peace  
To all our subjects. Set we forward : Let  
A Roman and a British ensign wave  
Friendly together : so through Lud's town march :  
And in the temple of great Jupiter  
Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.—  
Set on there :—Never was a war did cease,  
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.  
[*Exeunt.*



## A SONG,

SUNG BY GUIDERIUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE,  
SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

**T**O fair Fidele's grassy tomb,  
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring  
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,  
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear  
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;  
But shepherd lads assemble here,  
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,  
No goblins lead their nightly crew:  
The female fays shall haunt the green,  
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft at evening hours  
Shall kindly lend his little aid,  
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,  
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,  
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;  
Or midst the chase on every plain,  
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;  
For thee the tear be duly shed;  
Belov'd till life could charm no more;  
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.



## CRITICAL ESSAY ON CYMBELINE.

**C**YMBELINE was first published, so far as is known, in the original folio of 1623, where it is placed last of the tragedies, and, indeed, last of the collection, I could almost think settling into this place from some hesitation of the editors how it should be classified. It lacks the predominance of historical interest and steady adherence to literal detail that mark the English Chronicle plays, and yet it has an historical element which, together with some severities,—the slaughter of Cloten, the despair of his raving mother, and the pitched battle between Britons and Romans, take it—despite the happiness and reconciliations of its ending—out of the class of comedies. The mistrusts of lovers, when they are once married, are no longer subjects for comedy; and had Perdita and Florizel been married before the commencement of their drama, instead of in the course of it, *The Winter's Tale* must have rated as a tragedy too. These two plays, it has often been remarked, are very similar in style of versification and general treatment, and *The Tempest* makes a third. We observe in all of them a tempered combination of serious policy, picturesque and romantic adventure, and the sharper pangs as well as the tenderness of the affections. These resemblances, no doubt, partly express the manner and especial facility of the artist at a period, and partly even his consideration for the exigence of a period of public taste. *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Henry VIII.* again may be compared together in the frequent resort to a convenience—so managed, however, as to rise to an artifice—in the employment of dialogues between lords and walking gentlemen, who bring narrative to the relief of action, and disencumber the drama of passion, of the dead weight of flat or overcrowded incident, which, nevertheless, is requisite to be known. All the plays thus compared with *Cymbeline* belong to the poet's mature period, when he wrote with equal richness and chasteness, facility and severity; or, rather, they are among the plays that bespeak and evidence the attainment and range of these qualifications, and it happens that preserved indications of date support the hints of style and exe-

cution. The *Tempest* was acted in 1611, *The Winter's Tale* in the same year, *Henry VIII.* was new in 1613, and Dr. Forman's *Book of Plays* and *Notes* thereof gives a dry abstract of *Cymbeline* as seen on the stage by him either in 1610 or 1611, that is, when *Shakespeare* was some forty-six years old.

Proceeding, however, upon judgement by internal evidence, there seems reason for conjecturing that *Cymbeline* has some obligations to an earlier year. Despite the unembarrassed mastery that pervades the greater part of it, some traces of quaintness obtrude themselves that are of a lower tone than *Shakespeare's* absolute inspirations, and we are disposed to ask whether, for instance, in the vision of *Posthumus* and the interpretation of the tablet, it is a remainder from another hand or from his own at an earlier period, that he did not trouble himself to obliterate at his last revision.

Sooth to say, I have never been disposed to number *Cymbeline* among the chiefest works of its author, even while asserting its origin for his ripened art; to do so would be to wrong the perfections of works of larger scope, of deeper interest, of nobler capabilities of concentration and development. In this respect I would compare it with *Timon of Athens*, which remains like a statue half sculptured from the block, and left so on account of a natural flaw that would make further labour thrown away. The elaboration of *Cymbeline* is much more extensive and much nearer to completeness, but still I believe it incomplete, and from the same feeling and conscience not to mask an essential weakness by gauds of ornament or false declamation. *Cymbeline*, from whom the play takes its name, is the personage in whom all the lines of interest, from both the plots, cross and converge; but he is far too weak and vacillating to assert the dignity of the drama to which he lends his name, as of the same stamp as the other dramas with personal titles,—as the regal plays generally, or as *Hamlet*, as *Lear*, *Othello*, or *Macbeth*. Management, sequence, and development dominate over characterisation, and the highest creative power which we know to be in *Shakespeare* is never throughout the play in highest manifestation. Had *Johnson* applied to this play his remark on the leading female character of *Henry VIII.*, I should have been less disposed to murmur at such a dictum as, “the genius of *Shakespeare* comes in and goes out with *Imogen*; the other parts are easily conceived and easily written.” Easily, that is for *Shakespeare*, and so far easily, that we may conceive not absolutely impossible by one or two other poets near his age.

In *Cymbeline*, also, we may note what has presented itself in the plays of admitted inferiority, a recurrence of hints of motive and character that are fully worked out in more perfect pieces. This is sometimes an anticipation, but sometimes a memory; and possibly the appearance that *Iachimo* is a first idea of *Iago*, and

Posthumus the crude conception of the passion of Othello, as Cymbeline of the weakness and tyranny of Lear, may be but fallacious. Indeed, the thought has sometimes occurred to me, that Shakespeare indulged himself designedly in this drama in playing with the same motives in less severe combination, and in falling back for relief, after the tension of his great tragic actions, upon the milder harmonies that might be evoked as truly from the self-same themes.

The chief incident of the slander of Imogen is traceable to a story of Boccaccio, by such evidence of detail that it is clear the poet must have had access to its substance, though in what form, or by what channel, it is not given to us to know. For any thing we can say, he may have read it in the original, or in a translation, or he may have followed it at second hand through some other dramatist, as I think is, on the whole, most likely. Boccaccio tells the tale of a party of Italian merchants at an hotel in Paris, who encourage each other in irregularities by general agreement, that no doubt their wives are as apt to make holiday at home during their absence. Bernabò Lomellin alone demurs and dilates in confident enthusiasm on the virtue as well as the beauty and accomplishments of his wife. This provokes the coarse derision of Ambrogiuolo da Piacenza, who vaunts his invariable success against the weakness of the sex, and promises himself as easy a victory over the paragon. Bernabò declares that he would stake his head against a thousand gold florins of the scoffer that he would be foiled, and the end is a wager of odds in money upon his wife's chastity, which he agrees and arranges should be put to the test. Shakespeare, it will be observed, avoids the indecency of making the idea of the wager, in whatever form, originate with the husband, and has somewhat farther protected him by his amendment of its terms. The amendment the Italian merchant consents to is of the romantic into the mercantile; Posthumus declines the chance of gain from such a wager, but demands that the calumniator, in the event of failure, shall undergo his challenge. There is also some palliation for him,—if palliation can be thought of in such a matter,—that the dispute is not originated by him, but brought up in continuation of younger indiscreetness, and that the conversation before his entrance gave his opponent a motive of envious malice against him that he was not in a position to suspect.

Ambrogiuolo is so convinced by report, that he does not once address the lady, but bribing a female whom she befriends, procures himself to be conveyed into a bedchamber in a chest, deposited there under a false pretence. "The chest, therefore, remaining in the chamber, and night come, when Ambrogiuolo became aware that the lady was asleep, he opened it by a certain contrivance of his and stealthily got out into the room, where she had a light burning. He thus began to observe and confirm



in his memory the situation of the room, the pictures, and every thing else in it remarkable." He notices the mole on the breast, takes various personal ornaments, &c. that are about, and retires to his hiding-place. His report to the husband is thus related:—"Returned to Paris, he called together the merchants who were present when the wager was agreed, and told Bernabò that he had gained the wager laid between them, inasmuch as he had accomplished his vaunt; and, to prove this true, he first described the form of the chamber, its decoration, and then showed the things he had brought with him, averring that he had received them from her. Bernabò confessed that his description of the chamber was correct, and, moreover, that he recognized the various articles as having belonged to his wife; but he said that he might have learned the particulars respecting the room from some of the servants of the house, and obtained the things he exhibited by the same means; therefore, unless he had more to say, it did not appear that this implied that he had conquered." Ambrogio therefore said:—"In reality this ought to suffice, but since you wish that I should tell you something more yet, tell it I will; I say that Madonna Zinevra, your wife, has below the left breast a mole very distinct, and around it are some six little hairs as bright as gold (*un neo ben grandicello, dintorno al quale son forse sei peluzzi biondi come oro*). When Bernabò heard this, he seemed struck to the heart with a knife," &c.

Bernabò returns to Italy, writes a letter to his wife to come to him, and lays the injunction on the trusty servant who conducts her, to kill her by the way, but does not tell him for what offence. The wife easily begs her life from the reluctant murderer, on the promise that she will quit the country, and never endanger him by letting her escape be known. He takes some of her clothes to show to her husband in proof of her death, and leaves her to her fortune with a little money.

She assumes male attire, takes service with a Spanish gentleman, proceeds with him to Alexandria, and is transferred to the service of the Soldan, whose notice she attracted by those handy ways of attendance that her husband admired so, and that are continued in the *Fidèle* of the play. ("*Oltre a questo niuno scudiere o famigliar che dir vogliamo, diceva trovarsi, il quale meglio nè più accortamente servisse ad una tavola d'un signore, che serviva ella, sì come colei che era costumatissima, savia e discreta molto.*") Here the locality seems to suggest an adaptation of the denouement of the story of Joseph; the wagering husbands may already have reminded of the primitive—if primitive, tale of Collatine and Tarquin. Zinevra, now Sicurano, rises in favour and power, and it is as captain and lord of the guard of a mercantile congress that she recognizes her stolen ornaments; discovers, by interrogating the owner, the story he still connects with them, and thus the cause of her husband's anger. Still

preserving her disguise, she confronts the two merchants in the presence of the Soldan, extorts the truth from both, and at last discovers herself, almost to their equal confusion. It is at her request that the Soldan "remits to Bernabò the death he had deserved;" and likewise, at her request, that Ambrogiuolo is forthwith tied to a stake in the sun, in an exposed part of the city, and anointed with honey to attract the flies and vermin, and thence not to be removed till he was not only dead but eaten away to the bones. "E così rimase lo' ngannatore a piè dello 'ngannato."

There is no indication given in this tale of the compunction for calumny expressed by Iachimo before detection, and by which we are reconciled to a pardon, but as little appears on the part of the injured husband for his savage revenge. There was little either of compliment or consolation for his wife in hearing that he ordered her death, "overcome with anger for the loss of my money, and with shame at the disgrace I seemed to have received." The Italian author does not appear to have appreciated like Shakespeare the relative delinquencies, for the injustice lies at the door of the heroine, whom he intended to send home to Genoa with her husband and the goods of her injurer, not only happy but approved and applauded.

Boccaccio's life occupies the middle of the fourteenth century (1313-1375), and two old French romances that give variations of the same story are supposed to date a century earlier. Mr. Collier has given an analysis of them from *Le Journal de Savans*, and they furnish certain parallels to the play not to be found in the tale of the Decameron, and certain germs of incident that evidently were hints of invention to intermediate fabulists whose wits are not unrepresented in the play. The *Roman de la Violette* was printed in France in 1834, and takes its name from the description that is itself a parallel. The traitor Liziant gains opportunity of espial at the bath of Orian:—

"I voit

De sur sa destre mamelete

Le semblant d'une violete."

Compare:—

"On her left breast

A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops

I' the bottom of a cowslip."

In the other romance, *Le Compte de Poitiers*, we find verbalities that are as close to the terms of Boccaccio:—

"Ensagnes ai qui font à croire

Ves chi X de cheveux sors,

Qui plus reluisent que fins ors,

Ves qui l'anel qui li donastes,

A icel jor que l'espousastes;

Et ceste ensagne de cendal

Fu pris au bon samit roial,  
 Que votre feme avoit vestu :  
 J' ai gaagnié et vous perdu."

In both the romances the story is laid, as in Shakespeare, at a court and among kings, courtiers and counties; in both the traitor makes a declaration to the lady and meets with a rebuff, and gains his information and false signs of success by aid of a corrupted servant,—nothing being said of the stratagem of the chest. It is the husband himself in both who is on the point of killing his wife in a forest when a lion or a serpent rushes on them; he kills the savage and then spares his wife—the abstract given does not note the reason why, who remains behind in despair and faints,—

"Sor i perron de marbre bis  
 Que sanglent en a tot le vis;"

and it is beside the bloody carcase in the woody scene, as Imogen by the bleeding trunk of Cloten in the glen, that she is found and rescued by the Duke of Metz—by Harpin. Abundant adventures nothing to our purpose ensue in both stories, except perhaps that the Count of Poitiers confronts his deceiver in the disguise of a pilgrim. In both it is the husband who detects the fraud without any aid from the stolen trinkets as in the novel and the play, and both romances end as they are wont to do and should, with a challenge and a combat in which the felon is defeated and dies confessing his crime.

"Or est la contesse joians,  
 Car ele est dames des Normans ;  
 Pepin l'en a donné le don,  
 Voiant maint prince et maint baron."

The same incidents are again contained in an old French play, published in 1839, in the "*Théâtre Français au Moyen-âge*,"—*Un miracle de Nostre Dame*; and here we find that Shakespeare had a precedent for his introduction of the supernatural element, for "not only the characters engaged in the story, but the Creator, the Virgin, the archangels Gabriel and Michael, and St. John are interlocutors." The scene is laid in Spain and at Rome, and the play very probably followed a Spanish original, if in such a series of interchanges originality can come in question. The heroine here again is betrayed by a false attendant, and loses her husband's keepsake—un os d'un des doigts du pied de son mari, I do not quite comprehend this—when laid asleep by a potion,—the first appearance of the draught recommended by Pisanio. Denise disguises herself and challenges her calumniator, but her husband anticipates her, and her discovery ensues upon confession extorted by his victory.

Mr. Collier draws attention to two points of resemblance between the French *Miracle* play and Shakespeare. Thus at the proposal of the wager:—

“ Et vous dy bien que je me vant,  
 Que je ne sçay femme vivant,  
 Mais que ij foiz à li parlasse,  
 Que le tierce avoir n'en cuidasse  
 Tout mon delit.”

Compare Iachimo, Act i. Sc. 5. “ With no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring you from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.”

Again it is here that we find a precedent for the slander against Posthumus in aid of the attempted seduction of his wife.

“ De Romme vien, où j'ai laissé  
 Vostre seigneur, qui vous ne prise,  
 Pas la queue d'une serise;  
 D'une garce c'est accointié  
 Qu'il a en si grand amistié,  
 Qu'il ne sçet de elle departir.”

The only English variant of this part of the story of Cymbeline that is known is contained in a publication entitled *Westward for Smelts*, and only known in an edition dated 1620, or four years after the death of Shakespeare. Malone stated that it was first published in 1603, but on what authority is not known, and the preserved edition corresponds with an entry in the Stationers' books implying that it was the first. The question is of no great moment, for it is so clear by evidence within that the author knew nothing of Cymbeline, and that Shakespeare knew nothing or borrowed nothing of this tale, that there can be little doubt the resemblances are due to common sources, and from this point of view they have their interest. The Tale told by a fish-wife of Strand on the Green—this is the special title, is for the most part as coarse and common-place as any night-charge summed up, and commented on by the sitting alderman; but, nevertheless, the course of events towards the conclusion is the closest parallel we have to the end of the story of Imogen, as Boccaccio has supplied the closest parallel to its beginning. The incidents take place among the English middle class during the civil wars between Henry VI. and Edward IV. The slandered wife wanders about the country in man's apparel, and now at the last extremity living on herbs in a solitary place beside York. “ In this time it chanced that King Edward being come out of France and lying thereabout with the small forces he had, came that way with some two or three noblemen. . . . He seeing there this gentlewoman whom he supposed to be a boy, asked her what she was, and what she made there in that private place. To whom she very wisely and modestly withal answered, that she was a poor boy whose bringing up had been better than her outward parts then showed, but at that time she was both friendless and comfortless by reason of the late war. He being moved to see one so well featured as she was to want, entertained her for one of his pages, to whom she

showed herself so dutiful and loving that in short time she had his love above all her fellows. Still followed she the fortunes of King Edward hoping at last (as not long after it did fall out), to be reconciled to her husband. After the battle at Barnet, where King Edward got the best, she going up and down amongst the slain men, to know whether her husband, which was on King Henry's side, were dead or escaped, happened to see the other who had been her guest lying there for dead, and thinking him to be one whom her husband loved went to him, and finding him not dead she caused one to help her with him to a house thereby, when opening of his breast to dress his wounds she espied her crucifix," &c.

He drops expressions to the disguised wife that prove or imply the extent of his guilt, and she confronts him with her husband who is among the prisoners, in the presence of the king, and demands an explanation which is obtained at last, though not very cleverly, and all is discovered. "The king wondered how he durst (knowing God to be just) commit so great a villany, but much more admired he to see his page turn to a gentlewoman; but ceasing to admire he said: Sir (speaking to her husband), you did the part of an unwise man to lay so foolish a wager, for which offence the remembrance of your folly is punishment enough, but seeing it concerns me not, your wife shall be your judge. With that Mistress Darrill (thanking his majesty) went to her husband saying, all my anger to you I lay down with this kiss." By King Edward's award the slanderer is quit for refunding his wrongful gains threefold, and a year's imprisonment.

Now whose whim it was first, and how he conceived it to transplant this tale into the reign of Cymbeline, is a mystery and a puzzle. One might think that in the desire to dramatize early British history—of which Gorboduc and Ferrex and Porrex are evidence, the very meagreness of this reign provoked a supply of incident at random. Holinshed, an authority familiar to Shakespeare, gives little enough aid or hint for expansion. The 18th chapter of his third book is headed—"Of Kymbeline within the time of whose government Christ Jesus our Saviour was born, all nations content to obey the Roman Emperors, and consequently Britain."

"Kymbeline, or Cimbeline, the son of Theomantius, was of the Britains made king after the decease of his father. . . . This man, as some write, was brought up at Rome, and there made knight by Augustus Cæsar, under whom he served in the wars, and was in such favour with him that he was at liberty to pay his tribute or not. Little other mention is made of his doings, except that during his reign our Lord Jesus Christ, the only Son of God, was born of a virgin.

"Touching the continuance of the years of Kymbeline's reign some writers do vary, but the best approved affirm that he reigned

thirty-five years, and then died and was buried at London, leaving behind him two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus." He proceeds to advert to the several designs of Augustus to pass over into Britain to compel payment of the tribute, designs always stayed by interruptions nearer home, by the Pannonians and Dalmatians or others. "But whether this controversy which appeareth to fall forth betwixt the Britains and Augustus was occasioned by Kymbeline or some other prince of the Britains, I have not to vouch: for that by our writers it is reported that Kymbeline being brought up in Rome, and knighted in the court of Augustus, ever showed himself a friend to the Romans, and chiefly was loth to break with them, because the youth of the British nation should not be deprived of the benefit to be trained and brought up among the Romans, whereby they might learn both to behave themselves like civil men and to attain to the knowledge of feats of war."

The names Cloten or Cloton and Sicilius are furnished by the Chronicle. It appears then that what has been collected respecting the source of the plot of Cymbeline may be interesting as affording contrasted views of many of the motives concerned, and as illustrative of the general history and transformations of a fiction, but instructs us little as to Shakespeare's treatment of his materials in this instance, as we have not the form in which they reached him. As it is, we have not even general indications of any source for the tale of the stolen princes; but when we consider from what various quarters, and what far distances descended to the poet the rays of inspiration that he focalized, we may be well content to have to follow no further and no more, in a research where each step removes us from the attractive point. It is nearer to our design to give thought to the consideration in what interest and with what degree of perfection the ultimate concentration in the drama was brought about. The non-appearance of the story of the stolen princes in Holinshed is in favour of some anterior and rudimentary play, and confirms the presumption derivable from the tone of some of the scenes and incidents: not of course that Shakespeare could not invent such an incident, but that it is not in his way to have done so merely to connect the story of Imogen the princess with the age of Cymbeline. The Chronicle furnishes no hint for either anecdote, and displays no aptitude for their insertion and association. I suspect that the story of the foundlings had been previously grafted on the Chronicle, and that perhaps to Shakespeare alone was due the addition of the slandered Imogen to the group: perhaps in an older story Belarius and Posthumus were but one.

Following the hint from the title of the play, that Shakespeare meant something more than a mere drama of intrigue, or even passion, I glance generally over the play and receive from it the impression that—with all its lapses of detail and keeping, it

embodies a definite phase in the history and civilization of our island. There is no discord in the proper Roman plays that jars so harshly as the knighting of Cymbeline by Augustus transferred from Holinshed, though Shakespeare can dextrously evade the quaint anachronisms in the language of North's Plutarch; the mediæval Italian names Iachimo and Philario are still more uneasy, otherwise I suspect these discordances are rather with our associations than with the facts, that envoys—say of the Allobroges, used barbaric names for Roman customs, and that the manners of at least provincial Italy were much nearer to the modern than to those reflected in the preserved literature of a small though metropolitan class. The drama then attempts and, with due and free allowance, has a certain claim to be the representation of a long period, that we infer rather than know, when British princes like Cunobelin, within a generation after the invasion by Julius Cæsar, struck coins bearing types of Roman gods, reminiscent even of the Greek ideal, in many points of art a better and more varied series than has been current among us at any time since, and when as visitors, tributary, supplicant or hostage, they might talk of Rome and contrast its splendour and vices with the simplicity of Britain, or lament or contribute to that introduction of Roman culture that furnished a sneer to Juvenal, a maxim of policy to Tacitus.

If we follow the origin of the dramatic movement to its roots, we find it to spring from the facile reception by Cymbeline of calumny against Belarius, and a hasty obedience to first impressions in revenge—characteristics that cling to him in his treatment of Posthumus, of his own daughter and in his impulses—though happily prevented, against Guiderius and Belarius again in the last scene of the play:—

“O boys, this story—(the arts and injustice of courts)  
The world may read in me; my body's marked  
With Roman swords: and my report was once  
First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me;  
And when a soldier was the theme, my name  
Was not far off. . . .  
. . . . My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)  
But that two villains whose false oaths prevailed  
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline  
I was confederate with the Romans: so,  
Followed my banishment.”

Belarius by as hasty retaliation steals away the heirs of the kingdom, and the weak king is thrown upon the arts of his second wife, and leans for counsel even upon Cloten. Their unpoliced boldness is carrying the realm to destruction; Imogen, meanwhile, not born the heir, has so little of political force that she would willingly change her state for love in a cow-shed with Posthumus, who for his part too, accomplished as he is, professes

himself no statist and none like to be. Cymbeline allows himself to be wrought to the banishment of his son-in-law as easily as he banished his general, and to be excited to the most unnatural severity towards his daughter.

Posthumus, highly endowed, refined and sensitive, is in directest contrast in most respects to Cymbeline, his father-in-law, and yet participates in the characteristic weakness of want of balance between intellect and passion which renders him the prey of treacherous and calumnious malice.

The eulogies upon him with which the play opens, and that excite the envy of Iachimo afterwards, are no more than are due to the excellencies and capacities of his nature; but the crudeness of the inexperienced islander is still about him, and he is no match for the serpent guile of an Italian liar and slanderer who works upon him against his better sense, until he is a party to a wager that no circumstances and no conditions can palliate or justify. Something of simplicity mingles with the frankness of both husband and wife, and therein also are they sympathetic; though the husband is less pardonable. It is a grievous fault that he accepts so disgraceful a challenge, and argues defective acumen that he does not discern base motive when it is put upon the footing of a wager for his priceless diamond. Imogen at first seems quicker in detecting the serpent by his glistening eye when she repels the tempter; but in truth she is little wiser, and is as inconsiderate in putting any trust in the beguiling Italian afterwards, as her husband in making covenants of honour with one so self-convicted of baseness and mean thoughts. When the revulsion comes, the heart of Posthumus is still more nearly right than his judgement, and while he expresses repentance for his precipitate cruelty to Imogen, he continues in the belief that she was guilty. The slander of Iachimo springs up again in the bosom of Imogen, and when she reads her husband's command to kill her, she ascribes it to the seduction of some painted jay of Italy.

The poet, it must be said, struggles manfully to countervail the repulsiveness of the wager that was a condition of his plot, by giving Posthumus the benefit of every excuse that could come from provocation and the dexterity of his assailant, both in seducing him to the contract and deceiving him as to the result; but the repulsiveness still remains, for it is essential and inseparable, and all that remained was to supply another group to relieve by more hearty interest, and to withdraw some attention from the wretchedness of the story by interest in the ingenuity—and this is quite unrivalled, of its progress and elucidation.

The British court, its princes and people are depicted at their first contact with civilization, already participating in some of its corruptions, the victims of others, in either case with symptoms that are proper to the working of the virus on constitutions re-



taining much of the vigour of barbarism,—Britain in its pupil age.

The princely brothers in the cave are in a manner common types of natural Britain, divided off and lying separate from the continental world; they are brought up in simplicity but in rudeness, in purity but in inexperience, in safety but in dulness, but their breed and blood declare themselves when their spirits rebel at the seclusion, and prefer to take the noble chances of glory, experience, usefulness, recollections, even though scathed in the trial. Posthumus describes two stages of British progress, undisciplined but daring against Julius Cæsar, now of improved knowledge and skill to aid their valour, but his own example proves his country still a tyro when culture of yesterday is matched with the veteran craft and villany of centuries. The young princes are rather representatives of the earlier state, but they convey the idea of a fund of healthy vigour in the background to reinforce the failures of first attempts, and by their aspirations they set a mark that declares the country's destiny. It is as vile for England as for her princes to sit out in dull satisfaction with animal comforts, while the work of the world is calling for hands and hearts to aid, and though disaster may wound or diplomacy perplex, danger and entanglement alike must be encountered and reduced, and where purpose is sound, and resolution staunch, and wits well meaning, no doubt dexterity, alertness, penetration, and prudence will come in good time to aid hard blows and manly opposition.

The story of Imogen is therefore in truth an episode in the play, and will so be recognized by those whose interest is proof against the all-engrossing fascination of a love story. The beauty of the character of Imogen has always had admirers, and it has not been left for me to indicate her excellencies; among them, however, I know not that it has been reckoned yet, that when she believes the husband who had done her such injury lies slaughtered beside her, her grief does not reach the last pitch of desperation, and—though it may be only by the mercy of the poet—it is not until she knows the treachery that deceived him, that the full tide of love flows back and mingles undividedly with perfect oblivion and forgiveness;—a love indeed worthy the ambition of those whose years have not desolately gone by, or who have not other and better work in the world than love, as the world now goes is easily compatible with.

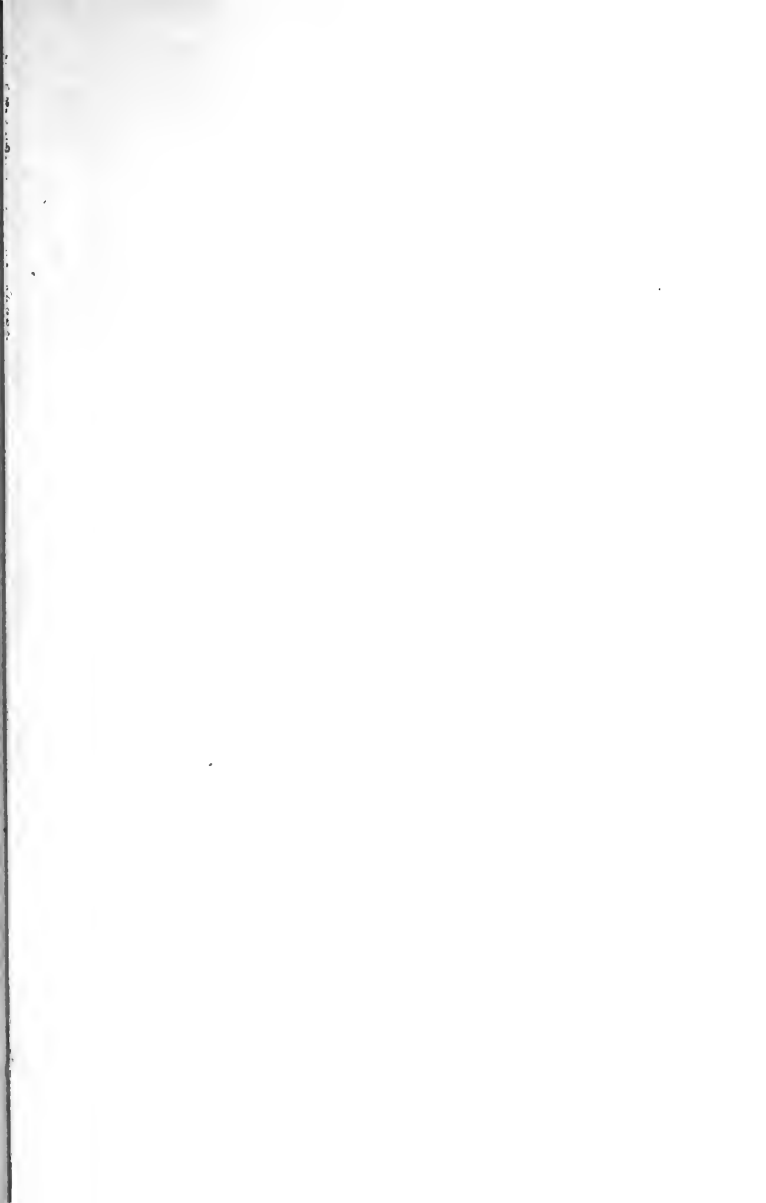
The vision and the oracular tablet are so utterly unnecessary to the disknotting of the main intrigue of the play, that they must have been recommended by some special purpose and propriety, if we are only wise enough to see it. It will be found that they only contribute to the arrangement of the terms of peace at last, and thus Jupiter with his thunderbolts from the machine is rendered available for what the poet thought a worthy

service,—the same for which Holinshed, as we have seen, was fain to fall back on the anniversary of the Nativity and the fated peace,—an apology for a submission that made Britain tributary.

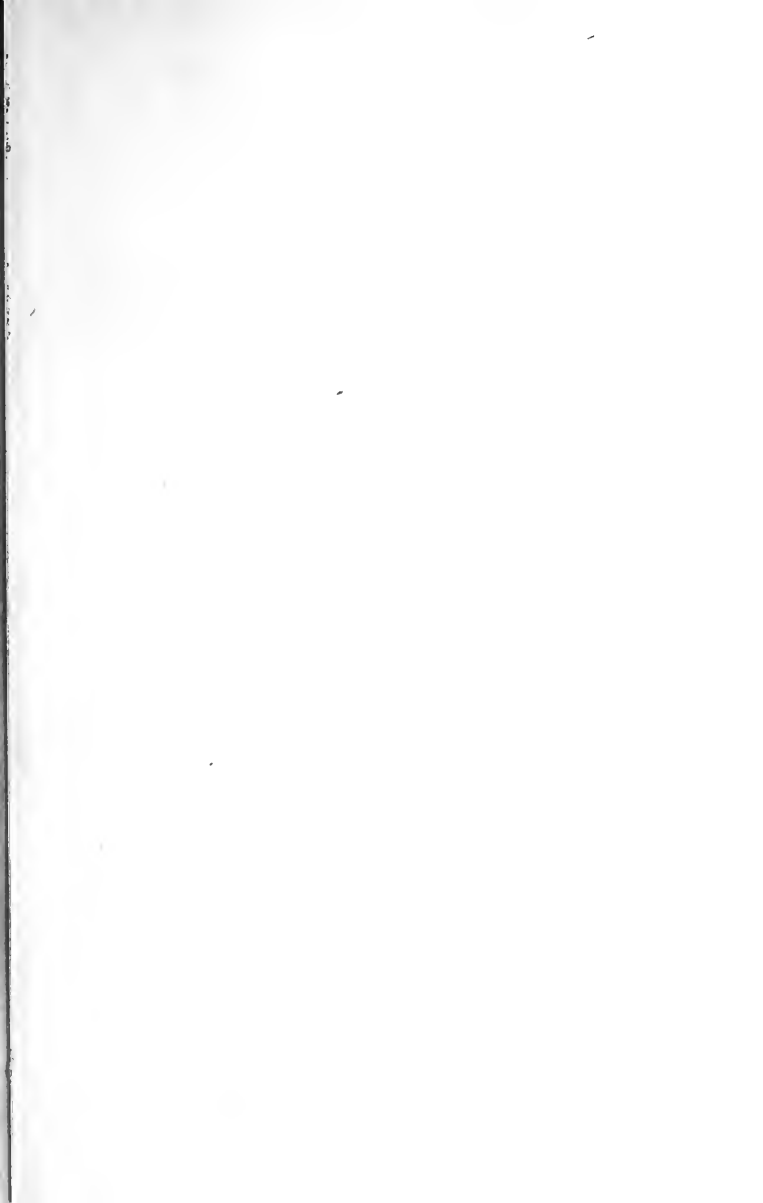
Of Cymbeline and the immediate suggestions of the play—albeit abundant and yet unexhausted, I am not now minded to say more. I touch now the conclusion of a long review of the works by which Shakespeare is supreme over all dramatic poetry as Homer over Epic. I shall not be surprised if it be thought that I have sometimes interpreted my author with a settled seriousness wrongly applied to plays—plays that could only gain an audience and keep it and recall it on the condition of giving gratification, amusement, even flattery. What space is still remaining I might claim then for a few more sentences of yet calmer sobriety to justify the relation assumed between Ethics and Æsthetics in principle,—operative in the lightest comedy as in the severest virtue; but that Philosophy at her brightest is but a haze when we have been moving through the more than Eleusinian illumination with which Shakespeare entrances the imagination, while he controls conscience and touches the heart.

WILLIAM WATKISS LLOYD.

THE END.







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